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ADDRESS

Delivered Wednesday, 28th November, 1866,

IN FELLER'S HALL, MADALIN,

TOWNSHIP OF RED HOOK, DUCHESS CO., N. Y.,

BY

Brevet Maj.-Gen. J. WATTS DE PEYSTER (S. N. Y.),

UPON THE OCCASION OF THE

INAUGURATION OF A MONUMENT

ERECTED BY

"THIS IMMEDIATE NEIGHBORHOOD,

(TIVOLI—MADALIN,)

TO HER

DEFENDERS

WHO LOST THEIR LIVES IN SUPPRESSING THE

SLAVEHOLDERS' REBELLION

AND IN SUSTAINING THE

GOVERNMENT

OF THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE."

Two Hundred Copies Printed as Manuscript for

PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION

BY ORDER OF THE

"**Soldiers' Monument Association.**"

Rev. JAS. STARR CLARK, Madalin,

President Soldiers' Monument Association.

GILES COOKE, Cooke's Mills,

Secretary.

JOHNSTON LIVINGSTON, Esq., Tivoli,

Chairman of the Inauguration Committee.

NEW YORK:

1867.

PRAYER AT THE DEDICATION OF THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT, TIVOLI, NOV. 28, 1866,
BY REV. G. LEWIS PLATT, A. M., RECTOR OF
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

O Almighty God, the Sovereign Ruler of the universe, who hast ordained that man must live in communities and states, who buildest up kingdoms and empires, and pulllest down principalities and powers, we thank Thee that we are privileged still to live under the protecting shield of that Government one and undivided, that was founded by our forefathers. We thank Thee that the example of their noble manhood, coupled with our necessity, has animated so many of our fellow-citizens, when that Government was in peril, to go forth to battle, that the blessed heritage of our free republic might be preserved to us, and transmitted to those who come after us. We thank Thee that we are permitted to-day to show our regard for the citizen-soldier, who answers the call of his country, and who, doing his duty manfully, returns to live among us, bearing, in many instances, the honorable marks of battle. May we ever respect them for their work's sake, and may our hearts ever be warm towards them, and the hand of kindness never be turned away from them. Specially we thank Thee that Thou hast put it into our hearts to erect a lasting tablet to commemorate the noble self-devotion of those of our neighborhood and friends who fell in this war to preserve the Union. We would fittingly honor them to-day; yet in honoring them we do remember that we can but honor ourselves. It is indeed a privilege to award them the meed of praise. In doing it we lift our own manhood to a higher level; and we trust and pray that the monument, now in fitting words to be dedicated to their honor may stand to tell our children's children and those who follow them, who among us nurtured the tree of human liberty with their heart's blood, and who hence deserve to be had in lasting remembrance. May their gilded names stand in the gaze of many generations; may their memories be cherished as long as liberty, justice and manhood are maintained among us, and may the example of their self-devotedness be repeated, if need be, in the coming years, that a people's government may be perpetuated. We pray Thee, O God, heal our land. Give all citizens understanding hearts. Bless our rulers. Give wisdom to all in authority. Still the turbulence of passion, and in Thine own good time, clear away the clouds that still hang over our national horizon; and may all be settled upon the best and surest foundations, that peace and justice, prosperity and piety may henceforth prevail throughout our country. Hear us from Heaven, Thy dwelling-place, and answer us in peace. We ask through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom, with God the Father and God the Holy Spirit, be all honor, glory and praise, now and forever. AMEN.

ADDRESS.

—“Who dies in vain
Upon his country’s war-fields and within
The shadow of her altars!—
—Feeble heart!
I tell thee that the Voice of Patriot blood,
Thus pour’d for Faith and Freedom, hath a tone
Which from the night of ages, from the gulf
Of Death shall burst and make its high appeal
Sound unto Earth and Heaven!”

Friends, Neighbors, and Fellow-citizens:

I looked forward to my preparations of an Address, in connection with such a solemn and interesting occasion, as a privilege and an honor. For nearly one and a half centuries my race has been connected with this township. Reade Hook derives its name from a near connection of my family whose blood flows in my veins. My grandmother’s home stood in your midst, before the first Revolutionary war was even the basis of a dream. My great-grandfather lived within the town limits when the Indian still encamped upon his clearings, and the wild beasts, which have disappeared from our midst, still nightly prowled about his dwelling and his betterments. Therefore, to address the people of this portion of the upper district of the town of Red Hook, in relation to the part which its inhabitants played during the most momentous period of our country’s life, is a very proud and happy duty for a member of their community. This is especially so in my case, whose fathers spake to your fathers when the Frenchman was still their most dangerous enemy and the shores of this river were the seat of a Dutch colony. To speak to this my, our people, in remembrance of their patriotic dead, should be an inspiring theme: it is an honorable and grateful duty—it almost seems like speaking of my own.

It is very doubtful, considering the state of parties in this district, if any territory of like population, similarly situated, sent forth anything like the same number of its patriotic sons to the battle-field.

You will be astonished when it is told, and can be shown from official reports, and private data, that nearly one-sixth of our population (about 3,300 in all), were present or represented in the field, at one period or another of the war. Red Hook, in person or by substitute, between 15th April, 1861, when ABRAHAM LINCOLN called for his first levy of 75,000 men, and 2d April, 1866, when ANDREW JOHNSON declared that the war had ceased, had nearly, if



not altogether, 510 representatives under arms and under fire.

This is the more remarkable and praiseworthy since this township is not like a frontier district in which the menace of invasion compels its men to seize their weapons to prevent the plunder of their property and the conflagration of their dwellings, and to avert from their families those worst injuries which war can inflict. In such a case the first law of nature, self-preservation, echoes the summons to arms! It is not like a great seaport town into which immigration pours its needy adventurers or foreign poor, to enlist under the temptation of bounties, which are wealth to the working classes of the Old World. It is not like a city or large town filled with those Arabs of the streets, to whom the privations of a soldier's life are positive comforts and even luxuries, in comparison to the risks and hardships of their every-day existence. It is not like a newly-settled district exposed to the inroads of the savage, to whose inhabitants custom has rendered military service almost second nature, and danger has made the rifle and the hunting-knife as familiar tools as the implements of husbandry.

No, dear friends, our district was like none of these; it was remote from danger: the foot of war could never trample its fields. Nor were our people like those classes to which I have referred. They were peaceable and industrious countrymen. To them the summons to arms would have proved no invitation had it not been the voice of their country, the voice of a dear and endangered country, which appealed to their honest sentiments and their brave enterprise, their love of liberty, and their patriotism, calling upon them to go forth and peril their lives upon the battle-field, and to risk their health in the camp and in the hospital to maintain freedom, and to extend the blessings of liberty and to preserve that glorious country which less than a century ago was a strip of settlements clinging to the shores of the Atlantic—a ribbon of cultivation and civilization, which has grown broader and broader under the impulse and protection of liberal institutions, until its western edge is silvered by the surf of the Pacific, and the influence and majesty of those institutions shed their light eastward and westward over the whole world.

Well might PABODIE chant—

"Our country!—'tis a glorious land!
With broad arms stretch'd from shore to shore,
The proud *Pacific* chafes her strand,
She hears the dark *Atlantic* roar;
And nurtur'd on her ample breast,
How many a goodly prospect lies
In nature's wild & grandeur drest,
Enamell'd with the loveliest dyes."

Or as BERANGER, the French poet of Freedom, sang—

"Thou seest European, far and near
Upon this strand, whence joyous shouts resound,
Thou seest, free from pain or servile fear,

Peace, Labor, Law and Charities abound.
 Here the oppressed a Refuge find from strife;
 Here Tyrants bid our deserts teem with life.
 Man and his Rights have here a Judge divine;
 O'er all the Earth, O day of triumphs thine!"

To the majority of the people of this district the infernal agencies which had been at work for over sixty-three years (since 1798), to enlarge the SLAVE-POWER and produce SECESSION, were either entirely unknown or misunderstood. Many of those who, for a long succession of years, had voted, indeed, with the party which fostered those Southern leaders who brought on the Rebellion, had not the remotest idea of their treasonable views or intentions. The mass of the Northern pro-slavery voters were totally unaware of the individual meanness, the vileness of the measures, or the enormity of the criminality of those who engineered the working out of the plot which plunged our country in blood and tears and debt. Free themselves, and happy among themselves, the Northern people could not understand the degradation of the sentiments or the fierceness of the prejudices which Slavery unavoidably and naturally engendered. Except in rare cases, they could not comprehend the persecutions to which our Northern settlers had been subjected in slave-holding and slave-breeding States. Few could be made to believe that liberal ideas, such as we were accustomed to speak of without restraint, and opinions such as we daily interchanged, were forbidden within the area wherein the crack of the slave-driver's lash found continual echo in the slave-driven's agonized cry. Southern orators, with theunning of the evil one himself in their hearts, and arguments derived from the same father of lies on their lips, had been permitted to come North and pour forth freely the poison of their deliberate and unmitigated fabrications. Among our frank and loyal people, unaccustomed to such specious and brazened falsehoods, they passed for honesty and truth. Few, very few, even of their opponents, who had not been conscientious ear and eye-witnesses of the true state of affairs, could understand that such barefaced perversions of patent facts, that such treasonable wiles, and that such fearfully atrocious misrepresentations, could, indeed, be falsehoods, inexcusable except to minds permeated with disloyalty, treason, hatred to the laborer, to the poor white, to free thought, to open discussion, filled with contemptuous ignorance of the DIGNITY OF LABOR.

Few could be brought to believe at that time when, on the 2d of December, 1859, HENRY A. WISE hung JOHN BROWN, that the Virginian Governor hung him for a political object, and not in vindication of the violated laws of his State. Wise hurried his pre-judged victim to the gallows with such a vindictive hate as to call forth the remonstrance of one of the wickedest of Northern politicians in the Southern interest, FERNANDO Wood himself, urged upon HENRY A. WISE the impolicy of the poor old man's

execution; but WISE was inexorable. The hanging of JOHN BROWN was the immolation of a human being to secure political supremacy, and minister to personal elevation. It was the deliberate sacrifice of life to propitiate that class or party who, since the nomination of FREMONT, had adopted as their fundamental principle to *rule in the Union, or to destroy the Union.* The basis of their plan was Treason; its result was to be, and could be, nothing less than the overthrow of liberal institutions, the degradation of the, just-now generally acknowledged, dignity of free labor, the death-blow to liberty in its last asylum, this our country, this the world's refuge, a New World.

On the 2d of December, 1859, JOHN BROWN and his associates suffered as felons. Even the reckless Virginian hotspur did not dare to try them as traitors: they died like heroes—they perished like martyrs for freedom!

The South, which hoped to profit by their death, by their execution suffered irretrievable damage. JOHN BROWN, by dying as only heroes and martyrs can die, awoke the North to looking upon slavery in its horrible, blood-stained, immoral blackness of deformity. The judicial murder of JOHN BROWN elected ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"Cut down his corpse, trample the martyr's mound;
But lo! the seed 's scarce planted in the ground,
When, forth, prolific, sprouting blades appear,
Thousands on thousands in the coming year,
Those blossoms, scarlet, Wo are Waste and War;—
From lakes to gulf, from Ocean's shore to shore;—
But as their fruit the world astonished saw
Freedom secured and re-established law!"

Our home-keeping Northern rural population, and still unawakened Northern masses, could not see through this atrocious plot, or imagine the extent of its deep-laid preparation. One thing, however, the majority proved that they could understand. From their boyhood up they felt that they were free men and free men's children. They knew that they were citizens of a great country, and they had learned to love and honor their free Fatherland. That country had an emblem, appropriate and indicative, and they loved and honored that emblem. That emblem, or symbol of our Might and Rights, was our Flag—the National banner—"Old Glory," as the soldiers termed it. Well might they term it "Old Glory," for its short-lived history of eighty-four years had crowded into its pages a long-lived succession of glories such as centuries upon centuries of existence had not accumulated in the annals of any other nationality. Well might the poet pour forth his enthusiastic salutation to that flag, the first banner which ever waved over a truly free people:

"Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome
And all thy hues were born in heaven!
And fixed as yonder orb divine,
That saw thy bannered blaze unfurled,
Shall thy proud stars resplendent shine,
The guard and glory of the world!"

New as the fact may be to many present, the National banner, as we now behold it, was not, however, the flag under which the Signers of our Declaration of Independence deliberated and resolved, or the first opening campaigns (of 1776-1777) of the Revolution were fought. Its galaxy of stars, significant of harmony, and its alternation of stripes, indicative of purity and valor, the whole expressive of an everlasting union, like that of a heavenly constellation—equality of rights, purity of intention, and invincible determination to defend all that of which our flag is emblematical—were not conceived, and combined, and adopted, until nearly a year after our Independence had been declared.

The *Stripes* and the *Colors*, it is true, had long since been connected with New England and New York. The settlers of New England, east of the Connecticut, brothers, contemporaries, or descendants of the men who established England's invincible commonwealth, sailed 166 years ago under a flag of thirteen stripes, exactly like our own, with a red cross in the field instead of the stars; and the settlers of the New Netherlands, west of the Connecticut, sprung from the loins of the indomitable free citizens of the United States or Provinces, commonly known to us as Holland, marched, conquered and navigated under the same "Red, White and Blue," disposed in horizontal stripes.

But it was under the folds and colors of a similar representative flag, bearing the same relation to "Old Glory" which the child bears to the man, that from *Bunker's Hill* to the east, and at *Quebec* to the farthest north, a WARREN from Massachusetts, and a MONTGOMERY from this very town, fought like heroes and died like the martyrs, to whose honor Red Hook has contributed and raised a memorial.

"Here, glorious WARREN, thy cold earth was seen,
Here spring thy laurels in immortal green;
Dearest of chiefs that ever press the plain
In Freedom's cause, with earthly honors slain;
Still dear in dea'h, as when before our sight
You graced the Senate or you led the fight.
The grateful Muse shall tell the world your fame,
And unborn realms resound the deathless name."

There the revolutionary soldier and general of Red Hook,

"With eager look, conspicuous o'r the crowd
And port majestic, brave MONTGOMERY strode,
Bared his tried blade, with honor's eul elate,
Claim'd the first field and hasten'd to his fate."

Under a like representative flag WASHINGTON, from once honorable but lately traitorous Old Dominion, and honest, unselfish, tower-like SCHUYLER, from the neighboring County of Albany, who saved our State in 1777, had won imperishable honor, and fulfilled the highest duties of patriots, soldiers, statesmen and citizens.

On the 14th of June, 1777, eighty-nine years ago, the Stars and Stripes were born.

"Old Glory" first saw light on that never-to-be-forgotten 14th of October, 1777, when on the shores of our own majestic river the sun looked down upon the greatest triumph ever achieved by freemen over oppressors—upon the greatest success ever won by a citizen soldiery over veterans and barbarian allies.

The Stars and Stripes were first unfurled to float over the "Surrender of Saratoga."

"When sad BURGOYNE, in one disastrous day,
Sees future crowns and former wreaths decay,
His banners furled, his long battalions wheel'd
To pile their muskets on the battle-field."

This incomparable success, the thirteenth *decisive victory* in the history of human progress, won for us the alliance and assistance of France. This capture of the magnificent royal army determined the fate or result of the Revolution, and set up for ever in a blaze of glory the pillars of our nationality.

But, friends and neighbors, when I thus call your attention to that *Surrender of BURGOYNE*, it is not alone for the purpose of announcing to you the first display of the national flag. That triumph is one of the brightest among the many military achievements of this, our, the **EMPIRE STATE**. The military sagacity and calm common sense of a New York general and farmer, PHILIP SCHUYLER, and the fearless tenacity of New York farmers and woodsmen troops so checked and harassed BURGOYNE that the latter, an able commander, felt he was whipped long before he reached, and fought, and laid down his arms at Saratoga.

———"Those gallant yeoman"
New York's "peculiar and appropriate sons,
Known in no other land. Each boasts his hearth
And field as free as the best lord his barony,
Owing subjection to no human vassalage
Save to their "God" and law. Hence they are resolute
Leading the van on every day of battle,
As men who know the blessings they defend."

New York troops bore the burden and heat of the day, and although New England co-operated, nobly co-operated, and helped to complete the work, our deliberate New York leader and our sturdy New York men paved the way to success and insured it, hoping against hope, but never relaxing their efforts; compelling fortune by their indomitable tenacity and laborious energy, their self-sacrificing patriotic determination.

———"Such were SARATOGA's victors—such
The Yeoman Brave, whose deeds and death have given
A glory to her skies,
A music to her name."

Yes, it is a proud thing for New Yorkers to be able to say, pointing to our Stars and Stripes, that the Flag made in pursuance of the resolution of Congress of the 14th of June, 1777, made public on the 3d of September, 1777, first gave its Stripes to the caresses of the winds, and its Stars to kindle in the sun on New York soil, on that decisive day which was the baptismal epoch of these free

United States of America. And New York State has proved worthy of the honor, for she sent forth 473,443 (500,000 to 600,000, *B. M. S. Abby*) men to maintain, preserve, restore, and consolidate the Union.

Thenceforward in every quarter and in every colony it was equally the emblem of *Liberty* and of *Victory*. WASHINGTON perfected his great work under it at the North, and in the Centre, and under the same "Old Glory,"

"*GREENE* rose beside him emulous in arms,
His genius brightning as the danger warms,
In counsel great, in every science skill'd,
Pride of the camp and terror of the field,"

and completed the deliverance of the South.

Meanwhile, in the midst, that same glorious banner witnessed at the same point where McCLELLAN commenced his inglorious career, that Surrender of Yorktown which should have inspired him or any other Northern leader with the force and will to emulate the wisdom, the energy and the success of that Father of his Country, who, on the banks of the York River, 19th of October, 1781, saw England's ablest general and best veteran army, lay down its arms before our Continental Line and farmer-soldiers. The war-worn English banners saw,

"Flags from the forts and ensigns from the fleet,"—

which had waved over so many conquests and victories, and had ruled through so many centuries,

"Roll in the dust and at 'Olympia's' feet."
"Here Albion's crimson cross the soil o'erpreads,
Her Lion crouches and her Thistle fades;
Indignant Erin rues her trampled Lyre,
Brunswick's pale Steed forgets his foamy fire,
Proud Hessia's Castle lies in dust o'erthrown,
And venal Anspach quits her broken crown."

Banners invested with the glories of seventeen hundred years, bowed in defeat and capitulation, to that new-born Flag exactly four years old.

Need I more than refer to the Second War of Independence so full of honors to that dear old flag, young in years, but old in triumphs. Did it not float over PIKE, dying in the arms of victory, at *Little York* (now *Toronto*), (27th April, 1813); over the invincible BACKUS, at *Sackett's Harbor*, on *Lake Ontario* (29th May, 1813); over PERRY, on *Lake Erie* (10th September, 1813); and over HARRISON, at the *Thames* (5th October, 1813); over SCOTT, at *Chippewa* (5th July, 1814), where my uncle GEORGE WATTS, of the Dragoons, preserved a life so valuable to his, our country; over "*I'll-try-sir!*" MILLER, at *Lundy's Lane* (25th July, 1814); over the indomitable BROWN, at *Fort Erie* (3d August—21st September, 1814); over IZARD, MACOMB and WOOL, victorious at *Plattsburgh* (1st—12th September, 1814), over the British General PREVOST, envious of succeeding where BURGOYNE had failed; over the glorious MACDONOUGH, the second victor in a combat of fleets on *Lake Cham-*

plain (12th September, 1814); over "OLD HICKORY," at *New Orleans* (8th January, 1815); and over the fearless *ARMISTEAD*, at *Baltimore*, to whose gallant defense of *Fort McHenry* (13th September, 1814,) the country owes that gem of National songs, the "Star-Spangled Banner."

Yes, indeed, "Old Glory!" Through fifty years of triumph, at New Orleans, at the farthest South; in *Mexico*, at the Aztec capital; at *Buena Vista* in the wild, midland gorges of the Continent; and in *California*, at the farthest West; a *JACKSON*, a *SCOTT*, a *TAYLOR* and a *KEARNY* had fought and conquered in the light of its stars. And then, within five years at *Springfield* (10th August, 1861), at the West; at *Savannah*, on the Tennessee (about April, 1862), at *Chantilly*, at the East (1st September, 1862); and before *Atlanta*, at the South (22d July, 1864); a *Lyon*, a *SMITH*, a *STEVENS* and another *KEARNY* and a *McPHERSON* had fought like heroes, and had died like soldiers under its folds.

Nor was the brilliancy of that same Old Glory confined to this Continent or the firm land. In the hands of peaceful, but fearless explorers, its constellation had reflected the midnight sun of the Arctic and Antarctic zones—farther North, in the grasp of *KANE* and *Moorox*, than any human hand had ever carried any flag—farther South than any vessel, before *WEDDELL* and *WILKES*, had penetrated the fearful fissures of the everlasting Antarctic ice-fields.

Nay more, amid the sulphureous steam of battle that same "Old Glory" has sailed triumphant, or with honor, on every sea.

Streaming from the masthead of *Paul Jones*, it had ravaged the coasts of Great Britain, and in the most desperate naval battle of all times (23d September, 1779,) had seen the haughty, meteor flag of England hauled down in humiliating defeat. Twice with *Truxton*, in the *Constellation* (9th February, 1799; 2d February, 1800), "Old Glory" saw the French tricolor, which, on land, had beheld every other standard fall before it, yield to the skill and courage of America's infant navy.

And, even as in 1799 and 1800, the Stars and Stripes dared to brave the power of the omnipotent first *NAPOLEON*, even so, in 1863-'6, again it bearded his no less astute and ambitious successor, third of the name. To the Latin eagle of France our American bird screamed its defiance and warning, and the talons of the former relaxed at once their throttling hold on the prostrate Aztec eagle. So grand and so imposing was the attitude of our Republic that it called forth the unfeigned applause of England herself, and the

honest acknowledgment that no other power upon earth would have dared thus, and thus successfully, to brave and compel the despot of the Tuilleries.

But simply to refer to all the triumphs which our flag has achieved, would require not hours, but days, where I have only minutes, to do them adequate justice.

Flapping at the peak of STERRETT (1st August, 1801); of PREBLE (3d, 7th, 24th and 29th August, and 5th September, 1804); of DECATUR (17th and 19th June, 1815); of CHAUNCEY (August, 1816), "Old Glory" looked on, approving, while our tars chastised the barbarian pirates of Northern Africa in their s roughholds—pirates the terror of the oldest and most powerful neighboring Nationalities.

Upon those waves which had borne, for three thousand years, the contending navies of the Ancient and Old World, freemen from the New World, under the Stars and Stripes, were the first to teach to those who exacted tribute from every other flag, that the seamen who sailed with the Stars and Stripes as their emblem, would pay millions for defence, but not a cent for tribute.

When the Christian-despising Dey of Tunis saw DECATUR sail (26th July, 1815,) into his harbor, and heard him dictate terms from the deck of a captured English frigate, the *Guerriere*, while a second frigate, taken from the same Nation, with the conquering "Old Glory" at the peak, lay by, he was lost in amazement.

" You told me," said the Dey to the British Consul, " that you English would sweep the Americans from the seas. And, now, behold, they come to make war upon me with the very ships they have taken from you!"

Dear old flag, how often against odds upon the farthest oceans, in single encounters, and twice in a combat of fleets on our own inland seas, partially embraced by the territory of the State of New York, have the Stars and Stripes, triumphing, supplanted the Union Jack of England.

" Whose smoking decks are these ?

I know Saint George's blood red & ross,
Thou Mistress of the Seas,—
But what is she, whose streaming STRIPES
Roll out before the breeze?"

* * * * *

" The mist was clear'd—a Wreath of STARS
Rose o'er the crimson swell,
And wavering from its haughty peak,
The Cross of England fell."

One exploit of more recent date had added such lustre to our flag that, until the Rebels hauled it down south of the Potomac and the Ohio, the world looked up to it with awe and admiration. When the fugitive

and the exile appealed to it for protection, despotism saw itself compelled to respect the rights of those whose trembling limbs had borne them to this sanctuary of freedom to clasp as would-be-citizens the horns of that altar upon which the American people had kindled, in 1776, the perpetual fires of liberty.

Let no American ever forget how, in the harbor of Smyrna, our sailing sloop-of-war, *St. Louis*, dared to confront a squadron of Austrian steamers and compel the Satrap of the despot to deliver up Kozta, who claimed the protection of the Stars and Stripes, simply because, while in this country, he had registered his intention of becoming a citizen. The Austrian Commodore had ordered the poor Hungarian to be bound to the mainmast of his flagship, in hopes that if the *St. Louis* fired, its broadside would destroy Kozta, and thus preclude his surrender. The Austrian Vulture, however, which had preyed on older emblematic birds and beasts of imperial and royal dignity, did not dare to encounter the beak and talons of the young Republican eagle. So Kozta was saved, unbound, and delivered safe upon the deck of the *St. Louis*, under the shadow of that flag to which he owed his life and his freedom.

And, then, again, when British naval architects and mechanics had constructed and launched the *Alabama*, and had sent her forth, manned with British sailors and gunners, trained in British schools of naval gunnery, *all* English but her Rebel pirate commander, *so* English it needed but the English flag to constitute her the National sea-champion of England—how short a space did it require for the *Kearsarge*, with Old Glory at her peak, to send the perfidious corsair down into the depths of that ocean whose surface she had polluted by her cowardly career of theft and of injury to the peaceful and defenceless.

Yea, verily, friends and neighbors, by land and by sea, on the lakes and on the oceans, wher'er Old Glory waved and waves, and wherever it floated and now again floats, it proclaimed a stupendous stride of human progress; it demonstrated the result of dignifying labor, and it promised liberty to the oppressed, and declared the freedom of the seas.

Such is a brief allusion to the history of that flag which Rebels were sufficiently insane to insult, and which Rebels saw floating victoriously over their captured strongholds and their discomfited armies.

Flag of the Free, humiliated
By Treason's crime and Rebel guile,
By Freemen's efforts reinstated,
Now floats victorious o'er the pile
Of States redeemed and recreated—
Vast Freedom's temple in whose aisle
Our Flags in fight,

Witness of efforts never mated
Shall wave forever permeated
With Glory's light!

* * * * *

Two or three years since one of the citizens of this town (Dr. THOMAS BARTON) visited England. On his return he was asked what had impressed him most during his tour, or in what particular our people differed most from those abroad? His reply—the reply of an observing and thinking man—was, “I was struck with the contrast between the brutality of the English and the PATIENCE of the American people.” A true remark—a sagacious observation. This it was, this PATIENCE, this moral discipline, the self-restraint, which made the Northerners such good soldiers in the battle-field; such good citizens on the field of industry, since their mustering out and their return to their former avocations. Yes, perhaps patience or moral discipline is the distinctive characteristic of the Northern masses. Nothing like it ever belonged to the Southern character.

The incomprehension of this magnanimous phase of mind led the Southerners, rebels in heart, but not yet rebels in act, into a fatal error, and doubtless was the real occasion of the “Slaveholders’ Rebellion;” “the Rebellion of a few arrogant land and slaveholders against a popular government;” “the Rebellion of *an Oligarchy against the People.*”

The Slaveocrats and Secessionists presumed upon the merciful forbearance of a patient people, forgetting that there is a period when forbearance ceases to be a virtue. They deluded themselves into the ridiculous idea that Northern patience and long suffering were the result of want of manliness—yes, of courage—not the consequence of the most dignified composure and the noblest self-reliance. No section ever made a greater mistake. Carried away by this self-deception, they crowned twenty-eight (1832-'3,-'60) years of folly by an act of madness.

Led off by the aristocratic slaveholders of South Carolina of the REFFIA(N) type, the Rebels fired upon “Old Glory”—they dared to fire against the Stars and Stripes, the sacred emblem of a free people.

As Major-General BARNARD wrote, “In the little and contemptible oligarchy of South Carolina (contemptible as *all* little oligarchies are), was found a large enough proportion of demented men ‘to set this ball in motion.’”

The South fired upon our flag and the North awoke. Such an awakening the world had never yet seen; it is very likely the world will never again see. It was the uprising of the People, the great free Northern people, roused from patient repose into indignant activity. It proved that within this, the real area of Freedom,

—“Man is one :
And he hath one great heart. It is thus we feel,
With a gigantic throb athwart the sea ;
Each other's rights and wrongs ; thus are we MEN.”

The Free North arose like a giant refreshed by sleep ; awoke from the torpor of dreams to a full conception of the magnitude and magnificence of the occasion. Freedom and Slavery at length looked each other in the face ; Oligarchy and true Republican-Democracy. Every thinking, patriotic man at the North knew well that the balls fired at SUMTER, the insult to the Flag, was a shot fired at the heart of Progress—a death-blow aimed at the life of the Nation. No more folding of the hands to sleep. It was sleep on and perish, wake and live!

Pine-clad Katahdin's summon 's blending
With call from Santa Rosa's bight—
Pacific cheering answer sending
To lone Mount Desert's sea-girt light—
From East to West, one voice ascending,
From ev'ry State the arch subtending—
To arms and fight !
The Rocky Mountains echo lending,
Along the Lakes that echo 's wending,
God save the right.

The people became at once transmuted into an army, permeated with an IDEA. *Every Army which has ever been inspired with an IDEA has proved itself invincible.* The French Army of 1789-1812, which conquered in succession every European Continental Nation, had caught a sort of delirium together with Ideas of True Liberty, from fighting in America. If auxiliaries nurtured, trained, and directed by Despotism, merely by fighting at the side of our Revolutionary sires had, by their example, been rendered unconquerable, was it not inconsistent or unwise to believe that the sons of those sires had degenerated or had forgotten the lessons and traditions which their fathers had learned at the knees of the Patriots of '76. It could not be so. BUNKER HILL and BENNINGTON, ORISKANY and STONE POINT, STILLWATER and SARATOGA (the last five fought on New York soil), could not have been forgotten while those, who participated in their glories, still survived, to teach the generation, still living, how the Sons of Liberty battled for Freedom and for Independence.

On the 13th April, 1861, apparent peace still reigned in the land. Since the 19th October, 1781, when the British capitulated at Yorktown, no hostile force had traversed our country. Eighty years of internal tranquillity had made us the most prosperous and happy people in the world. The accursed slaveholders, to maintain their property in man, fired upon our Flag, and within the ensuing four years 2,688,523 men had been arrayed to avenge the insult, to defend and restore that Flag, and almost as many madmen had

armed to steep it in blood and trample it in the dust of defeat and humiliation. On the 13th of April, 1861, the country was at rest and rejoicing. By the 2d of June, 1865, a little over the space of one Presidential term, 600,000 men on both sides had lost their lives supporting or suppressing the Slaveholders' Rebellion. This 600,000 does not include the living—sick, maimed and crippled.

When the news of the "firing on Sumter" reached New York, the city was a sight to see. Its buildings seemed to be clothed with the national banner. A bracing wind made "Old Glory" stream out in all its beauty and suggestive grandeur. From window, spire, and staff, thousands upon thousands of Flags filled the air with their crimson, white, and azure tissues. The Red, White, and Blue showed on every patriotic man's breast and shone on every true woman's bosom, in materials more or less precious, but equally precious in the sentiment which placed or pinned it there. And so it was from day to day until, when ANDERSON, from his defence of Sumter, passed up Broadway, he appeared to advance under one continual canopy of Stars and Stripes, whose flapping folds seemed to utter in chorus—"Well done, brave soldier! Woe to those who fired upon the Flag we honor and you defended!"

The South fired upon our Flag, and the North awoke and arose, and among the first to awake to the magnitude of the occasion were the people of "this immediate neighborhood." Mountains are the fountains of sublimity and patriotism. Our people breathed the air of the Kaatskills. Their souls had expanded in their contemplation.

From this time forward the history of Red Hook's participation in the "Great American Conflict" involves the history of the whole struggle. Red Hook's quota, through its individuals, representing links, runs like a chain throughout the war, and connects together almost every portion of the conflict, and of the theatre of hostilities, by her sons or their affiliations. To endeavor to give anything like a detailed account of all the actions in which our fellow townsmen were engaged, would be no less than attempting to compress the history of the four years of the greatest war on record into the compass of an Address which should occupy an hour in its delivery.

In the course of those four years, between the participation of this immediate neighborhood in the initiative effort, the reopening of the route to Washington, and in the final grand triumph, both of ideal and real importance, the occupation of Richmond, Red Hook sent forth as Volunteers, by Re-enlistment, or by Substitutes, as stated hereinbefore, over 500 men.

The exact count, as made up from the most accurate accessible authorities, is 503 : Volunteers prior to the draft of September, 1863, 175 to 178; re-enlistments noted, 19; enlistments at Albany in 1865, 27 ; result of four drafts imposed on the town, 279= 500 or 503. These were distributed¹ into over 47 regiments, as so far discovered, *besides four or more Vessels of War*: 14th U. S. infantry*; 1st, 7th, and 14th New Jersey Volunteers; 1st (SERRELL's) 15th New York Engineers; 1st[†] and 2d New York Light Artillery, and 34th Independent Battery, New York Volunteer Artillery; 6th, 13th* and 14th N. Y. Heavy Artillery; 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th[†] and 6th N. Y. Cavalry; Scott's 900[‡]; and 1st N. Y. Mounted Rifles :

* Lieutenant WARREN W. CHAMBERLAIN, from Lower Red Hook, belonged to this regiment. He had previously held a commission as Lieutenant in the 12th N. Y. Militia, which left New York City 21st April, 1861. He was killed near Groveton, Va., while acting as aide-de-camp to General SYKES, under very peculiar and distressing circumstances, at the second battle of Manassas or Bull Run, 30th August, 1862.

† Of this 1st regiment, MORGAN Light Artillery, CHARLES S. WAINWRIGHT (of Rhinebeck), Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. Volunteers, was colonel, 1861-'5; J. WATTS DE PEYSTER Junior, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel New York Volunteers (Volunteer Aide-de-Camp to General PHILIP KEARNY at Williamsburg and Seven Pines or Fair Oaks), was Junior Major in 1861-'2.

There were only some thirty of the men enlisted for the 1st New York (MORGAN) light artillery in Dutchess county, who ever joined it. These belonged to "E" company, and *some of them* were engaged in the following battles : Spottsylvania, North Anna, Bethesda Church, siege of Petersburg.

The regimental flag of the 1st New York artillery bears the names of forty-five battles and sieges in which one or more companies of the regiment took part as follows, viz :

Cross Keys,	Spottsylvania,
Winchester (first),	North Anna,
Lee's Mills,	Tolopatamoy,
Siege of Yorktown,	Bethesda Church,
Williamsburg,	Cold Harbor,
Fair Oaks,	Petersburg,
Mechanicsville,	Weldon Railroad,
Jun. 25, 1862,	Peebles Farm,
Savage Station,	Chapel House,
White Oak Swamp,	Hatcher's Run,
Glendale,	Gravelly Run,
Malvern Hill,	Five Forks,
Bull Run second,	Storming of Petersburg,
South Mountain,	Apronattox Court House,
Antietam,	Lookout Mountain,
Fredericksburg,	Resaca,
Chancellorsville,	New Hope Church,
Gettysburg,	Kenesaw,
Rappahannock Station,	Peach Tree Creek,
Bristoe Station,	Atlanta,
Mine Run,	Savannah,
Wilderness,	Averysboro',
	Bentonville

* JOHNSTON L. DE PEYSTER, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel U. S. Volunteers, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel New York Volunteers, Recipient of Vote of Thanks from the Corporation of the City of New York, 1866, was Second Lieutenant and Post Adjutant, Fort O'Rorke, 1864.

† AUGUSTUS BARKER, Second and First Lieutenant and Captain (killed), in this regiment (1861-'3).

‡ J. WATTS DE PEYSTER, Junior, First Lieutenant commanding company, in this regiment in July, 1862.

1st (National Guard); 12th (Independence Guard); 17th (Westchester Chasseurs); 22d (Southern Tier Regiment); 25th (Union Rangers); 26th; 29th[§] (Astor); 32d (1st California); 44th (People's Ellsworth)

[¶] ROBERT L. LIVINGSTON, Volunteer aid to General BUTTERFIELD for upwards of a month, when he received a commission as Ensign in the 17th New York State Volunteers, Colonel H. S. LANSING, dated 29th October, 1861; First Lieutenant June 20, 1862, to take rank from May 27th, the day of the battle of Hanover Court-house. This promotion was made by Governor MORGAN upon the following letter :

HEADQUARTERS 3D BRIGADE, CAMP NEAR NEW BRIDGE, {
June 11, 1862. }

Colonel H. S. Lansing, 17th New York State Volunteers:

COLONEL :—On the day of our fight at Hanover Court-house, when all the officers of the 17th behaved so well, the conduct of Lieutenants BURLEIGH and LIVINGSTON came particularly under my personal observation. Lieutenant LIVINGSTON, on my personal staff, behaved most admirably, carrying my orders oftentimes under fire in the coolest manner. To him, not less than to the other members of my personal staff, myself and the brigade are indebted. I trust that when the opportunity for promotion occurs these officers may be remembered. While I cannot, by implication or otherwise, do any injustice to others of your command who behaved so well, I feel it my duty to bring these officers to your notice.

I am, Colonel, very respectfully yours,

DANIEL BUTTERFIELD, Brigadier-General.

HEADQUARTERS 17TH REGIMENT N. Y. S. VOLUNTEERS, {
3D BRIGADE, FORTER'S DIVISION, VALLEY OF THE
CHICKAHOMINY, JUNE 12, 1862. }

Adjutant-General Thomas Hillhouse:

GENERAL :—I inclose a copy of a letter received from General BUTTERFIELD, commanding the conduct of Lieutenants BURLEIGH and LIVINGSTON upon the field of Hanover Court house. It affords me pleasure to add my own testimony to the coolness and gallantry of both these officers, and to recommend them for promotion. Lieutenant BURLEIGH to be Captain, to date from 27th May; Second Lieutenant ROBERT L. LIVINGSTON to be First Lieutenant, vice BURLEIGH, promoted, to date from 27th May.

I am, sir, very respectfully, &c.,

H. S. LANSING, Colonel 17th New York State Volunteers.

He served during the entire campaign of the Army of the Potomac under General McCLELLAN, attached to the 5th Army Corps; was among the first to enter Yorktown; was present at the numerous engagements on the Peninsula, at the White House, Seven Pines, Gaines's Mills, Malvern Hill, returning to Tivoli on leave after the retirement of the Army of the Potomac to Harrison's Bar, to recruit from the fatigue and exhaustion of what is styled the "Seven Days Battle." In September he returned to Harrison's Bar, and thence joined his General and the Army, about the time the command was transferred to General Pope, but was incapacitated, from the return of his Chickahominy fever, to go in the field, as was also his General, and made his way alone, with his servant, to Washington, where he remained on the sick list during those days of confusion and mortification which followed the defeat of General Pope.

He was still recruiting when the battle of Antietam was fought; but his General returning to his command, he once more went into the field, but only to remain a short time; the Chickahominy fever was again upon him on his return. After being present in some sixteen engagements, and serving eighteen months, he tendered his resignation, which was accepted.

J. L.

[§] LOUIS LIVINGSTON, afterward Captain, U. S. A., and Additional Aide-de-Camp to Major-Gen. S. W. CRAWFORD, U. S. Volunteers, was elected the first Major of this regiment; Lieutenant H. LIVINGSTON ROGERS was Quartermaster. Miss ESTELLE E. DE PEYSTER presented this regiment its State or *Battle* flag, which, after two years service, and after being present in every combat, affair and battle in which the 29th participated, was returned, a mere wreck and relic, to the donor as a memento, and is now kept in the dwelling of the Speaker.

Avengers); 48th (1st Continental Guard); 56th (Tenth Legion); 61st (Clinton Guard)*; 63d (3d Irish); 65th (United States Chasseurs); 76th (Cortlandt)*; 80th (20th N. Y. S. M., Ulster Guard); 84th (14th N. Y. S. M., Brooklyn); 91st (Heavy Artillery); 95th; 96th, (MACOMBE); 114th, 115th, 125th, 128th†, 150th‡ 156th, 169th, New York Volunteer Infantry; 8th N. Y. S. Militia. NAVY.—Steamers, Minnesota, Colorado, Portsmouth,§ Bienville, etc.

Even with the very first sound of alarm, a number of our youth hastened to enrol themselves, or hurried forward to the scene of conflict. On the 15th April, 1861, President LINCOLN called for his first levy of 75,000 Volunteers. Had he invoked 2,000,000 they would have responded. On the 21st April, the 12th N. Y. S. M. left New York City. On the 23d the 8th N. Y. S. M. (Washington Greys), was on its

* DR. WILLIAM P. BUSI, of Madalin, died in service, Assistant Surgeon.

¶ WM. P. WAINWRIGHT, colonel 22d New York State Militia, which comprised this town, 1856, colonel, wounded in command of Doubleday's brigade at South Mountain, after saving the day in that quarter; present at Bull Run; first Cross-Keys; under fire at Gainesville, Rappahannock Station, Bull Run second—two days, South Mountain—wounded, Fredericksburg first; present at Chancellorsville; resigned, broken in health, from which he still suffers, 1866. CHARLES E. LIVINGSTON, (grandson of ROBERT S. LIVINGSTON, Esq., of Red Hook,) Lieutenant-colonel, etc., in this 76th regiment.

† JOHN H. HAGAR, of Madalin, rose from Private to First Lieutenant commanding Color Company C.

|| Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel JOHNSTON LIVINGSTON DE PEYSTER held commission of Captain in this regiment in 1865, and at the time when it was mustered out.

‡ STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER CRUGER, supposed to have been mortally wounded in two places, at Resaca, Adjutant and Captain Company A, Brevet Major U. S. Volunteers, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel New York Volunteers.

§ CHARLES HENRY TILLOTSON, Aide, etc., to Captain SWARTHOUT, commanding the Portsmouth in the Mississippi River Fight under FARRAGUT 1861-3. November 11, 1861, received appointment as Clerk and Aide to Captain Swarthout, U. S. ship Portsmouth; December 2, 1861, sailed from Portsmouth; January 5, 1862, came to anchor at Key West; January 16, 1862, reported to Commander McKean, at Ship Island—ordered to blockade off Rio Grande; February 1, 1862, came to anchor off Rio Grande—captured here English steamer Labuan, loaded with Confederate cotton, schooner Wave, loaded with sugar, sloop Pioneer, loaded with tobacco; April 5, sailed for Mississippi river on short allowance of water; April 9th came to anchor at S. W. Pass; April 12th ordered by Commodore FARRAGUT to join his fleet in the attack on Forts Jackson and Phillips below New Orleans; April 16th passed the bar and commenced putting ship in fighting condition; April 17th joined fleet below forts; April 18th, attack commenced with mortar shells; April 24, fleet moved to attack and pass forts, we were ordered to come to anchor and take position close to Fort Jackson, that we might draw upon us the fire of that fort and water battery below it, so as to relieve the fleet, if possible, as they passed up; remained in this position until the fleet had passed, and the fire of the three batteries—Forts Jackson and Phillips and water battery—was concentrated upon us, we then slipped our cable and floated out of range, the end being accomplished, it would have been suicidal to remain longer; May 10th, ordered to take position in front of Fort Parapet, about twelve miles above New Orleans, to sustain it in case of an attack; June 26, went with

way to Washington. In the former was WARREN W. CHAMBERLAIN, of Lower Red Hook, Lieutenant in the Line. In the latter, FREDERIC DE PEYSTER, Jr., of Tivoli, aged 18, Junior Assistant Surgeon.*

Almost simultaneously, on the 23d-28th April, the Ulster Guard, 20th N. Y. S. M., was likewise in march for the theatre of hostilities. Eight young men from the village of Madalin volunteered in it, and eight more from the town in this and other regiments. These first men were true patriots, and deserve to be remembered by their fellow townsmen. If there were others, it is a great pity that their names have not been preserved.

ANDREW DECKER, CHARLES DECKER, CHARLES HOUGHTALING, MONTGOMERY MARSHALL, ADAM MOORE, CHARLES STATLEY, WILLIAM H. STOCKING, E—S—, the last name is suppressed because this individual subsequently deserted. The second eight were—JOHN CLARK, EDWARD CURTIS LE GRAND CURTIS, PATRICK HAYES, WILLIAM HOLDRIDGE, GEORGE KELLY, STEPHEN SHEERWOOD, JOHN VADENBURGH.

Even already the North was learning to appreciate the energy, courage, and ability of a man, than whom none has been more abused and none less deserving of censure—I mean Major-General BENJAMIN F. BUTLER. Let the dogs of faction howl as they will around the old lion, the North owes to this improvised military leader the salvation of Fortress Monroe, of Fort McHenry, yes, I will say it, and of Washington. Just as LYON saved us at the West, just so BUTLER preserved affairs in the East. He it was who re-established the severed communications with the National Capital, and by that wonderful stroke of audacity seized and bridled rebellious Baltimore. With less than 1,000 men, half composed of the Sixth Massachusetts, half selected from the Eighth New York S. M., he mastered a city of 20,000 inhabitants. BUTLER crushed secession from the "monumental city" so thoroughly and effectually that he left to the Rebellion, as its only memorial of temporary success, the stains of blood shed by the

U. S. steamer Tennessee, Captain Johnson, to Vicksburg, with ammunition for the fleet—first attack on Vicksburg; June 28, had a skirmish with Confederates at Grand Gulf; July 9, reported on board U. S. ship Portsmouth; remained here until May 10, 1863, when relieved and returned north—an eighteen months' cruise. C. H. T.

* As this regiment had more Surgeons than the United States would muster in, he consented to be sworn in as Hospital Steward at Arlington Heights, in June, 1861, rather than be debarred from further usefulness. The regiment had, however, already done its chief work of opening the road to Washington and bridling Baltimore. Young DE PEYSTER continued to act as Assistant Surgeon, and to be recognized as such. He was brevetted Captain New York Volunteers for unusual energy, coolness and meritorious conduct at the first Bull Run. When the three surgeons of older rank were captured at Sudley Church all the wounded and sick (who would otherwise have been left without medical aid) came under his charge.

martyrs of the Massachusetts Sixth—blood shed on the anniversary of Lexington—stains not yet washed out by the tropical Spring rains. One of the officers with him was Assistant Surgeon DE PEYSTER, from Red Hook.

The capture or rather bridling of Baltimore (13th and 14th May, 1861), was the initiative military movement at the East. Its triumphant conclusion in the same quarter was the fall and occupation of Richmond (3d April, 1865). Here again Red Hook was in the van, and the “*first real American flag*” displayed over the Rebel capitol, wherein for four years the Rebel Congress had deliberated and resolved treason, was hoisted by another son of Red Hook, Lieutenant JOHNSTON LIVINGSTON DE PEYSTER,† Aide-de-camp to Major-General GODFREY WEITZEL, Commanding.

As JOHNSTON L. DE PEYSTER was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel before he had attained the age of 19 years, he must have been the youngest officer of that rank in the service.

A very curious concurrence of circumstances is connected with this first display of the American Flag over Richmond, after its evacuation. It was raised on the staff at the west end of the Rebel Capitol. From this staff, throughout the four years of Rebellion, the State flag of Virginia had floated. This display of the Virginian standard had been kept up as indicative not only of the State Rights of Old Dominion as an independent sovereignty as regarded the Union, *without*, *i. e.*, towards the North, but also as regarded the Rebel Confederation, to which it had joined its destiny, *within*, *i. e.*, towards the South and West. The flag of Virginia was not only a signal of defiance hung out against the Stars and Stripes investing Richmond, but towards the mammoth Rebel Confederate flag which had already been torn down from the staff at the east end of the traitors’ capital. Thus the banner emblazoned with “*Sic semper tyrani-*

† Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel JOHNSTON LIVINGSTON DE PEYSTER, U. S. V., New York Volunteers. Even as an elder brother was among the first to enter the service, the younger was one of the last to leave it. At the earnest recommendation of Major-General S. W. Crawford, he was promoted to a captaincy in the 96th New York Volunteer Infantry. This regiment was one of the last two New York regiments to be mustered out (Adjutant-General’s [State of New York] Report, 1866, I, 281), on the 6th February, 1866. The *Third Annual Report of the New York Bureau of Military Statistics* (page 349) states that the 20th New York State Militia (or 8th New York Volunteer Infantry) was “the last regiment of the ‘Army of the Potomac’ to leave that field,” Virginia. The date of its “muster out,” however, is 29th January, 1866. It matters not, however, which was the last to lay aside its military responsibilities. In both, Red Hook was represented, and well represented. See APPENDIX, “Biographical Sketch,” also, H. B. DAWSON’S “The First Flag over Richmond,” or “The Colors of the UNITED STATES first raised over the CAPITOL of the CONFEDERATE STATES, April 3, 1865, Morrisania, N. Y., 1866;” HORACE GREELEY’S “The American Conflict,” II, 737-8, etc., etc.

nis," the sentiment misapplied by LINCOLN's perfidious assassin, had waved for nearly four years as the arrogant symbol of an unmitigated and unchangeable expression of the doctrine of State Rights. Accordingly, when it was hauled down, and the supplanting Stars and Stripes streamed out distended by the gale, no one who beheld it could misunderstand the interpretation. Like a rich jewel, set in a gorgeous frame of ebony and gold, "Old Glory" shone amid the conflagration which filled the air with roar and ruin. It was as clear in its signification as the handwriting on the wall to the abandoned and doomed BELSHAZZAR. State Rights and Southern principles had been weighed in the balance, and had been found wanting; the might and dominion of slavery had been broken and departed for ever. Babylon the mighty had fallen! Lucifer, the son of the morning, had been brought low.

"An end at last! the echoes of the war—
The weary war beyond the western waves—
Die in the distance; Freedom's rising star
Beacons above six hundred thousand graves!"

"The graves of heroes who have won the fight—
Who, in the storming of the stubborn town,
Have rung the marriage peal of Might and Right,
And scaled the cliffs and cast the dragon down."

The first American flag over Richmond was not only the testimony of the total suppression of the "Slaveholders' Rebellion," but of the Nation's triumph over Secession, and Nullification State Rights—the Rebel Confederacy.

Before the Rebels fired on Sumter, the Stars and Stripes had been the harbinger of liberty and prosperity. The Rebel rag had brought with it and upon its supporters, misery and ruin. Now again "Old Glory" floated majestically over the destruction which the substitution of the Rebel ensign had occasioned—over the waste and woe wrought out by the fire and sword, evoked by the South as their chosen arbitrators. The display of our Flag on the 3d April, 1865, in the Capitol of Virginia, upon the State flag-staff, was the token of the termination of four years' inexorable rebellion against the best Government on earth.

From Baltimore to Richmond—to the surrender of LEE and JOHNSTON—Red Hook was always worthily and numerously represented.

At the first battle of Bull Run, a son of Red Hook, FREDERIC DE PEYSTER, Junior, was present, and discharging his duty when the Union rear guard repulsed the Rebel cavalry like jackalls snapping at the heels of the mishandled, overtired, wounded and exhausted, but unconquered lion.

Another officer, who might be said to belong to this district, since for years he commanded its Militia, and drilled many of its men, who afterwards distinguished themselves, was a Major in the 1st Brigade, BLENKER's 5th Division, which covered the Union retreat at this same first Bull Run.

This officer, WILLIAM P. WAINWRIGHT, belonged to the 29th New York, whose beautiful BATTLE FLAG was presented by a lady of this vicinity (Miss ESTELLE ELIZABETH DE PEYSTER), by the hands of the speaker, in their camp near Alexandria, Va., just as the regiment was moving off to the first grand conflict of the war, and only a few days before it occurred.

This flag was present in every affair, combat or battle in which that regiment was engaged, and it was returned blackened and torn, but covered with glorious scars, to Tivoli, when the 29th was mustered out, 6th June, 1863.

In the crisis of Bull Run, Surgeon DE PEYSTER performed a marvellous feat of energy and endurance. He saw the last shots fired which repulsed that famous mythical Black Horse cavalry in their attempt to pick up prisoners. This was just before our reserve pickets were withdrawn and our unbroken rear fell back, not beaten, but retiring in obedience to orders. Would that time permitted an exposition of the true history of this battle. Our soldiers did not lose this battle, nor was the battle necessarily lost when the Reserve division was withdrawn.

Surgeon DE PEYSTER's coolness, courage, promptitude and energy won him the commendation and warm remembrance of General BLENKER, of Colonel, then Major WAINWRIGHT, and of Assistant Surgeon WILLIAMS, 1st N. Y. Artillery. The wounded in the temporary hospital at Centreville owe what attention they received to Surgeons WILLIAMS and DE PEYSTER and another whose name has never been reported. They may not remember our Red Hook youth by name, for all was hurry and confusion—as is almost invariably the case with a retreating army—but they will remember the apparent boy who lavished his attentions upon them with such assiduousness.

Returning homeward on horseback after being mustered out, he followed the Old Post Road along the Hudson, and, in the mountains of Putnam County was overtaken by night and an almost tropical tempest. He soon lost his way in the rain and darkness, and wandering at random, applied at a farm house for shelter. On the plea that no man was at home he was refused admittance by the woman who came to the door. He then requested permission to harbor in the barn until daylight; the woman conceded a reluctant consent, more by silence than by words. In

the barn then the young officer lay down on the straw beside his faithful gray which had carried him over 80 miles on half a feed to and from the famous Stone Bridge, over the red Bull Run. Wet, worn out and hungry he soon fell asleep. A short time afterward he was roughly awakened and saw a man standing over him with a lantern. "Are you a Union soldier?" were the first words addressed to him. "Yes, I am, and I am on my way home from the battle on the Potomac." "If you are a Union soldier," said the brute, doubtless a good peace democrat, "you cannot harbor here." Little more passed between them. The owner would neither furnish lodging for money nor concede a shelter for love of country or respect for the National uniform; forth the young man had to go and wander on in the rain and darkness until daylight. Then he found the road which brought him chilled and half famished into Cold Spring.

It is a pity that the name of this Putnam County sympathizer with the Rebellion cannot be made known. The officer could furnish no clue, for few districts are rougher and wilder than the one he, a perfect stranger to had traversed amid the darkness and storm. It was not likely that a man who had acted so meanly and inhospitably would tell the story of his own shame. This incident, however, demonstrates what numerous examples afterward proved, that there was a party at the North perfectly worthy of affiliation with the Southern chivalry and as ready as the latter to do all the evil that they dared do to a Northern soldier.

Previous to the month of August, 1862, volunteering in the town of Red Hook was only the result of individual, patriotic impulse. It was exceptional. This renders the enlistments in the Spring of 1861 the more remarkable, inasmuch as they were the result of mere energetic thought and action. Consequently, they are the more worthy of attention and record; just as in epidemics, the first scattering or sporadic cases are always the most violent and fatal, and, therefore, the more deserving of careful remembrance.†

That this Town did not furnish a Wing of a Regiment, or at least several Companies in the Spring and

† From the records of Justice FREDERIC H. BURNETT, Madaline, very imperfect but the best accessible, Red Hook furnished, 1861, April, noted, 18 Volunteers; August, 34, when the 20th New York State Militia went out as the 80th New York Volunteers; September, 24; October, 4; November, 1; December, 1; 1862, May, 1; June, 1; August, 32 (during this month the first War Meeting was held at Madaline, and the result shows the benefit of such Convocations) or, according to another account, 69; September, 41; October, 4; 1863, January, 3; February, 1; April, 1; September, prior to draft, 3.

early Summer of 1861, was more owing to SEWARD's Ninety days' war Prediction, and the erroneous calculation of those in authority, than to the fault of the leading patriotic men of Red Hook. An offer of three picked regiments from the Counties of Dutchess and Columbia was made to President LINCOLN himself, at the White House, by the Speaker, in May, 1861. These regiments were to have been offered by the first men of our Senatorial District. The Colonel suggested for the 1st was WILLIAM P. WAINWRIGHT, of Rhinebeck, in May, 1861, Major 29th New York Volunteers, then Lieutenant Colonel 54th New York Volunteers, then Colonel 76th New York Volunteers. The Colonel of the 2nd was to have been CHARLES S. WAINWRIGHT, of Rhinebeck, 12th November, 1861. Major 1st June, 1862, Colonel 1st Morgan N. Y. Light Artillery. JAMES MULFORD, of Hudson, my dear and valued friend, was designated Colonel of the 3rd. He was formerly Lieutenant-Colonel of the 22nd N. Y. S. M., and Assistant Adjutant-General, S. N. Y., in the Winter of 1855. It is scarcely possible to doubt that he owed his death to his untiring efforts in assisting Colonel DAVID S. COWLES to complete the organization of the 43d (?) New York Volunteers. Colonel MULFORD finally fell a victim, after months of indisposition, to typhoid fever in the Fall of 1861.

The rejection of this offer, when related to the veteran General MANSFIELD, who fell at Antietam, it called forth his indignant remark, that if the war authorities pursued such a policy the Rebels could not be kept South of the Potomac.

The months of August and September, 1861, witnessed quite a lively movement in this Town. When, on the 25th of October, the 20th New York State Militia returned to the field as the 89th New York Volunteer Infantry, Company B comprised twenty-five young men from Tivoli, Madalin, and their vicinity, besides others in Company A and dispersed throughout the organization. This constitutes one of Red Hook's three representative regiments. As they will be referred to more at length hereafter, in an appropriate place, let us resume the consideration of individuals who went out from our midst, rose to high rank, and survived.

While thus our sons and brothers were stemming the tide of battle on the land, another from Red Hook was assisting to maintain the honor of the Flag in the Gulf and upon the Mississippi's flood. This was CHARLES HENRY TILLOTSON, belonging to a race connected with the glories of the war of 1812. As Aide to Captain SWARTHOFT, of the Portsmouth, he participated in that "River Fight," which will live in naval story

while navies ride the waves. With FARRAGUT "the Peerless," he assisted in that fearful combat which forced the passage of those forts which were deemed the impassable barriers of the ascent to New Orleans. When our unequalled sea-chief, who, in himself, united the highest qualities of Holland's RUYTER, Gaul's DU QUESNE, and England's NELSON—that triumvirate of maritime skill, audacity and valor—had overcome the opposing batteries and fleets, and made the Crescent City once more the property of the Nation, young TILLERSON volunteered on board the Tennessee, to ascend the Mississippi and carry stores to our army and navy above, which were descending and vanquishing the upper river defences of the Rebels. After a varied service in the Gulf and River he returned home, enjoying the proud satisfaction of having been one of the heroic band who were with FARRAGUT when he smote the Rebellion in the far Southwest by sea and by shore.

The Fall and Winter of 1861 and 1862 were barren of laurels in the Army of the Potomac, but they were prolific in hardships. During this menacing hill there were scores of our citizens scattered through the various regiments which composed it. Several belonged to that famous NEW JERSEY BRIGADE which Major (then Brigadier-General) PHILIP KEARNY drilled into a phalanx of iron. Others enlisted in the popular PEOPLE'S ELLESWORTH AVENGERS (Forty-fourth New York Volunteers), which belonged to the brigade commanded by General DANIEL BUTTERFIELD, and a magnificent brigade it was. I saw it parade on a dark and dreary November afternoon in 1861, and in all my military observations, which have been very extensive, I never saw a more stalwart or more soldierly body of men. General BUTTERFIELD's Senior Aide-de-camp was ROBERT L. LIVINGSTON, brother of Mrs. JOHNSTON LIVINGSTON, of Tivoli. This handsome officer continued to serve with credit and fidelity throughout all the subsequent operations of the Army of the Potomac, throughout the Peninsular Campaign, and the concluding battles under that enigma POPE, at Antietam, and at Fredericksburg (first). After this last battle, severe illness, incurred in the field, compelled him to leave the service, but not until he had proved himself on many an occasion a gallant and energetic soldier.

While the Army of the Potomac was still lying in the mud of its Winter quarters at Washington, another youth of Red Hook—J. WATTS DE PEYSTER, Junr.—left the Law School of Columbia College, and took a prominent place in its ranks as volunteer aide-de-camp to his cousin General PHILIP KEARNY. He was with that impetuous commander when he struggled through

the April mire to occupy the Rebel works at Manassas Junction. Among the troops who led the way upon this occasion was our first representative regiment, Twentieth New York State Militia. As it had been among the first to volunteer, so again it was among the first to move at the first opportunity, and even so it was always among the foremost and stoutest in every subsequent operation unto the very last day of its protracted career.

General KEARNY, whom Lieutenant-General SCOTT pronounced the "bravest man he ever knew, and the best soldier," subsequently declared, a few days after the battle of Fair Oaks, that his young "aide was as brave as himself, and an excellent officer, and a very correct young gentleman." In his report of Williamsburg, the bloodiest battle, perhaps, of the whole war, as regards the troops actually engaged, KEARNY mentioned, "my volunteer aide Mr. WATTS DE PEYSTER bore himself handsomely in this his first action." Rewarded with the commission of first lieutenant in SCOTT's 900 CAVALRY, Colonel, now Brigadier-General SWAIN, Engineer in Chief S. N. Y., certified that he had "occasion to notice and appreciate his zeal, intelligence, faithfulness, and integrity." "I had occasion," he added, "afterwards to regret his promotion to another regiment as a loss to the company which he commanded in my regiment, for I felt that with experience, which he was rapidly acquiring, he would have been one of the best of cavalry officers."

Promoted to a majority in the First New York (MORGAN) light artillery, he joined his command at Harrison's Landing and was present with his batteries during the famous night attack of 31st July, 1862. Thence stricken with malarial fever, he managed to return home before he succumbed. For four months it was a struggle between life and death, and it was only in the Spring of 1863 that he was again able to take the field. At the battle of Chancellorsville or Fredericksburg second, he was chief of artillery of the Third Division, SEDGWICK's, Sixth Corps. Brigadier-General A. P. HOWE, Commanding Division, wrote under date 15th May, 1863, "Major DE PEYSTER was with my division in the actions fought on the 3d and 4th inst., and it gives me pleasure to say to you that he acquitted himself with honor."

Finally, it is no more than just to cite the language of "FIGHTING JOE" HOOKER in regard to this young officer, who received his baptism of fire under his eyes at Williamsburg: "Permit me to recommend Major J. W. DE PEYSTER for promotion to the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel. Major DE PEYSTER entered the service as an aide-de-camp to Major-General KEARNY,

and was greatly distinguished for gallantry and good conduct at the battle of Williamsburg. Subsequently he served under me at the battle of Chancellorsville, where he was no less remarked for his coolness and courage, and is, in my judgment, eminently deserving the distinction requested for him."

Lieutenant-Colonel DE PEYSTER never recovered from the effects of the fever, and he was honorably discharged as of date 14th August, 1863.

Another son of Red Hook next in regular order of events, played a conspicuous part in suppressing the "Slaveholders' Rebellion," LOUIS LIVINGSTON, youngest surviving son of Hon. JOHN S. LIVINGSTON, of Tivoli. Appointed additional Aide-de-camp U. S. Army, with the rank of captain, he was assigned as senior aide to Brigadier-General, afterward Major-General S. W. CRAWFORD, of Pennsylvania. At Antietam, his first battle, his courage was so conspicuous that he received the brevet of major; and at Gettysburg, the decisive battle of the war, he is said to have accompanied his general leading a decisive charge, for which he was brevetted lieutenant-colonel. I have seen a letter in which his general attested his gallantry in the warmest and most flattering language. In this charge General CRAWFORD and his aide, Captain LOUIS LIVINGSTON, were the only two mounted officers in front of the line and were exposed to a double danger, from the fire of the excited troops following, as well as from that of the opposing Rebel force. General CRAWFORD distinguished himself on this occasion by imitating the example of the famous Archduke CHARLES at Aspern, carrying the banner of the First Pennsylvania Reserves, which was pierced and torn with bullets, just as the Austrian commander excited the courage of his troops by seizing and bearing forward the colors of ZACH's veteran Austrian grenadiers.

This brings me in the regular order of events to September, 1862.

Red Hook may be said to have had three representative regiments in the field. The first, the Twentieth, I have already alluded to; the second was the One Hundred and twenty-eighth New York. In the color company, C, of this regiment 21 of our townsmen were present. This, one of the very first to volunteer, was one of the very last regiments from New York in the United States service. The third was the One Hundred and Fiftieth New York infantry. Its adjutant, STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER CRUGER * was another of Red Hook's heroic young men. He went out as First Lieu-

* A more detailed notice of this officer, likewise of Sergeant T. B. PAULMIER and Corporal PETER W. FUNK, all of Red Hook, will appear in the Appendix.

tenant of Company F, but was its actual commander at Gettysburg. Subsequently transferred to the staff, he acquired the confidence not only of his immediate superiors, but of all the Generals with whom he came in contact, officially. After participating in SHERMAN's famous march, he returned in command of Company A. In giving an account of the services of this (his) regiment (150th New York Volunteers), Colonel, now Brigadier-General ALFRED B. SMITH, of Poughkeepsie, bore ample testimony to the merit of young CRUGER. He remarked: "Among the wounded at the battle of Resaca, 14th-15th May, 1864, w^s our noble Adjutant, now Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, STEPHEN VAN RENNSLAER CRUGER (now Brevet Major U. S. Volunteers, Lieutenant-Colonel New York Volunteers), who was every inch a man and a soldier of the highest qualities. He was beloved by all, and maintained the brightest record for bravery, fortitude and all the qualities that go to make up a man. His wounds were pronounced mortal, but, owing to his irreproachable mode of life and unimpaired constitution, he recovered and rejoined us at Atlanta, thence marched with us to the coast, and, through Richmond and Washington, home." This young officer, aged 20, belonged to the Upper District of Red Hook. It is a pleasant thought for those who are connected with him, to feel that his native town was in him so ably, bravely and worthily represented. Although our immediate vicinity was not numerously represented in this organization, it included many volunteers from the town of Red Hook, but principally from the Lower District. One young man of 25, JOHN MCGILL, of Upper Red Hook, made for himself an honorable record. Two weeks after his enlistment (1st October, 1862), he was made a sergeant (15th October). On the 29th July, 1864, he was promoted to be first or orderly sergeant, and, for meritorious conduct, he was commissioned second lieutenant Company B (30th November), with rank from 6th September, 1864.

The last individual to be especially referred to, deserves a particular mention, if for no other reason than because he went out a private, and returned as first lieutenant, commanding his (color) company (C) in the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth regiment. His rank dates from 19th December, 1863. His first commission of second lieutenant was conferred for good conduct before Port Hudson, in June and July of the preceding year. He had been made sergeant a few days after the organization of his regiment.

In the Spring of 1864, the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth formed part of that ill-planned and ill-starred expedition under BANKS, suggested or prescribed by

the ever blundering HALLECK. Destined to capture Shreveport, disperse KIRBY SMITH's Trans-Mississippi army, recover Texas, and gather a boundless booty of cotton, it resulted in calamities which fell the most severely on the least deserving of them—the rank and file of the sacrificed troops.

Although the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth covered itself with glory, none of its laurels were reserved for the subject of this notice. While his comrades were fighting, he was tasting the bitterest fruits of captivity among the most barbarous of the Rebel barbarians. His experience is worthy of narration and attention.

Near Alexandria, Lieutenant JOHN H. HAGAR—detached to superintend the loading of a steamer with the Southern staple, inasmuch, as was remarked, PORTER "had cotton on the brain"—was taken prisoner, 28th March, 1864. The incidents of his captivity are too interesting for omission, since they afford reliable testimony of what our Northern men suffered when they were exposed, without means of resistance, to the tender mercies of the wicked, those devils in human form, the border Rebels. What is more, his story is corroborated in the main by the narrative of a cousin of the speaker, WILLIAM R. WHITMARSH, Marion, Marion County, Ohio. First Sergeant, Ninety-sixth Ohio Volunteers, who also belonged to BANKS's Expedition, and was captured at Mansfield, 8th April, 1864, and likewise was carried into Texas.

After his capture, Lieutenant HAGAR was marched to Homer, in Northern Louisiana, and kept in close confinement for about one month in a log jail eighteen feet square inside, surrounded by guards, and daily threatened with all the deviltry of treatment, for which the chivalry were so famous. Thence he was transferred to Shreveport,* on the Upper Red River, the objective of BANKS's campaign, which, through their general's blundering, the privates never reached except as ill treated prisoners. On his way thither Lieutenant HAGAR was marched 56 miles in 35 hours, on two and a half rations, under a guard of cavalry. On reaching the prison door he was so completely exhausted that he not only could not stand, but fell upon the threshold. At this place he was confined, together with 180 rank and file, in a single room, so densely crowded that all could not lie down at one time. His food each day consisted of but one ration. This comprised a small piece of corn bread about the size of the palm of a man's hand, and three ounces of rotten pork.

From Shreveport, Lieutenant HAGAR, together with

* Third Annual Report of Bureau Military Statistics, 1866. Page 412

other Union prisoners, were goaded on about 110 miles to Camp Ford, in Tyler Township, Smith County,* in Northeastern Texas. Here he was kept for about five months, up to October 3d, 1864. He was exchanged about the time that his comrades had harvested their laurels in the Shenandoah Valley.

The journey from Shreveport to Camp Ford, 110 miles, was performed in five days, under a guard of semi-barbarous Texan cavalry. These forced marches were made on such rations that it is hard to understand how the prisoners maintained sufficient strength to crawl along. Each man received per day two ounces of poor bacon, and six ounces of the coarsest corn meal, cob and grain ground up together.

Each of the Texan mounted guards carried his lariat (a long cord with a noose) hung at his saddlebow, and ready for use. If a Union prisoner gave out and fell, too weak to walk, a Texan Ranger would throw this lariat over him, so that the noose would catch him around the waist or neck, and try and force him on his feet. If unable to totter on, the Texan savage would drag him along the ground. HAGAR often saw Union prisoners killed in this way. Not one man recovered or survived who was treated in this barbarous manner. President JOHNSON is said to have stated that, upon one occasion, the Rebels got him down, choked him until he opened his mouth, and then squirted tobacco juice down his throat. Painful and disgusting as such treatment must have been, it was merciful and decent to that which Northern men experienced, systematically, from their guards, as ferocious as the wildest Indians.

On this march, while passing a settlement, Lieutenant HAGAR saw a comrade, faint with fatigue and worn down with fever, step desperately out of the ranks, pass through a little gate, and enter a front yard, with a guard following him, and a lot of half wild dogs barking and snapping around him. At the door stood a woman with a broomstick in her hand. To this female devil he addressed his petition for something to eat to save him from utter starvation, stating how long he had been sick, and how very sick he had been.

Under similar circumstances MUNGO PARK, the celebrated African traveler, dropped by the wayside in the midst of a district, inhabited by a race whom white men are accustomed to style the most savage negroes. Was he left there to perish? No! Negro women found him, nursed him, nourished him, and sent him away cured and reinvigorated.

Let us see how a Texan white farmer's wife will

* Third Ann. Report Bureau of Military Statistics, 1866. Ps. 413-'17.

compare with a negress in the state of nature. To our Northern brother's piteous appeal the she-fury replied: "Get away from my house you d----d Yankee brute; I would not give you a mouthful to eat if you were lying starving at my feet." With this, simultaneously, she struck at him with her broom and set her dogs, less ferocious than she was, at the poor, famished, exhausted, fever-stricken Northerner. There are men in this town, indeed—they are to be talked with every day—who justify and excuse the Rebels. They are willing to vote with them, and vote against their Northern brethren, and, doubtless, would fight, side by side with the Rebels, against them if they had the opportunity. There are rich men at the North feel so—educated men, and they have misled others, well to do and sensible in their business, into holding the same wicked opinions. With such experience before us, if they have not a hell in their bosoms, there *must be* a hell hereafter.

The poor prisoner alluded to, was forced back into the ranks and dragged along.

At Camp Ford the prisoners were somewhat better treated. They received at times a little poor beef, but the rations were never sufficient to satisfy a hearty man. A small man could manage to exist; a large man was always half starved. If any one attempted to escape his treatment was brutal after his capture.

The speaker's cousin, a fine, brave fellow, enlisted at the commencement of the war, at Marion, Marion County, Ohio, in the Ninety-sixth Ohio Volunteers. He is brother-in-law to a gentleman, THOMAS STREATFIELD CLARKSON, residing only a few miles from Madalin. He did not want a commission, but for persistent gallantry, especially at the siege of Vicksburg, he rose to be First Sergeant of his company. Like Lieutenant HAGAR, he was captured in the Red River Expedition, near Mansfield, on or about the 8th April, 1864. He, too, was carried into Texas, and confined in a prison camp, or corral in that State. He made his escape, and got away sixty miles, was hunted with bloodhounds, taken, dragged back, and upon his arrival at the prison, was tied up by the thumbs for forty-eight hours. This is a terrible punishment, especially for such a heavy man as he is, weighing in full health near 200 pounds. Those who escaped with him and were brought back, in addition to being tied up by the thumbs, were flogged like dogs. Sergeant WHITMARSH does not say that he was flogged. A proud man does not like to admit that he has suffered such an indignity.

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Through these three regiments, and through its

townsmen scattered over 47 to 50 regiments, Red Hook became and continued to be connected with the war in every section of the country.

* * * * *

Subsequently the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth formed part of the disastrous Red River expedition. It belonged to Emory's famous Nineteenth Corps and Grover's distinguished fighting First Division. This corps and this division saved the Army, and on various occasions, where other regiments were compelled to give way, the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth retrieved the fate of the day.

While fighting on the Red River the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth found a memorial of Red Hook replete with recollections of the past, and auguries for the future.

Some years ago, a friend of the speaker, the Rev. THOMAS SCOTT BACON, founded a Protestant Episcopal Church in the old, bigoted Roman Catholic town of Natchitoches, an advance-guard of progress in the midst of moral and religious stagnation. This Mr. BACON, a true Union patriot, was forced by the Rebels to abandon his home, and his plantation near Alexandria, was ruined. He then acted as chaplain in our Navy, and when the steam frigate Richmond passed the batteries of Port Hudson, batteries which destroyed her consort the Mississippi, he stood beside her captain on the bridge between the paddle-boxes, amid that rain of ball and shell, to set an example and to show that a Christian pastor was as willing to risk his life as any soldier or sailor for his country.

Prior to the war, the speaker sent out a beautiful and costly bell for Mr. BACON's recently completed church. When BEAUREGARD called upon the Southern people to give him all their bells, from church to plantation bells, to melt into canon, this Northern bell was one of the few which was not transferred from God's service to the devil's service. Well may the term devil's service be used, for if ever the devil had a cause upon earth it was the cause of the Rebels, and they performed his service consistently and are at it, still, as far as they are able.

This bell rang our boys into Natchitoches. GEORGE F. SIMMONS saw it there. It rang out a joyful peal when the Stars and Stripes were hoisted over that eminently Rebel place. And although it witnessed our disastrous retreat, it continued to bang in its tower to ring out another joyful peal—that peal which announced the universal triumph of the Union arms. Hereafter it should be deemed sacred, for no bell has ever survived greater perils at the hands of sacrilegious men.

* * * * *

While the service of the 20th N. Y. S. M. was confined to the operations of the Army of the Potomac, discharging in the latter part of its term the vexatious but most necessary duties of the provost guard, the 128th and the 150th moved in orbits far more eccentric and extensive.

Of these three Regiments the 20th had undoubtedly a larger share of the hardest fighting during the war; the 128th had a proportionate share in the suffering and exposure; while for the 150th was reserved a Benjamin's portion of that exercise in whose judicious application, Marshal SAXE said, lies the secret of success. His words were that the victory depends rather upon the soldiers' legs than upon the soldiers' arms. In this part of the soldier's duty, marching, the palm must be certainly conceded to the 150th, since, after participating in the decisive battle at the East, Gettysburg—a bloody, startling, first appearance for them—they were transferred to GRANT. Then, under SHERMAN, they fought their way, by months of almost uninterrupted skirmish and battle, to Atlanta, and, thence, made that march, pre-eminent among all famous marches, which carried "Old Glory" with forbearance through Georgia, into Savannah; and thence, with fire and sword, through South Carolina, the birthplace of Secession, winding up their tramp or circuit of between 1,500 and 2,000 miles with their triumphant procession through Washington.

* * * * *

The history of the first, the Twentieth, is the history of the Army of the Potomac. In part of 1861 and 1862 it was under Colonel GEORGE W. PRATT, mortally wounded at Bull Run, second. Among the killed were 5 privates, Company B, from Madalin, and 3 wounded from the neighborhood. Subsequently it was commanded by Colonel, now Brevet Brigadier-General, THEODORE B. GATES, whom his men looked up to as a father. General GATES testifies that "this (his) regiment was a model of discipline and good conduct, as orderly in camp as it was brave and efficient in battle." General PATRICK, afterwards Provost Marshal-General of the Army of the Potomac, who had it in his brigade in 1862, was never satisfied until he got it back under him after he had been transferred to a more extensive, difficult and influential sphere. His opinion of it was as high, if not higher, than that of its immediate commander. "Nine color-bearers (2d Ann. Rep. Bur. Mil. Stat., 1865, p. 165) fell under its National Flag at the second Bull Run, and the regiment lost 35 killed and 232 wounded, in the campaign of 1862, while fighting under these colors." Under McDOWELL, McCLELLAN, POPE, BURNSIDE, HOOKER,

MEADE, and GRANT it was present in almost every battle fought by the Army of the Potomac.

They participated in the operations which reopened and kept open the road to Washington in the Spring of 1861, and in the taming of rebellious and blood-stained Baltimore. This was one of the boldest feats of audacity which the annals of war record. They garrisoned beleaguered Washington and did their duty gloriously in the first disastrous conflict of Bull Run—disastrous because it was accepted as a defeat by a general who, neither at that time nor any future time, showed that he was capable of making himself the possessor of his soldiers' confidence. A general who cannot win the affections of his subordinates and inspire them with a saving faith in his ability is not the general to accomplish great things either for his country's glory or his own reputation, however high a rank he may hold as a strategist or as a tactician. Still in justice it must be said that few plans of operations were more ably conceived than those which emanated from the brain and pen of General McDowell in July, 1861. His subsequent and subordinate movements, however, were so faulty, and his troops so badly handled that the boastful aggressive which was to carry "Old Glory" on and into Richmond, terminated

† The regiment left Kingston, N. Y., October 28, 1861; was attached to WADSWORTH'S brigade, McDowell's division; and, during the Winter of 1861-2, lay at Upton's Hill, Va. There appears to be no Annual Report which is accessible for 1861. This regiment advanced to Centreville with the Army of the Potomac March 10, 1862; returned to Upton's Hill March 16th; left Bailey's Cross Roads, April 4th, under General PATRICK; reached Falmouth, April 19th, being the 2d brigade to arrive; crossed the Rappahannock May 18th, and was the first and only brigade which at that time entered Fredericksburg, and was picketed on the heights in sight of the enemy; started by the overland route for Richmond May 26th, but when eight miles out was ordered to the Shenandoah Valley after "STONEWALL" JACKSON; from Haymarket returned to Falmouth, via Warrenton, arriving on the 24th of June; crossed to Fredericksburg with the 21st New York Volunteers, July 28th, and established a chain of sentinels entirely around the city, cutting off its communication with the surrounding country; marched for Culpeper, August 9th, to join PINEY on the Rapidan; retreated from the Rapidan, August 19th; engaged at Norman's Ford on the Rappahannock August 21st, loss ten killed and wounded; at Sulphur Springs August 26th, loss six wounded; marched for Centreville August 27th. Our division (King's), 6,000 strong, engaged the enemy under "STONEWALL" JACKSON, 30th August, at Manassas, second Bull Run, where the regiment lost 248 killed, wounded and captured out of 420 engaged; returned to Centreville, and, in DOUBLEDAY'S division, just on KEARNY's right, engaged at Chantilly September 1st, loss sixteen killed and wounded out of ninety; returned to Upton's Hill September 2d; marched into Maryland September 7th, and engaged at South Mountain, without loss; and also at Antietam, loss forty-seven killed and wounded out of 127 engaged; crossed into Virginia October 30th, and marched towards Fredericksburg; took part in the battle of 13th and 14th and 15th of December. January 9, 1863, the brigade to which it belonged was detailed as Provost Guard of the Army of the Potomac, and continued on that duty at Aquia Creek, Va. For full and further details of the "Movements, Service and Discipline" of his regiment, during the years 1862-'3-'4-'5, until mustered out, see APPENDIX.

in a rout which, although more partial than was represented at the time by prejudiced writers, was sufficiently complete to convert that advance to an assured victory into a humiliating retreat back within those defences thrown up for the preservation of our capital.

The representatives of our town upon that occasion were not among the flying thousands, and one of them, Assistant Surgeon FREDERIC DE PEYSTER, Junr., saw the last shots fired which repulsed the pursuing enemy, and only retired in obedience to imperative orders.

Our gallant boys were with the "unready" McCLELLAN in the Peninsula and shared in all the labors, privations, and dangers which—had it depended upon the valor and fortitude of the Northern soldiers and not upon the incapacity of their commander—would have carried the Stars and Stripes triumphantly into Richmond.

At Antietam, "the corps commanders' battle," the first acknowledged check upon the victorious on-march of the famous Army of Northern Virginia, our fellow-townsmen bore their part in the burthen and heat of that decisive day. Again, at Gettysburg, that "soldiers' battle," that turning point at the East—parallel as a crisis to ROSECRANS's great victory at Stone River, at the West—a green regiment from our Senatorial District, in which this town had numerous representatives, baptized its young eagle in the mingled blood of its victorious brethren and the disconfited foe. Gettysburg may well be styled the "soldiers' battle," since it cannot justly be conceded to the strategy or grand tactics—antecedent to the conflict, or during its three days' continuance—of either the supreme commander of the Army of the Potomac, or any of its prominent leaders. That the desperate invasion of Northern soil by that vanquished Army of Northern Virginia, which claimed to have conquered so brilliantly at Chancellorsville, was arrested; that Pennsylvania was delivered; that the omnipotent LEE was hurled back with disastrous losses across the Potomac; was due *remotely* and in some degree to the admirable organization of HOOKER, but *immediately* and almost entirely to the patriotism and moral energy of those Northern masses which had followed up the Rebels with the strides of a giant, and after overcoming every labor and privation, primary vicissitudes which a soldier is called upon to endure, had consummated their glorious work with their valor—a quality which the great professor of the military art pronounced as but secondary to those properties which test the fortitude and moral strength of an army.

Some persons who have NOT given a close attention to the subject have stigmatized the battle of Chan-

Chancellorsville as a *defeat*. It was indeed a *reverse* for our arms, and, in some points of view, a disaster. In many respects, however, it was equivalent to a victory, because, although our loss was great, we inflicted a still greater loss upon the Rebels.* Their loss they could not afford to suffer, particularly the loss of STONEWALL JACKSON. That alone was equivalent to a depletion of 10,000 men. Even as at Shiloh, the *matured brain* of the Rebel military power was paralyzed in the death of ALBERT SYDNEY JOHNSTON, even so at Chancellorsville, its *right arm* was lopped off in the fall of STONEWALL JACKSON.

The soldiers of the Army of the Potomac were not disheartened by the failure, the reverse or defeat, whatever the critics may be pleased to term it, of 28th April to 6th May, 1863. They neither lost heart nor had their pluck been diminished by it. HOOKER's confidence in himself and in his soldiers was as great after as before the battle. He showed it by repeating almost word for word the ideas embodied in that general order issued by the indomitable BLUCHER—that Prussian hero cast in the same mould as HOOKER, after his parallel reverse in June, 1815. The concluding words of this order strikingly and characteristically manifested the confidence of the general in his patriotic troops. It was issued to the Prussian Army on the morning after the bloody conflict at Ligny, which, in results, might be said to correspond with HOOKER's failure in the Wilderness. “*I shall immediately lead you (again) against the enemy: we shall beat him because it is our duty to do so.*”

Both Generals we e justified in their conclusions. The Army of the Potomac—our brothers in the 20th N. Y. S. M., in the 150th N. Y. V., in the 1st N. Y. Light Artillery, in every regimen wherein they were to be found—proved this. Yes, as GREELEY remarks with so much truth, “Whatever his faults, HOOKER was loved and trusted by his soldiers, who knew less of MEADE, and *had less faith in him*. Had that army been polled, it would have voted to fight the impending battle under HOOKER *without* the aid of FRENCH's 11,000 men, rather than under MEADE with *that* reinforcement.”

Oh, what a spectac'e of invincible determination did our Northern brethren in arms present at Gettysburg. Philosophy and freedom of thought which had found shelter under the Stars and Stripes, now repaid their debt. How magnificent in its impregnability of

* Examine Monograph (50 copies printed) “CHANCELLORSVILLE AND ITS RESULTS,” or “Major-General JOSEPH HOOKER in command of the Army of the Potomac,” by ANCHOR (Brevet Major-General J. WATTS DE PEYSTER), etc., etc., N. Y., 1865, particularly pages 11, 12, 13, etc.

moral strength that long curved line of "boys in blue" crowned the heights of Gettysburg, cropping out like granite ridges along the crest of a mountain range. The hills themselves were not more firmly rooted than the loyal lines. Their physical vigor—unshakable as it proved—was not as dangerous to the enemy as the determination of their souls to conquer, there, or die. The Rebels' shouts sounded on the distant ear, like the ominous roar of breakers driven by the tempest, bursting in thundering shocks upon the shore. Like waves, following in quick succession, the Rebel lines of attack appeared to roll upon our opposing loyal ranks. The curling smoke resembled the foam and spray thrown up by the mighty billows as they dash themselves to pieces on the granite ledges and beetling crags of an iron-bound coast. For three days long that storm continued to rage with a violence unequalled in the four years' war. Our devoted lines of battle seemed almost swallowed up, at times, in the tumultuous onset of the desperate Rebel hosts. In vain, however, did LEE's maddened masses chafe and fret away their strength against the impregnable barriers of the sons of freedom. The Army of the Potomac stood proudly unmoved and invincible in this the supreme crisis of the nation. They could not be shaken; they conquered, for every regiment stood based upon the sacred principle of honor, discipline and duty, and the brigades and divisions were cemented together by the ties of patriotism and the impulse of national glory. Our yeomanry soldiers set up the pillars of the Union on the field of Saratoga, 1777. Our Northern army re-established those columns again, and immutably, on the heights of Gettysburg, 1863.

About the same time another regiment from our Senatorial District, 128th, was playing a notable part on war's checker-board upon the banks of the "father of waters," where it lost its respected and lamented Colonel. He was one of those rare men who, like LUCULLUS and other Romans, left the forum for the camp, and—in a like manner, but in a smaller degree and upon a much more circumscribed space—displayed an aptitude for military command. He distinguished himself as much in his sphere as a sagacious organizer and strict disciplinarian in the camp as he showed himself an able commander and brave soldier in the field. One company of this regiment was recruited in a great degree in this locality. Of the brave youth who went forth from our midst at that time, all did their duty well, and the majority acquitted themselves with the highest credit in the different stations to which they were assigned and promoted.

Having thus disposed of the history of the regi-

ment to which our neighbors and friends first contributed recruits (20th N. Y. S. M.), the next which claims our attention is one which may be considered peculiarly our own, since the N. E. corner of the Upper District of the Town of Red Hook contributed 21, nearly one-half of Company C; and the very village in which the Memorial Stone is located, supplied one-quarter of that same company as the result of an impromptu meeting for the purpose of promoting volunteering. What is more, a youth of this neighborhood, between fifteen and sixteen, JOHNSTON LIVINGSTON DE PEYSTER, a pupil of the Highland Military College, was the officer with whom our brave young men enlisted; and, had he not been tricked out of the rewards of his labor, he would have commanded Company C, (even as he did command it for a few days in camp at Hudson), until he had either been killed or wounded at the head of his men, or promoted for good service.

What should make the following narrative of this regiment so interesting to this auditory is the fact, that the incidents are mainly derived from a gallant young man who was among the first to enlist, and went forth from us as a private, was made a sergeant about a month afterwards, and returned in command of his company wearing the shoulder-straps of a First Lieutenant. What is more, through self-denial and good conduct, and by strict economy, he was not only enabled to pay for the support of his family during his absence, but to retain sufficient, after the payment of his debts, to be enabled, by the judicious investment of the remainder, to place himself in possession of a farm. This volunteer, who furnished the particulars which have served as the framework of this regimental biography, may be looked upon as a perfect type of a sensible, judicious, brave American soldier; and the same remark will apply to almost every one enlisted at that time from this vicinity. Among them are men whom it is an honor to take by the hand, and say to any one standing by, "This brave man is a type of our countrymen; he has done his duty worthily by his comrades and to his country. He is a fair specimen of an American soldier, such as no other country can produce."

The One Hundred and Twenty-eighth Regiment was organized and mustered at Hudson, 4th September, 1862, and despatched at once to Baltimore. It remained in that city from the 7th September to the 5th November. From Baltimore it was transported to Fortress Monroe, and there shipped on board the ocean steamer *Arago*. There were 1,500 men, including the whole One Hundred and Twenty-eighth regiment and four companies of the One Hundred and Fourteenth New York Volunteers, on board this

transport, besides the crew, which must have swelled the number to about 1,600. As may well be supposed, sickness soon followed such close packing, and, doubtless, had a good effect in making anti-slavery votes, since those who experienced the results could form, at once, some idea of the horrors of the Middle Passage in the palmy days of the Slave Trade.

Fortunately science, though it cannot prevent, can still mitigate and cure the wrongs arising from the inhumanity of man to man. It does not appear that any of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth died, but they suffered immensely, since there was not only a great many cases of typhus and typhoid fever and measles among them, but also of that dreadful malady, the smallpox. After a voyage of 1,600 miles, they reached Ship Island, famous as the original rendezvous of BUTLER's forces previous to the capture of New Orleans in the previous Spring of 1862. Thence they were transferred to the Quarantine Station, on the Mississippi, just above the famous defences of that river, Fort Jackson and Fort Philip, between which FARRAGUT forced his way to unsurpassed triumph, and eighty miles below the "Crescent City." Next they encamped at *Chalmette*, on "Old Hickory's," that is ANDREW JACKSON's, famous battle ground in 1815; and then they were stationed at Camp Parapet, a few miles above New Orleans.

While at the front, Colonel D. S. COWLES, of Hudson, was placed in command of a brigade, which included the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth, with orders to cross Lake Ponchartrain, and proceed up Pearl River. This stream constitutes the dividing line, at that point, between the States of Louisiana and Mississippi. The object of this expedition was to discover facilities for getting out lumber. In their first skirmish our boys killed, wounded and captured fifty Rebels; and on their return they brought back as prizes three schooners and one steamboat loaded with cotton, tar, etc.

Here the remark may be permitted, that one of the most unjust features of this whole war has been the concession of the right of prize-money to the Navy, without any similar equivalent to our "Boys in Blue." A sailor in reality undergoes nothing like the labors, privations, sufferings and dangers to which a soldier is necessarily exposed. Oftentimes his captures are unattended by any perilous circumstances. In many cases he is a mere eye-witness of a chase in which he can scarcely be termed a participant. On the other hand, the soldier scarcely ever makes a capture which is remunerative, without long previous labors, either in marches, or in constructing works, and without undergoing many other dangers, beside

the risk of life or wounds. Had the prize-money which our Army *earned* been distributed to that Army, many of our young men would have brought home sufficient to make them comfortable for life, or, at all events, sufficient, with economy, to place themselves and their families beyond the reach of want.

Time will not permit me to dwell upon this bloody siege in which the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth lost its estimable colonel, but I cannot refrain from mentioning a few incidents too memorable and suggestive ever to be forgotten.

On the night of the 25th May, 1863, General BANKS invested Port Hudson. On the 26th, the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth joined the besieging force under that general, and thenceforward took a prominent part in one of the most difficult and dangerous enterprises of the war. On the very night of their arrival they participated in the first assault and gained a great deal of credit for bravery. On the 27th, a general assault was made. Our men made desperate efforts but failed, notwithstanding we had lost in vain 293 killed and 1,549 wounded. All the general officers engaged were disabled. Brigadier-General T. W. SHERMAN, commanding the division, lost his leg through a cannon-shot wound received in midmost fight. Brigadier-General NEAL DOW was slightly wounded and was carried off. Colonel CLARK, Sixth Michigan, who succeeded, was knocked off his horse by the concussion of a shell, and was borne from the field for dead. Colonel D. S. COWLES, of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth, who commanded a brigade at the commencement of the attack, was the next victim. The Fourteenth New Hampshire, whose colonel had also been wounded, was wavering. While endeavoring to keep this regiment up to its work, and while gallantly leading his men, COWLES was killed. The manner of his death is not exactly known; all that is certain is that he lost his life in the brilliant performance of his duty. According to some accounts, the cause of his death was a musket shot in the groin, which carried into his body, with it, the frame of his port-monnaie. The jagged and sharp steel, lacerating his intestines, occasioned the most excruciating suffering before he died. HORACE GREELEY, in his "Great American Conflict," states that he was transfixed by a bayonet and bled to death. If this latter was the case, it is all the more creditable to COWLES, since it proves that he had made his way so far into the enemy's works that our men were engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with the Rebel defenders. This crossing of bayonets is one of the most brilliant and rarest occurrences in war. One of our fellow-townsmen, Dr. THOMAS J. BARTON, a

natural poet, composed a few verses on the fall of Colonel COWLES, which have been set to music. They possess so much real merit that we cannot forbear their quotation :

Columbia sent forth her legion,
Their chief was our hope and our pride ;
They fought in that far sunny region,
He fell by that great river's side ;
And these were the words of the warrior,
As his life's blood was ebbing forth slow :
" Oh, tell to my poor old mother,
That I died with my face to the toe."

" Though others of littler fortune
Their praises may hear from afar —
Return from the fields of the valiant
All crowned with the laurels of war,
Though hi-t'ry my name may not mention
When this body is mouldering low,
Yet 'twill comfort my poor old mother,
That I died with my face to the foe."

Sleep on with the brave, gallant soldier !
Thy country shall cherish thy fame ;
When we speak of the deeds of the valiant
A place is reserved for thy name.
When the hosts of Rebellion are scattered,
When peace crowns their grand overthrow,
We will tell to the last generation
How COWLES died with his face to the foe.

In this rash or reckless assault and desperate struggle, besides the casualties already mentioned, the Twenty-sixth Connecticut lost two field officers; the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth New York had three field and all its line officers killed or wounded, so that the regiment was left under the command of a first lieutenant; in the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth the officers had suffered so severely that, after COWLES was killed, the regiment was commanded by a captain.

During the assault *our* company, C, had been detached to support a battery. Strange to say it did not lose a man. This is one of those marvels in war which cannot be explained or accounted for, except as a celebrated military writer, BEAMISH, in his work on Cavalry remarks, "There is no protection against bullets but good luck," or, as a Christian would put it, "the interposition of a special Providence."

From the 27th of May to the 10th of June, there were no more attacks. The operations were confined to digging, battering, skirmishing, and sharpshooting. This was sufficiently hot work to satisfy even a fire-eater, since all these duties were discharged under the torrid sun of a Southern June. Our boys were very lively, and the Rebel sharpshooters equally so. Both were on the keen watch to obey the rule of Donnybrook Fair, namely, "Wherever you see a head, lad, hit it."

On the 14th of June a second general assault was

made. The One Hundred and Twenty-eighth opened the ball. They assualted or rather charged the works in skirmish line, supported by two brigades. These supports got *clubbed* or disordered in a ravine, and the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth, having no longer any backers, had to "get out of that" the best way they could. On this occasion Company C lost heavily, but lo ! strange again to say, the loss did not fall upon volunteers from our midst. Sergeant JOHN H HAGAR and ALBERT COLE, son of JOHN COLE, of Tivoli Landing, were struck by pieces of shell.

A few days afterward, again, BANKS determined to make another desperate attempt to carry the works by main force. From previous experience he should have known that this was nothing better than a reckless waste of human life. No better proof can be adduced of the inferior capacity of our generals than the manner in which they threw away the lives of their best soldiers, since the best and bravest always fall in such enterprises. At all events, he determined to make another desperate venture, and called for volunteers to compose the Forlorn Hope,* and thus from his boldest men formed a storming party whose fierce valor must carry the works. To prove of what stuff our American men are made, so many volunteers stepped forward that they were organized into two battalions, each of which comprised eight companies, in all about 1,000 men. The whole was under the command of Colonel BIRGE. The second in command was Lieutenant-Colonel Vox PATTEN. Both these field officers were likewise volunteers.

Friends and neighbors, do you not think that the districts which furnished the men for this Forlorn Hope to carry, by storm, works which presented no breaches, and were as susceptible of defence as when our Army first sat down before that Rebel stronghold, should be proud of their men ? Twice, nay, thrice, at previous dates, had our assaults been repulsed with fearful loss, although upon those occasions there appeared to be greater chances of success than at this time. Do you not think that the men who volunteered for that death-struggle must have been fashioned out of the stuff which makes heroes ? Was the Upper District of Red Hook represented there ? Was Madalin ? Tivoli ? Yes, both. Twenty-one men from Company C—after such long, trying service they must have constituted almost the whole company—volunteered for this Forlorn Hope. From this immediate neighborhood there were seven.

I. JOHN H. HAGAR, Sergeant, made Second Lieu-

* For the details of the Forlorn Hope, consult DUVERRIER'S History of the War for the Union, page 180. &c., part 57, 58

tenant in Louisiana, 5th November, 1863, from this very circumstance; 2. Sergeant HENRY A. BRUNDAGE; 3. GEORGE A. NORCUTT; 4. ALBERT COLE; 5. PETER WYER, or DWYER, afterwards killed under SHERIDAN at Winchester in the Shenandoah Valley, 19th of Sept., 1864; 6. D— N—, one whose name is suppressed for after conduct in 1864 deemed reprehensible by his comrades; 7. GEORGE F. SIMMONS.

I mention SIMMONS last because he has so often been cited by his comrades as a brave fellow. One of his officers said, "GEORGE is a tiger." Now, there is no animal braver than a tiger; not even the lion is as brave. So this comparison of GEORGE to the tiger is by no means a small compliment, especially when a man has won the right to such a title on the battle-field. And yet, he was as gentle and generous, as he was brave, to his sick comrades.

It was this fact, the knowledge of this volunteering for this Forlorn Hope, which led to the consideration of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth as the representative regiment of this neighborhood. Judge as men will, there is verily reason to believe that our brethren were preserved upon so many occasions because our Father in Heaven spared them to us as examples for imitation as soldiers in the field and as citizens at home.

This Forlorn Hope was to assault the Rebel works on the night of the 3d July. Orders had been issued for them to move forward at midnight of that date. They were actually formed in order of attack, and never did men evince a firmer determination to do or die than the soldiers composing those two devoted battalions. At the very moment they expected the orders to "forward," the assault was countermanded. BANKS had received assurances of the certain, immediate, surrender of Vicksburg, and he knew that the fall of Vicksburg involved the capture of Port Hudson. Such circumstances would not justify another assault. BANKS, personally, is a very brave man; he is an able politician or statesman, but he has not proved a great general. Those who served under him say that he had no confidence in his troops, and his troops had no confidence in his generalship. GREELEY considers that his loss in forty five days before Port Hudson amounted to 3,000 men.

On the 8th of July, the two battalions forming the Forlorn Hope were the first troops to enter the surrendered Rebel works. They were composed of men from eight different States, loyal States, and if they did not march into Port Hudson arm-in-arm like the delegates of South Carolina and Massachusetts, amid the hypocritical tears of a humbug convention, they marched in elbows touching, a much firmer bond of

military union than any political arm-in-arm, amid the admiring cheers of the rest of their Army, who knew how to estimate their worth. The men of Tivoli and of Madalin had volunteered into the color company of the battalion, and they entered Port Hudson with the Stars and Stripes floating over their heads to the tunes of "Yankee Doodle," and "Hail Columbia," and the "Star Spangled Banner."

The One Hundred and Twenty-eighth ever after had a varied and extensive theatre on which to play its part. Its first scene of active duty was in the valley of the Mississippi, and it participated in every one but one of the brutal and futile assaults upon Port Hudson.

From Port Hudson the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth was ordered to Baton Rouge, whither they escorted 56 (42?) pieces of artillery. Between 4 p. m. of the 11th, and 3 a. m. of the 12th, they marched 27 (25?) miles. Thence they were ordered to *Fort Butler*, Donaldsonville, on the Mississippi, to restore the Union affairs in that vicinity. The Texan Cavalry General (GREEN) had attacked the Union forces stationed at that point, and had whipped them. "The brigade to which the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth was attached was sent to restore affairs, and upon their arrival cleaned the Texans out."

The next station of the regiment was Old Hickory Landing, on the Mississippi, about eight miles above Fort Butler. Here they received orders to join FRANKLIN's Texan Expedition, in September, 1863. Fortunately the orders were countermanded, and they were sent back to Baton Rouge. This failure of FRANKLIN was, perhaps, one of the most disgraceful of the war. Through some one's inefficiency there was so much suffering, that the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth may be thankful it did not constitute a part of his command. Had the wind risen and blown a gale off shore, one-half of the troops, if not the greater portion, would have perished of thirst, the most horrible of deaths, or of hunger, or by drowning.

* * * * *

GREELEY sums up this matter in a few words of grim humor: "Instead of taking these poor earthworks at Sabine Pass, defended by a Captain and 250 Rebels, or even trying, FRANKLIN—*finding no place to land where he might not get his feet wet*—slunk meekly back to New Orleans, leaving the Texans to exult, very fairly, over a fruitful victory gained against odds of at least twenty to one."

Although the opinion of private soldiers in regard to a general may be deemed of little weight, it, nevertheless, has its weight. Several of the privates or non-commissioned officers who served under FRANK-

lix, and furnished materials for this and accompanying sketches, say he displayed little military ability. One Sergeant CHARLES R. McNIFF added, "he never heard a man speak well of him." The same men dissected BANKS's character, as well as those who held higher positions, and thought EMORY, DWIGHT and GROVER were as good generals as any in the armies they served with. GROVER, who commanded a division in the Sixth Corps, in 1864, was one of HOOKER's generals, and the men of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth, who formed part of his command, remarked he was a "very dashing" (KEARNY type?) man, adding, he "seemed satisfied best when up to his neck in blood."

The One Hundred and Twenty-eighth lay at Baton Rouge until the 17th of March, 1864. It was now commanded by Colonel JAMES SMITH, of Poughkeepsie. The regiment which had left Baltimore sixteen months previously 950 strong, was now reduced to 300 fit for duty. Nevertheless, wonderful to relate, not one man from our district had as yet lost his life by sickness or any casualty. This exemption from sickness speaks volumes in favor of the morality of our men, if nothing else. And here it seems proper to remark, not one of our Red Hook men died from disease *during* their whole three years' service. One JOHN VAN ETEN, an old man, died of cat gestive chills, at Savannah, after he was mustered out.

During the previous Winter, 1863-4, Lieutenant HAGAR, with eighty men, including *our* Company C, had been acting as a River Patrol, guarding, scouting, and preventing smuggling and contraband trade on the Mississippi.

On one occasion thirteen of our men, while stationed in Louisiana, went out thirteen miles into the enemy's territory, staid out two days, ransacked a Rebel village, and brought back \$30,000 worth of contraband goods destined for the use of the Rebel army.

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In March, 1864, the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth was back again at Baton Rouge, and started thence in the same month, to form part of BANKS' madly planned, and as badly executed, and ill-fated Red River expedition. Every one connected with this operation, who could control its movements, seem to have contributed thereto all their folly and none of their judgment. It began in miscalculation and it ended in disaster. The part played by the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth stands forth, however, amid the gloom like a principal star amid the constellation formed by EMORY's brilliant regiments.

The Union forces reached Natchitoches, 150 miles

by water above Alexandria, 2d and 3d April, 1864. Between these towns the march of 55 to 65 miles had been one continued skirmish.

On the 6th of April "forward" was the word, and FRANKLIN's command led off westward on the road to *Shreveport*, the objective of the expedition. At *Sabine Cross roads*, 3 miles below Mansfield, the Union van encountered the Rebel Army of the Trans-Mississippi, and was terribly handled. Advised of the disaster by the torrent of fugitives, EMORY had assumed a position at *Pleasant Grove*, 3 miles in the rear of the first scene of collision. There his "*magnificent division*" (the words in italics are not mine, but those of an eyewitness, or of a grand historian), posted itself to retrieve the day. Formed in "*magnificent order* in line of battle across the road," it opened its ranks to permit the retreating troops to pass through, and then closed up like iron walls to receive and repulse, and shatter the pursuing Rebels flushed with victory. In this terrific conflict "EMORY's Division," says GREELEY, "had saved our Army, and probably our fleet also."

During the night BANKS withdrew to *Pleasant Hill*, 15 miles, EMORY covering the retreat, after burying his dead and caring for his wounded.

At *Pleasant Hill* there was another fearful battle. In it the same heroes of Pleasant Grove won laurels as glorious. In this action a friend of mine, a capital soldier and gallant man, fell. He had been wounded earlier in the day, but continued to command a brigade. Charging at its head, he was again wounded mortally, pierced by five balls, and died with the shout of triumph on his lips. This friend and comrade of former days, was Colonel LEWIS BENEDICT, of Albany. He has left a proud record, for he not only fought bravely but he belonged to the class of "Die hard's," such as the "Iron Duke," WELLINGTON, loved, and fought victoriously to the last moment of his life.

At *Pleasant Hill* an eye-witness said, "it was evident Emory's Division was fighting the whole Rebel Trans-Mississippi Army;" and again "our victorious Army slept upon the battle-field, which was one of the bloodiest of the war." Who can refuse their applause to our One Hundred and Twenty-eighth when told that it belonged to, and did its duty in this grandly superior division, although not present in all its battles? This absence was owing to the fact that our troops, strung out for twenty miles, always fought, and, when beaten, were crushed in detail.

Throughout the ensuing retreat, so discreditable to our commanders, but so honorable to our indomitable rank and file, the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth did its duty in the most creditable manner. On the

23d of April, at the *Cane River Heights*, it had an opportunity to make a mark and made a bright one.

The Rebel General BEE, had got ahead of BANKS, and in a very strong position, on *Cane River*, and hoped to hold him fast until the pursuing main Rebel Army could fall upon the Union troops and pound them to pieces. Here I will let a soldier of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth, Color Corporal GEORGE F. SIMMONS, of Madalin tell his own story. "We left camp at *Grand Ecore*, (just above Natchitoches on the Red River), at 5 p. m., April 21st; marched all night, a distance of 23 miles; halted for breakfast April 22d; at 8 a. m., took up a line of march and marched until night, when, after 40 miles, we overtook, or rather came upon the enemy by surprise, our advance skirmishing, and encamped. Next morning, April 23, we again took up our line of march, but did not go far before we found the enemy in a strong position." BEE did occupy a strong position, and had one flank, his right, protected by *Cane River*, quite a large and navigable stream at seasons and the other, his left, by an impenetrable swamp. "General BANKS rode forward to reconnoitre the Rebel position, and while at the front was struck by a piece of shell. While the heavy cannonading was going on, a NEGRO (one of that race always devoted to our service, and now so ungratefully ignored), came running to the river's bank, on the opposite side, and told us he would show us how to get in the rear of the enemy (Rebels). The men (One Hundred and Twenty-eighth), told our colonel, JAMES SMITH, of Poughkeepsie, and he told General BANKS. Immediately two brigades, of which ours (GROVER's) was one, comprising One Hundred and Twenty-eighth, One Hundred and Fifty-sixth, One Hundred and Seventy-fifth, One Hundred and Seventy-sixth, N. Y., and Eighth Massachusetts. The division, which was commanded by General H. W. BIRGE, were ordered to ford the river. We moved very cautiously to the rear, through an almost impassable wood, through swamps and mud, knee deep, and at last struck the enemy's picket lines. Then we began to skirmish, driving them from one position to another until they finally made a stand on a high bluff. From this we were ordered to drive them. We charged their lines. The first Union line faltered and hung back, the fire was so heavy and the position so strong. Then GROVER's line, commanded by Colonel JAMES SMITH, (One Hundred and Twenty-eighth) of Poughkeepsie, GROVER being absent with another division, charged through the first line—the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth through the Twenty-first Maine—and carried the heights, capturing many prisoners." BEE was completely whipped, and the road open for our Army.

On this occasion GEORGE MINKLER, from near our old "Red Church," won for himself the soubriquet of "Lieutenant" by his coolness. As our boys charged up the heights, GEORGE sang out, "Don't get excited, boys! The Rebs are going; we've got them! Don't fire high. Aim low and we've got th'm!" The event corresponded with his clear judgment. GEORGE was badly hit at Cedar Creek. A ball went through his head diagonally, entering near the right ear and coming out on the side of the nose, injuring but not quenching the left eye, leaving an ugly but honorable scar.

"After the combat of *Cane River Heights* the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth took up its line of march on the 24th; moved through pine woods a distance of 19 miles, and encamped. On the 25th, after marching 23 miles, occupied Alexandria again. This was a terrible day's work, carrying over 61 lbs., under a Southern sun, through sand, ankle deep. The men were so used up that they could not raise their feet but dragged them along. When the muskets were stacked they threw themselves down, too exhausted to make the usual arrangements for the night."

The next operation of this sorely tried expedition was the building of that famous Red River Dam, by which the common-sense Wisconsin lumberman, Lieutenant-Colonel JOSEPH BAILEY, Fourth Wisconsin, saved our fleet, when no West Point engineer, or Annapolis graduate could suggest a means for its salvation.

On the 1st of May, before the Army left Alexandria, the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth was engaged in an action which merits particular mention. Colonel JAMES SMITH, One Hundred and Twenty-eighth, with his own regiment, also the One Hundred and Fifty-sixth and One Hundred and Seventy-sixth New York Volunteers, was ordered back to the *Red River Rapids*, 2 or 3 miles above the town, where the Rebels had assumed a very strong position behind a large levee. Corporal SIMMONS says it looked as formidable as the Port Hudson works. Colonel SMITH was to drive the Rebels away so as to allow our vessels to pass down unmolested through the Dam. Colonel SMITH attacked them about daylight and completely routed them, killing and capturing about 50 or 60. Besides whipping the Rebel land forces our infantry boarded the Rebel flotilla and captured several floating batteries armed with heavy guns. In this action the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth, and forces, only lost three men, although they encountered a noted Texas Brigade, formerly under the notorious Texas Rebel, General GREEN, whose head had been blown off, April 12th, in an insane attempt to storm gunboats with infantry.

In the retreat from Alexandria, on the Red River, to Semmesport, on the Atchafalaya, and thence to the Mississippi, the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth was constantly engaged skirmishing with the enemy, and acting like feelers for the Army which followed. They were in an action at Mansura on Marksview Plain, 16th May, and in a second affair at the Yellow Bayou (Grosse-Tete District). Here the Rebels, under a French nobleman, Prince POLIGNAC, attacked our rear, the 19th May, 1864, about daylight, and got tremendously flogged. Our "Boys" lay in ambush to receive them, and the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth had very few casualties, whereas the Rebels suffered a heavy loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

After this the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth was stationed at Morganza, 175 miles above New Orleans, then at Algiers, opposite that city, and then in that city itself.

Thence wth the rest of EMORY's corps on the 19th, it was ordered to GRANT before Petersburgh and Richmond. Simultaneous with its arrival in Hampton Roads, EARLY struck at Washington. Thus, opportunely, from the Army of the Mississippi the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth was transferred back to the Atlantic Slope to reinforce the Army of the Potomac. It arrived at Fortress Monroe just in time to save the National capital in July, 1864. It was then assigned to the Army of the Shenandoah, and was present and distinguished itself in almost every skirmish and in every battle won by fiery PHIL SHERIDAN.

The following verse, a perfect piece of word painting, is too appropriate to be omitted. Still full of praise and fire as it is, it scarcely presents a full portraiture of great little Pitt, who glorious as he rode at the head of his troopers, was just as eminent in the conduct of an army or the administration of a department; more eminent in his refusal to falsify facts in his reports of the New Orleans massacre, to save the reputation of his superior, an apostate President:

SHERIDAN, SHERIDAN, Cavalry SHERIDAN !
 Hymn of the horses and sabres I sing,
 Look how t^e drove them !
 Look, how he clove them !
 Sabred, labored, confused and confounded,
 Th^e whole Rebel rout, as they fell back astounded
 At the fierce stride and swing
 Of our men galloping ;
 Shouting with vengeance, roaring with laughter,
 Cheering with victory, as they plunged after
 SHERIDAN, SHERIDAN, Cavalry SHERIDAN !

Attracted by its efficiency and valor, this able and audacious general, of the true KEARNY stamp, made the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth his body or headquarters' guard To have satisfied such

a fighting commander demonstrates that it must have been a hard fighting regiment. As a proof of this, the day before the battle of Cedar Creek, it numbered 300 men and had received 80 recruits. On the day after the battle it paraded 70 effectives, 10 less than the reinforcement added to it 48 hours previously. This will do for the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth. Regiments as good, it would not be just to say there were not, but better there were none.

* * * * *

To those who are desirous of following out the career of the 128th more in detail, the following particulars may prove interesting: EARLY made his dash upon Washington, 12th July, 1864. Without debarking, the 128th, still (19th) on board the Daniel Webster, was ordered up the Chesapeake Bay and Potomac, and arrived (24th July) just in time to assist in preserving our Capital, and very nearly in time to catch and crush EARLY. Notwithstanding EARLY's repulse, he hovered upon the Potomac, and sent out that cavalry raid which laid *Chambersburg* in ashes.

On this, the 19th Corps was ordered to Monocacy Junction, thence to Harper's Ferry, and thenceforth made part of the Army of the Shenandoah, occupying successively Halltown, Charlestown, Berryville, Winchester, Middletown. But this is anticipating. When SHERIDAN took the command, he reorganized the 8th and 19th Corps, merging the former in the latter. This was in August, 1865.

In the next month, September, that famous campaign commenced whose first great battle, *Winchester*, sent EARLY whirling up the valley, and ended with the devastation of that region which had hitherto been synonymous with abundance, and had almost served as a granary for the constantly returning Rebel armies.

In the skirmish at *Berryville*, or *Battle Town*, 13th September, and in a previous spirited brush between *Halltown* and *Charlestown*, the 128th was the first to lead off, and took a lively part in the dance.

After two or three hours' skirmish at *Berryville*, the 128th lay all night, in a drenching rain, in line of battle, as it had fought the previous day. In the morning it fell back and threw up works, which were held until orders were given for the advance on Winchester.

Up to this time, despite of EARLY's assertions to the contrary, SHERIDAN had not had men enough to make head against the Rebels. Now, as ROSECRANS was wont to say, "having got a *good ready*," in accordance with GRANT's suggestion, he began to "go in." On the 19th September, the 128th fought de-

Partly in the battle of *Winchester*, also, variously styled, of the *Opequan*, from the creek on whose bank it occurred; or of *Bunker's Hill*, a limestone ridge, about ten miles west of *Winchester*, where the Rebel right was posted, which flank was first attacked.

In this battle, *Grover's* division of the 19th Corps, "still glorying in its achievements, at *Port Hudson*, on the Mississippi, and at *Pleasant Hill*" (and *Cane River Heights*), "on the Red River," did most desperate fighting. The Division, including the 128th, was in the advance, and the 128th was in the first line. They left camp 19th September, 2 A. M., and advanced, skirmishing continuously, until 1 P. M., when orders were given to assault the Rebels' strong position. The Federal losses in this attack were heavy, and fell chiefly on the leading division. Here it was that one of our Upper District men, Peter Dwyer, or *WYER*, was killed, and *GEORGE F. SIMMONS* very severely wounded.

SIMMONS was the right general guide, and was in advance carrying the marker or guidon—a small American flag with the number of the regiment in its centre. He was first shot through the left foot. The ball broke all the bones of the small toes. Notwithstanding his pain and faintness, he remarked that as his musket was loaded he would take a last shot at the Rebels before he fell back. While firing, a second ball tore through his right foot, breaking the bones of his big toe and those of the two next. His only thought was now to save the little American flag which he carried, and he actually tottered off to the rear on his heels, and thus preserved it. His company went into action thirty-three strong. When he was hit, seventeen of them had been already killed or wounded.

After his defeat at *Winchester*, 19th September, *EARLY* fell back to *Fisher's Hill* and assumed a position regarded as the very strongest in the *Shenandoah Valley*. Here he was attacked by *SHERIDAN* on the 22d. The assault of the Rebel left was assigned to the 19th Corps. The 114th, 116th and 128th N. Y. Volunteers led the way in skirmish order. These three regiments together comprised only 500 men. Nevertheless, such was their impetuosity that they converted what was intended simply as a cover for the main attack into an actual attack. Sweeping in skirmish order over the Rebel works, they captured a whole Rebel brigade and 1,500 muskets stacked. Thus quickly and effectually the 128th and two others solved their problem.

There is no need of going into farther particulars of this campaign. It is well known how *SHERIDAN* fol-

lowed up EARLY, "rubbing him gradually out" until EARLY had fallen back into the passes of the Blue Ridge. Thereupon SHERIDAN, having laid waste the Shenandoah Valley, withdrew to Cedar Creek, near Strasburg. Having been reinforced by 8,000 fresh troops from Richmond, EARLY resumed the offensive, and fell upon us like a thunderbolt at Cedar Creek.

In this surprise and battle, on the 18th October, 1864, the 128th suffered severely. After that wonderful recuperative victory, the 128th could only muster 70 men out of the 300 who were in line when the fight began. This is the more remarkable since they had received 80 recruits—none, however, from the Upper District of Red Hook—in the 17th October, the day previous to the battle, so that in reality they counted (on the 19th) 10 effectives less than the reinforcement which they had received 24 hours previous.

In this connection it is worthy of remembrance that GROVER's famous fighting, first, infantry division, which landed at Washington in July, and commenced its fighting on the 19th September, 7,000 strong, on the 20th of October, 31 days afterward, could only parade 3,000 effectives. One month of SHERIDAN's style of fighting and GROVER's "die hard" work had placed under ground or in the hospital 4,000 men.

After this, SHERIDAN sent to GROVER to select from his division his best Regiment to serve as a guard at Headquarters. The latter detailed the 128th. It now comprised only about 100 all told, although it had been constantly receiving recruits from drafted men.

By this time fighting was over in the Valley, and on the 8th January, 1865, the 128th was at Baltimore. Thence, with the rest of GROVER's division, it was sent to *Savannah*, where it arrived on the 18th January, 1865. It constituted a part of the garrison of this city until about the 18th February, 1865, when it was sent to *Morehead City*, North Carolina, and served as pioneers to General SLOCUM's column. It joined SHERMAN at *Goldsborough*, N. C., and remained with him until after the surrender of JOE JOHNSTON.

Thence it was dispatched back to *Savannah*; thence to *Augusta*, Ga., where it remained about one month. Whilst there Lieutenant HAGAR, of our District, commanding Color Company C, was placed at the head of the permanent picket line around the city, to prevent stealing, and to break up the illicit trading with the Rebels. From *Augusta* it was sent back to *Savannah* to prepare its muster out rolls; and on the 12th July, 1865, it was mustered out in that city. When the officers were sent on to New York, they were ordered on without a mouthful to eat or a cent

in their pockets. For 24 hours they had no food whatever, although there was 10 months' pay due to a majority of the officers and men of the regiment, besides the three months' extra pay. The principal authority for this narrative, Lieutenant HAGAR, had 1,500 dollars due him.

At Albany, on the 26th July, 1865, the Regiment was under arms for the last time, and on that day it was paid and mustered out.

* * * * *

The third and last of our representative regiments was the One Hundred and Fiftieth. This connects Red Hook with the Army of the Centre and with SHERMAN. The first, the Twentieth New York State Militia, was a type of the Army of the East, the *suffering, enduring, and preserving*; the second the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth, with the Army of the West, the *capturing and the holding*, which freed the Mississippi; the third, the One Hundred and Fiftieth, with the Army of the Centre, the *conquering and avenging*.

The One Hundred and Fiftieth had its baptism of fire at Gettysburg, "the soldiers battle"—the Waterloo of the "Slaveholders' Rebellion," its appropriate title, which has been properly placed as the chosen inscription upon the memorial erected by this "immediate neighborhood" to its patriotic defenders. Thence the One Hundred and Fiftieth was transferred to Tennessee and soon came under that "Passer of the Mountains," SHERMAN.

"To bold DEMETRIUS, Greece in tales and ditties,
Ascribed the title "Capturer of Cities,"—
Thine be the appellation Russian DIEBITSCH bore
"The Passer of the Mountains!"—
Despite of armes, guns and all the craft of war;—
Thou, who, like Leman-born, impetuous Rhone,
Fed by far-distant Alpine fountains,
Gorg'd by the torious winter rains,
Roll'd through the Apalachian chains,
Whirl'd, tore through Georgia's bulwark zone,—
And in a surge of men, of cannon, steel and flame,
Burst like a pent-up flood on Macon's fertile plains
"HE WHO BREAKS THROUGH THE ALLEGHANIES" be thy name!
"ATLANTA'S TAKER!" SHERMAN! EXPERT in War's dread game."

Even as at Gettysburg it had inaugurated its career by the capture of cannon, even so it performed first-class work in every battle of that stupendous campaign—

"The advance to Atlanta, a combat each mile,
The supplying our troops one long battle the while,"—

in the romantic gorges of the Apalachian Mountains. With SHERMAN it swept through Georgia with the dignity of a triumphal procession.

" By Heaven ! 'twas a gala march,
 'Twas a pi'-nic or a play !
 Of all our long w'r 'twas the crowning arch,
 Hip ! hip ! for SHERMAN's way !
 Of all our long w'r this crowned the arch—
 For SHERMAN and GRANT hurrah !"

With SHERMAN it was at Savannah and assisted in that magnificent capture, which enabled him to present such a Christmas gift to the Nation as was never before presented by a general to a President. With SHERMAN it swept through South Carolina like the scythe of death driven by the wing of the destroying angel. With SHERMAN it again confronted JOE JOHNSTON, on the western slopes of the Alleghanies, as triumphantly as it had, in the previous year, in the defiles and western valleys of that range. With SHERMAN it marched homewards, through Richmond and through Washington, amid the grateful applause of the Nation, and the admiration of all who had studied its achievements in fighting and endurance.*

* * * * *

Other regiments and other commands constituted lesser links in the chain of connection between Red Hook and the Union Armies. Citizens of Red Hook served in the N. Y. First Artillery, in which, as already mentioned, Brevet Colonel DE PEYSTER, was Junior Major, 1862-'3. This regiment was commanded by Colonel, now Brevet Brigadier-General, CHARLES S. WAINWRIGHT, who in 1850 and 1851 was the chief of a splendid section of artillery in this district. This able officer whose guns saved us on the afternoon of the first day, July 1, 1863, at Gettysburg, performed his first service with artillery in this vicinity. He might almost be claimed as one of our representative men. His regiment was present in forty-five battles. One company, filled with reenlists from Dutcheress County, among whom were men from Red Hook, deserves a special mention. It performed notable service, with those little, spiteful mortars known as CANNONS, at the siege of Petersburg and Richmond. The men learned to handle their pigmy engines of destruction with a celerity and dexterity which must have been as gratifying to the Union troops as it was annoying and fatal to the Rebels.

Thus from 21st April, 1861, down to 6th February, 1866, men of Red Hook were under arms protecting, ennobling, and maintaining the Rights of the North, the Unity of the Nation, the Liberties of the People, and the Honor of their Flag. As Engineers, as Light and Heavy Artillery, as Cavalry, as Mounted, Blue legged and Red-legged Infantry, as members of the Medical and General staff, citizens of Red Hook dis-

* For a detailed history of the 150th Regiment, N. Y. Volunteer Infantry, see Appendix.

charged their duties as soldiers, as officers, and as citizens faithfully to their Country, gloriously to the Union, and creditably to themselves. May their laurels be immortally green!

"The soldier's glory lives in story,
His laurels grow green as his locks grow gray."

Let Red Hook never be wanting in gratitude to her soldiers.

* * * * *

I now approach the most sad and solemn portion of my duty—the consideration of the crippled and suffering invalid and the requiem of the dead. Before entering upon the subjects of our invalids and martyrs, it is fitting to observe that the WAR is not an unmixed evil. There is an immense deal of good mingled with its miseries. It develops the manliness of a people, and tempers them as iron is converted into steel. But, setting aside the mere physical advantages of war, its moral influences are no less striking upon the intellectual qualities of men. To have participated in this conflict is to have witnessed some of the most gigantic improvements in mechanics. Verily, it might be said that in our four years' conflict, War derived its grandest forces from an abnormal application of the Arts of Peace, and its greatest resources from prostituted efforts of Industry. Thus Peace in turn will receive a new impulse and find fresh sources of wealth in the very inventions which owe their origin to the necessities of war. Even as in common life, just as Birth, and Life, and Death walk hand in hand, and mutually succeed and assist each other, even so War and Peace, or Destruction and Reproduction (sad as it is to contemplate the truth), minister to human progress, and constitute the elements requisite for the healthy development of a Nation.

What is more, the National soldier can look abroad with pride and witness the effects of our Civil War upon Foreign War. An iron-clad Navy had its practical birth in our conflicts. Our Monitors are the models for the world. Our Naval system stands first in the world, humbly to be imitated by the hitherto superior Naval Powers. From a third-rate, at best a second-rate, Naval Power, we have risen so high, that, relatively, former first-class Powers have sunk as far below our former condition. Such a change is unexampled in the world since the Romans, a military power, by one effort surpassed the Carthaginians, essentially a naval one. And all this was due, not to the Government officials, but to the mechanical adaptiveness and intelligence of our people. Again, even as the Old World received a new impulse a century since from this our New World, which im-

pulse was the day-dawn of liberal institutions to the Old World, even so our Civil War has been an example to the Prussians, which has wrought out the deliverance of three parts of Middle Europe, and overthrown the greatest despotism which has ever existed—that Austrian despotism which was based on enslaving not only the bodies and minds, but the very souls of men. The ideas—Civil, Political and Military—which were learned in our American Revolutionary struggle by Foreign Officers, who served under WASHINGTON, and were carried back by them to Europe, led to the great French Revolution. These ideas occasioned its Declaration of Rights and Principles, and determined their success. For this the down-trodden millions of Europe owe to our Fathers an incalculable debt of gratitude. The recently delivered Germans owe to the present generation of Americans an almost equal debt of gratitude, since liberal and progressive Prussia must ascribe her marvelous success to the wise application of the lessons learned from and during our Civil War. According to foreign advices, all the inventions, adoptions, adaptations, developments and improvements which insured our triumph over the Rebellion were adopted and applied by the Prussian war-authorities, and the result of their own observation was a success unparalleled in the history of nations.

But these philosophical and gratifying reflections, however important and interesting, are more appropriate to other occasions than the present, when all our thoughts should be directed towards our soldiers who survive, and to our martyrs who are dead.

In casting a retrospective glance upon the minor events of the past war, it is painful to recall how little the faithful soldier had to boast, as far as the Government was concerned, over the unfaithful. To be sure, every honest man has a great reward in his own conscience; but a great country owes something more than that to fidelity and patriotism. In this war there was a perfect realization of the words of SOLOMON, that "all things come alike to all, * * * to him that sacrificeth and to him that sacrificeth not." We are seeing this every day. Copperheads, Peace Democrats, and even Rebels stand as well with the Administration as the strongest and most enduring Union men. Even so it was during the war in regard to the good and bad in our Army. He who was in favor received a reward often unmerited and he who was in disfavor the stripes often undeserved. I was sufficiently struck with this fact the other night in reading over the letters of a soldier, Sergeant CHARLES K. McNIFF, Company B, 20th N. Y. Militia, from Madalin, to deem his words worthy

of repetition before his fellow-citizens. He is one to whom Miss LANDON's words exactly apply:

"And telling a tale of gallant war,
On his brow was a slight but glorious scar."

"Mr. STOCKINGS is a good and faithful soldier; also J. HATTON; they have respect; also the rest of the boys. What do you suppose a deserter is thought of here? Nothing at all, and I suppose but little at home. Might not a man rather be killed on the battle-field than to desert his regiment, flag and country, and have no respect for his parents?"

And yet how little respect was paid to the merits of such soldiers; how little consideration or justice for their feelings, in the true sense of the word.

The same soldier quoted was promoted for good and faithful service, and placed in a very responsible situation, as Sergeant in charge of three ambulances. Writing from City Point, July 9th, 1864, he says: "I will tell you of a little affair that transpired last Winter. There was a young fellow in Company B who went to Alexandria, overstayed his (leave) three days, and came back and was put in the Bull Ring (prisoners' pen) for four months and had six months' pay stopped. Now mark the *difference*. A young rogue by the name of B—, deserted, and was gone eighteen months, comes back, gets all his back pay, no punishment, but favored with a good job as clerk in the Hospital Department. The reason was, his father was rich, and cashier of a bank."

This is not a solitary case. The impunity accorded to the most disgraceful desertions almost put a premium on Bounty Jumping and Desertion. Many a man who deserved a bullet or a halter came back with a brevet, and many a man who deserved a brevet returned unnoticed. ROSECRANS—one of the greatest generals, in the real sense of the word, who outmanœuvred LEE and drove him out of West Virginia, who was the only Union general who gained victories over the Rebels, fighting four to five, two to three, one to two, and again, one to nearly two, at Iuka, Corinth, Stone River and Chattanooga—not only did not receive any promotion, but none of his immediate Staff ever received promotion. Why? Because he fell under the disfavor of the War Department. On the other hand, another general (I will not mention his name because he was a good Christian man), who occasioned the loss of one of the most important and gigantic battles of the war, was not only promoted, but placed in command over the head of one of the best and bravest, who subsequent to his failure, achieved a success—a success which will remain in story as long as history continues

to be written. The first was placed over the head of the very superior whose downfall had been occasioned by his fault or incapacity.

Every American soldier who feels in his own bosom that he has discharged his duty with fidelity, and fulfilled his term of service bravely and conscientiously, can say with the British hero of the Spanish Peninsula, "These gewgaws (pointing to his stars, medals, clasps, and orders, represented in this country by brevets), these gewgaws prove nothing, because every soldier knows that a man may have deserved without obtaining, and have obtained without deserving them." I do not mean to say that a brevet is without value. It is valuable, and eminently valuable, but only when it has been deserved and when the act for which it has been conferred has been set e'early forth in the commission. What I mean to say is this, that every soldier that went forth without the incentive of those outrageous bounties which were held forth as inducements, in the latter years of the war especially—I refer particularly to those who volunteered in 1861 and 1862, or volunteered at any time without bounty, whether as an officer or as a private, and served out his whole term or served until incapacitated by wounds or ill health, deserves as much consideration from his fellow-citizens as General GRANT or Lieutenant-General SHERMAN. Yes, more personal consideration than either, and should such a patriot be broken down by wounds or in consequence of ill health, and be suffered to come to want through the ingratitude of the Government or of his neighbors, it is a damning disgrace not only to the General Government but to the State and to the County and to the Town to which he belongs, and in which he resides. These last remarks, in regard to personal consideration, do not apply to those who received the enormous bounties paid in 1864, or to those who sold themselves as substitutes in the previous year. They put their own estimate upon themselves, pocketed the money, and their accounts are balanced. To the men particularly who went to the front in 1861 from motives of patriotism, or who volunteered in 1862 and in the begining of 1863, every honor and recompense is due which a country, preserved and a people saved, can show and pay to the men;—to the boys, to the youths, to the young men, and to the old men who counted their lives as nothing so that the Constitution which their forefathers had signed and supported could be maintained; so that the Union could be re-established; so that the curse of Slavery could be abolished; and so that this great Republic could continue to exist as the greatest temple of freedom in the universe, as the asylum of the down-trodden of other lands, and the refuge of the oppressed throughout the world.

There is another class, however, who present themselves in direct contrast with these patriotic and glorious defenders of our country—a class which stands even below those who denied to that country and those institutions the support of their votes and their influence, when both seemed in their death throes. I mean “Bounty Jumpers, and Deserters”—deserters in the true sense of the word. These last deserve nothing but the execration and contempt of every honest man. A minority received their dues on the gallows and at the place of execution by the rope and by the bullet. Of the majority some are in Canada, and some present their faces of brass in the presence of brave soldiers whom they deserted and sought to disgrace. A bounty jumper should be placed under the ban and interdicted from bread and water for evermore. Every deserter should be placed on trial by his fellow-citizens, and former fellow-soldiers, and if he cannot produce such proof in justification, as only one in a thousand can show, such as having been entrapped when drugged, or having been the victim of the grossest injustice by those who enlisted him, he should be placed under the ban by every honest man as long as he lives.

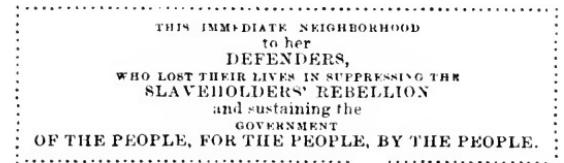
This monument is but a small memorial of Red Hook's participation in the great struggle. Many a headstone in our quiet country Church-yards will record the name of another victim to the vast conflict;—one who came forth un mutilated and without a scar, who, like a gallant ship had ridden out the tempest without any perceptible injury, but, nevertheless, strained in every timber, subsequently founders in a calm sea and under a cloudless sky. To such, as well as to those who actually perished in the discharge of their duty, and to those who came home to die from the effects of arduous service, a monument is equally due. If their fellow-citizens, however, were to attempt to place over their sacred remains an honorary token, not one “God's Acre” in our land but would present one or more such memorials of patriotism. It is due to them that they should receive it. But, alas! constituted as men are, how seldom do we pay the debt of gratitude to those who saved us from the most imminent personal peril, much less and far more to those who saved what should be dearer to all, our national institutions and our Fatherland. There are others again among us living memorials of the great Rebellion, mutilated, crippled, and scarred. Will they receive the reward due to their sufferings? Will the living but mutilated heroes of the vastest conflict which has ever been waged on earth's face, receive the recompense commensurate to the perils they have gone through, and the sufferings they have experienced? In too

many cases their only reward will be the approval of their own consciences, and the satisfaction consequent upon services manfully discharged, and privations cheerfully undergone in the noblest of causes. This to aching, friendless, and limbless old age is a reward as cold and unsatisfactory as the ordinary charity of the world, in the majority of cases, at once destitute of the hands to give and the legs to carry it to those who need it. Eaten bread is soon forgotten, is a common proverb, but too true, and republics are proverbially ungrateful. Such being the case, it is a duty incumbent upon every man who did not go to the front, not only upon those who live in large houses at their ease, and are considered in duty bound to dispense freely to every one, but upon the farmers and the mechanics who prospered by the war; upon every one, in every class of life and in every calling, who were saved from the visitations of war by the valor and labors of those who went forth from their midst to meet the enemy at the threshold of the North; to see that those who did the fighting, and underwent the suffering in their youth or in their prime, shall not renew the struggle with want, and repeat the suffering with disease in their native districts, and in the midst of those who were saved from the dangers and vicissitudes which they voluntarily or compulsorily encountered and triumphed over, on the blood-stained battle-field, the gory deck, the tempestuous ocean, the laborious march the exposed camp-ground, the infectious hospital, and the dreary bed of sickness and of agony.

* * * * *

This marble testimonial of this neighborhood's grateful remembrance of its patriotic dead, is but a feeble token of the respect which is due to them. It is as small in comparison as the actual evidence at Albany and New York, in regard to the real participation of Red Hook in the great "American Conflict," which was a Nation's struggle for existence.

Upon its *western* side it bears an inscription which is worthy the calm, reflective examination of every American citizen; of every man who loves his country and its free institutions.



The *southern* and *eastern* sides bear the names of our

fellow citizens who were killed in battle or died of wounds received upon the battle-field.

At *Upton Hill*, March 17, 1862, JOHN DECKER, 20th N. Y. S. M.

Manassas, August 30, 1862, Lieutenant WARREN W. CHAMBERLAIN, 14th U. S. I., ALFRED LASHER, GEORGE KELLY, LEWIS REDDER, C. GRUNTNER, JUNG., 20th N. Y. S. M.

Chantilly, September 1, 1862, Major-General PHILIP KEARNY, U. S. V.

Antietam, September 17, 1862, RUFUS WARRINGER, 20th N. Y. S. M.

Chantilly, June, 1863, JOHN SHLETERER 150th N. Y. V.

Kelly's Ford, September 17, 1863, Captain AUGUSTUS BARKER 5th N. Y. C.

Dallas, May 24, 1864, Corporal I. F. SMITH, 150th N. Y. V.

Cold Harbor, June, 1864, HENRY KLINE.

Atlanta, September 12, 1864, J. E. PULTZ, 150th N. Y. V.

Winchester, September 19, 1864, PETER WYER, 128th N. Y. V.

Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864, ANDREW DECKER, 6th N. Y. V. Cav.

Fire Forks, March 31, 1865, ANDREW FRALEIGH, 91st N. Y. V.

The north side bears the names of those who died of disease while in the Army, or after their return home, immediately in consequence of maladies incurred in the service.

JOHN CORRIGAN, May 22, 1861.

JOHN D. MARTIN, 7th N. J. V., on *Lower Potomac*, January (June ?) 3, 1862.

HIRAM RISEDORF, 20th N. Y. S. M., at *Upton Hill* March 4, 1862.

EUGENE LIVINGSTON, 95th N. Y. V., December 31, 1862.

H. N. FISHER, Assistant Surgeon, March 12, 1863.

H. C. MULLER, May 14, 1863.

W. P. BUSH, Assistant Surgeon, October 3, 1863.

WM. GASTON, 7th N. J. V., June, 1864.

CHRISTIAN GRUNTNER, Senr., 20th N. Y. S. M., July 4, 1864.

JOHN SHOWERMAN, 128th N. Y. V., in *New Orleans*, 1864.

STEPHEN H. PAULMIER, 91st N. Y. V., in *Washington*, May 21, 1865.

EZRA J. STICKLE, 150th N. Y. V., in *Raleigh, N. C.*, May, 1865.

JOHN VAN ETEN, 128th N. Y. V., at *Savannah*, July 8, 1865.

" Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
 Dear as the blood ye gave !
 No impious footsteps here shall tread
 The herbage of your grave ;
 Nor shall your glory be forgot
 While Fame her record keeps,
 Or honor points the hallowed spot
 Where valor proudly sleeps.
 Yon faithful herald's blazoned stone,
 With mournful pride shall tell,
 When many a vanished age hath flown,
 The story how ye fell.
 Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's flight
 Shall mar one ray of glory's light
 That gilds your deathless tomb."

The patriots to whom this monument is erected, died for their country. They were patriots in the truest, fullest, and clearest sense of the word. This marble should be held sacred and the ground be deemed holy. The one should be maintained with care and the other be held inviolate, for both are confided to the safeguard of the gratitude of those who survive, towards the dead, and the respectful solicitude of coming generations.

'Twas theirs to shield the dearest ties
 That bind to life the heart,
 That mingle with the earliest breath,
 And with our last depart !

They were the guardians of a Nation's destiny, we and ours are the guardians of their dust, their memories, and the honors due to them. Their bones, it is true, do not repose beneath this obelisk.

Their bones are on the Northern hill
 And on the Southern plain,
 By brook, by river, lake and rill,
 And by the roaring main.

The land is holy wher' they fought,
 And holy where they fell ;
 For by their blood that land was bought,
 The land they loved so well.
 Then glory to that valiant band,
 The honored saviours of the land !

Of the sixteen killed and thirteen who died of various maladies, to whom this memorial is erected in perpetual remembrance, two perished in the discharge of the noblest duties of humanity, in the alleviation of suffering and disease. The first to succumb to the very evils he went forth to assuage was Dr. WILLIAM P. BRUSH, Assistant Surgeon 61st N. Y. V.; the second was Dr. HENRY N. FISHER, Assistant Surgeon, assigned for general service in the hospitals. Both died in consequence of their close attendance upon the victims of those maladies which are inseparable from war and follow in the train of armies, maladies more fatal than the steel and bullet. Thousands are slain by the arrows of pestilence, where hundreds fall by the sword. Dr.

BUSH died far away from home and sympathetic friends. DR. FISHER was more happy in that gentle hands and loving looks soothed his last hours.

It is commonly supposed that a surgeon's position in the Army is one of comparative safety. This is a very great error. When the soldier is most secure the surgeon is most exposed. The bold surgeon, and there are very few surgeons who are not bold, almost always occupies a dangerous position. He is in danger in the field, and often discharges his duty under fire, with a coolness of which the majority of the best soldiers are not capable. The surgeon must be cool, otherwise he cannot perform his operations or discharge his functions. And then when the temporary toils, consequent upon battles are over, he must live and breathe, as it were, in the miasma of the hospital.

It is true that the laurel of the soldier and of military glory is wanting on their brows and to their tombs, but the halo which attends the conscientious discharge of the highest duty of a Christian, throws a light no less glorious upon their names and around their memories.

He who was our great exemplar exhibited his highest attributes of power and mercy in healing the sick and restoring the maimed. All those who perish in a like ennobling service are entitled to as much consideration as the soldier or officer who falls at his post in the discharge of a different, but not more dangerous duty. Yes, indeed, those who wore the *green* sash were patriots as noble as any who wore the *red* or the *buff*. With their lives and deaths they demonstrated their patriotism, that virtue of all virtues :

"The Deity himself proves it divine"—
"For, when the Deity conversed with men,
He was himself a Patriot!—to the Earth—
To all mankind a *Saviour* was he sent;
And, all he loved with a Redeemer's love;
Yet still, his *warmest* love, his *tenderest* care,
His life, his heart, his blessings, and his *mournings*,
His smiles, his tears, he gave to thee—Jerusalem—
To thee his country?"—

With regard to those who died of diseases, I have not been able to learn the particulars in every case. Of seven out of the twelve nothing has been reported, except name, date, and in four instances, the locality. Despite my diligent inquiry my research has been successful only as to those who enlisted from "this immediate neighborhood," in the strictest sense of the term. Of these last, four, two died far away—HIRAM RISDORF, 20th N. Y. S. M., 80th Volunteers, and JOHN VAN ETEN, 128th N. Y. V. The one of congestive biliary disease or consumption, upon the very threshold of his military career, at Upton Hill, opposite Washington; the other from congestive chills, a fearful

malady, at Savannah, Ga., when, actually, his soldierly course was ended, and he was looking forward, after three years' service, to a happy return to his home and friends and natal soil.

Poor HIRAM RISDORF, his fate was a sad one. No American but has tasted sometimes, in some degree, of the comforts of home. He was sick with consumption or disease of the liver, either a most depressing malady. He applied to his surgeon to be relieved from guard duty, because he felt too unwell to perform it. The doctor, grown hard in dealing with shams, thought he likewise was shirking his duty. So the poor sick fellow went on his cold, wet, and dreary guard, doubtless with the shadows of death darkening around him in his solitary vigil. Death, unless sudden and unexpected, is fearful to the boldest, though pride may suffice to conceal the pang as the skeleton hand slowly draws aside the veil between life and eternity. He returned to his tent, there without sympathy or solace to wrestle it out with the grim conqueror of all the living. And when, a few hours after, they came to seek him he was dead. And so they carried him out to his soldier's grave, near Falls Church; the accustomed volleys rattled over the carelessly heaped turf, and one more man was lost, but not forgotten in the Armies of the Union.

Well might the poet declare of death that if it

"Come in consumption's ghastly form,
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
And thou art terrible.
But to the hero when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be."

And so died KEARNY and our brave brothers who fell amid the shock of battle, the crash of musketry, the diapason of the cannonade, and all the hundred cries and sounds which swell the fearful music of the churm of battle.

Thus died PHILIP KEARNY, Major General U. S. V., and thus died WARREN W. CHAMBERLAIN, Lieutenant 4th U. S. Infantry, Aide-de-camp to General SYKES, unequal in fame, but equal in many grand or attractive qualities. In one respect, however, they both deserve especial honor, since both fell refusing to surrender, and preferring the chance of death to becoming prisoners to Rebels. The first was hit by a single ball out of a volley delivered by a Louisiana regiment, in the night action of Chantilly, 1st September; the second was picked off by two Texan scouts or sharpshooters in the battle of Manassas or Bull Run, second, on the 30th August, 1862.



Thus, indeed, died Major-General PHILIP KEARNY, N. Y. Volunteers, who fell in the night action of Chantilly, 1st September, 1862, "refusing to surrender," and preferring the chance of death to becoming a prisoner to Rebels. Had he lived he was destined to the highest honors, common report designating him, our General "FORWARDS," always ready, as the successor of the "unready" McCLELLAN.

"Death makes no conquest of this conqueror,
For now he lives in fame, if not in life"—

General KEARNY was born in the city of New York in 1815, and entered the First U. S. Dragoons 8th March, 1837, as from New York. Subsequent to that assumption of a soldier's duty, his military career stands almost unparalleled in its variety and honors. He was the BAYARD of America from the day when he lost his arm at the San Antonio gate of Mexico, down to the hour when he left his body on the field of Chantilly. The Prairies of the farthest West, the Atlas "Gates of Iron," the valleys of the Hispano-American Sierras, the Pedrigal of Mexico, the mountains of the far distant northwestern Columbia, the plains of Lombardy, the swamps of the Chickahominy, the shores of the Potomac—regions the most remote—were to him the theatres of glorious combat and the scenes of invariable distinction. The most savage American Indians, the untamed and untamable Kabyles, the Aztec and his hybrid Spanish successors, the Austrian, the Frank, the Italian, and the fiercest Rebels, all, equally, bear testimony to his surpassing merit as the dashing dragoon, the reliable aide-de-camp, the daring captain, the intrepid volunteer, and the consummate general.

Three Continents—America, Europe and Africa—hail him equally as one who, against Southern audacity, European discipline, and Barbarian ferocity, manifested the highest type of chivalric soldiership.

"Mid the bravest, the bravest, wherever war's tide
In its maddening turbulence poured
O'er the tremulous plain, when the smoke rolled aside,
How glittered our Paladin's sword!
Where the cactuses flowered and giant pines towered
Till a cloud-crown encircled each head;
Where date-palms droop'd o'er and the laden vines bowered
The heaps of the stiffening dead;
On the Aztec Sierra, Algeria's sand,
Shone his panache a guiding star,
Till 'mid tempest of battle he seemed to command,
Like very war-god's Avatar.

With the sword i · his right hand, the pistol in left,
When the enemy swarmed about,
While his teeth held the bridle, he shot and he cleft,
His way through the Bedonin rout;
Then of one arm bereft, with a smile on his face,
He breasted the bayonet's gleam;

While he spurred on his gray with a chivalrous grace,
 Recalling bright middle age dream,
 When the breast of the knight was the fortress and shrine
 Of all that was noble and true;
 Till he fell in his harness, the last of his line,
 Maintaining the red, white and blue.

By the camp-fire's gleam will French chasseur relate
 The tale of his soldierly bearing;
 And wild Kabyles tell, how like the sabre of Fate,
 The American volunteer's daring;
 Savage chiefs will repeat to their wondering braves—
 All his followers' hardships sharing—
 How he fought thro' their forests, dells, mountains and waves.
 Like Manitou's arrows unsparing;
 And when rebels are crushed, how they stories will spread
 Of that terrible "one-armed devil,"
 Who retreating, the hindm st, e'er charging ahead,
 Seemed *the* "incarnation of evil."

A heart more intrepid in mortal man's breast
 Never echoed the trumpet's tone;
 A spirit more generous never confessed
 Compassion for sufferer's groan;
 A brighter eye kindling with eagle-like glance
 'Mid the death struggle never shone;
 And blither a chevalier never couch'd lance
 When the signal to charge was blown;
 'Mid battles wild churm he led off the dance
 With a recklessness all his own,
 And when others but look'd at death's revel **askance**,
 He rattle death's skeleton throne.

America's Bayard, *sans* fear or repreach;
 His head full of strategy's lore;
 No rival in arms can his merits approach
 Or wear the proud title he wore.
 To his comrades a model, to foemen a dread;
 To his country a sword and a shield;
 A war-cry while living, a watch-word when dead,
 Brave KEARNY still marshal'd the field.
 As long as our martyr's dear banner shall wave,
 So long shall his prestige survive;
 So long shall his countrymen honor his grave,
 And each conflict his exploits revive.
 In the forefront of battle, as hoped for, he died;
 In the forefront of glory he stands;
 And as long as the stars and the stripes are our pride
 PHIL KEARNY's the pride of our lands."

How well he showed himself in h's true colors when, after the demoralization of the first battle of Bull Run, he assumed an advanced position beyond the Potomac against the general opinion, with his little New Jersey Brigade, and made it the magnificent unit it became in the face of the whole Rebel host—the outpost, as it were, of the massing and organizing Federal Grand Army.

When grateful America affixes his tablet to the walls of her Federal Temple of the Immortal dead, in memory of her faithful son and soldier, it will be sufficient to inscribe beneath his name those ever-memorable words which have become historical—words spoken at a time when the Rebels themselves conceded that all tht was required to carry our Army victorious at *Malvern Hill*, through the flying and disorganized ranks of the discomfitted Secessionists, into

Richmond, was the will of the Union commander, and the word "Forward," instead of "FALL BACK," from his lips.

When the command for the retreat at *Harrison's Landing* was received by an indignant and eager Army, lost in amazement at such a resolve, the brave and chivalrous KEARNY said in the presence of many officers :

"I, PHILIP KEARNY, an old soldier, enter my solemn protest against this order for retreat. We ought instead of retreating to follow up the enemy and take Richmond. And, in full view of the responsibility of such a declaration, I say to all, such an order can only be prompted by COWARDICE or TREASON."

The news of the breaking out of the "Slaveholders' Rebellion" reached General KEARNY in Europe. He at once returned home to offer his tried sword and matured experience to his country. He first repaired to Albany to obtain the recognition of his native State (New York), by his appointment as general. For reasons unexplained and inexplicable his application was rejected, while men far less able were accepted. Then it was that he received an appointment through friends from New Jersey, and thus became identified with that State. His body rests in his and my family-vault in Trinity Church-yard, New York City. Thus through his family, by birth, by his first appointment in the Army in 1837, and in death he was a New Yorker.

Meanwhile, throughout life his heart was ever in this beautiful region. He returned hither, again and again, to select and buy a home. By predilection he belongs to this neighborhood.

After voyages to and from and around the world, and travelling to countries—such as Otaheite, China and Ceylon—seldom visited, except in pursuit of gain, he came here, again and again, to Tivoli, and standing on our pine-clothed shore, with our magnificent mountains before his eyes, our majestic river at his feet, and the murmur of air, of trees, and of waves whispering music in his ears, he was wont to exclaim, "I have been throughout the world, and, after all, when I get back here and look around me, I feel I have seen nothing more beautiful, nothing so beautiful elsewhere." Or, as remarked at another time, "The more I gaze upon this scenery, the more it satisfies. One can dwell in its midst or return to it again and again, without its tiring. It is satisfactorily lovely. Always the same in its features and effects, yet ever changing in its expression, and ever presenting some new or hitherto unnoticed charm."

If strangers are thus effected by our natural sur-

roundings how dear should they be to those to whom they are the birth-place and home.

"Sweet clime of my kindred, blest home of my birth!
The fairest, the dearest, the brightest on earth!
Wher'er I may roam—how'er blest I may be,
My spirit instinctively turns unto thee!"

General KEARNY was not an angel, as some people think they or their friends are. Some persons consider themselves, some deem particular friends, for the time being, angels. I have never seen one yet.

— "But we are all men,
In our own nature frail; and capable
Of our flesh, FEW ARE ANGELS!"

With other *men*, and like bluff King HARRY, "I love to look upon a man" capable of planning, daring enduring, executing. Such was General PHILIP KEARNY, nothing less, nothing more. "The bravest man I ever knew," said Lieutenant-General SCOTT, "and the most perfect soldier."

Strangers honored him, could I and mine do less? When his funeral procession passed through Newark, its population was poured into the streets, militia, firemen, civilians, men, women and children, and as the body was borne along in solemn silence, through those long miles of living men, strangers to the dead, there was tears, and plentiful tears upon the cheeks of those who knew him only as in life he moved among them. But they knew his glorious qualities. If strangers were thus moved, would I not have been recreant had I not appealed to you, dear neighbors, to assist me in doing honor to the—my, illustrious dead?

This was the reason that I was so anxious that his name should appear on this monument, that it might be associated with the names of brave men, from this neighborhood, who fought by his side on the field where he fell—names which it will ever be my own and my children's pleasure to honor. Moreover, while I and mine should always have had an interest in the other names, we shall have a double interest now, in holding this monument and site as sacred, because my honored cousin's name is there. He and I, too, were the last males of an old and honored race. We were brought up together as brothers in a childless grandfather's house, in which our mothers had died. My eldest son was his aide-de-camp, and first saw fire under him. My early companions and connections were his associates. My friends were his friends. Red Hook men fought with him, near him and beside him when he fell. He valued HOOKER and "FIGHTING JOE" valued him. They fought in the same corps and they relied upon each other. When

HOOKEE, hard pressed and his own troops nearly exhausted at Williamsburgh, saw himself abandoned by those who should have been the first to support him. He sent word back, through storm and mire and loitering after loitering divisions, to KEARNY, far in the rear, "to hurry forward." Other brigades and regiments intervened, but his trust was in KEARNY. "Tell HOOKEE I am coming," said KEARNY, to the Aide who carried HOOKEE's message. And KEARNY did come and saved HOOKEE.

Do you wonder, now, that I wanted his name upon this monument? I, who thought so much of him living, and honor him so greatly when dead. I, who was bound to him by blood, by association, by admiration while he was living, and by greater admiration and duty now that he has fallen on the field of honor, for you fellow-countrymen and neighbors, for me, and for our country.

Other States and other localities may rear taller and statelier monuments to his memory, but he would value none as much as this—his first memorial—set up among scenes he loved so well, and coupled with the names of soldiers who fell like him in defence of a common Fatherland and Flag.

* * * * *

The incidents attending the fall of Lieutenant CHAMBERLAIN were as unusual and sad as the fallen man was remarkable for moral and physical attractiveness. Few men are jauntier and handsomer than he was, few more genial and agreeable,

—“Generous as brave
Affection, kindness, the sweet offices
Of love and duty, were to him as needful
As his daily bread.”—

As an evidence of his fine personal appearance, I was passing through the hall of WILLARD's Hotel, Washington, in the Summer of 1861, when my attention was struck by the graceful carriage and form of an officer, whose face was turned away examining prints or papers lying on an adjacent table. Satisfied that so fine a figure must have corresponding features, I made a movement which induced him to turn. As he did so, I recognized WARREN W. CHAMBERLAIN, of Lower Red Hook. Were the details of his last hour generally known, romance would make them her own and poetry breathe its sweetest numbers in doing justice to them.

“A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, as he proved, right loyal—
Were seldom to be found.”

During the second battle of Bull Run, CHAMBERLAIN, Aide to General SYKES, was sent with orders to Colonel,

(now Major-General) G. K. WARREN, then command-
5th N. Y. V., (DURYEA'S *Zouaves*.) On his way he
was hailed by an outlying Rebel picket, composed of a
Texan scout named HAGGERTY and his son. CHAMBER-
LAIN kept on, without heeding the call to halt and sur-
render. Thereupon both riflemen fired and lodged
their balls in his body. CHAMBERLAIN fell from his
horse, and his slayers came up to him; then won by
his gentle bravery, they remained by his side offering
what rude consolation they could, and about half an
hour afterwards closed his eyes. Before he died
CHAMBERLAIN drew a letter from his pocket which he
had written to his beloved brother before the battle
commenc'd, and with enfeebled hand and failing
strength, but unfaltering courage, added in pencil, "*I
am dying. August 30, God bless you,*" and died. The
Texan HAGGERTY is reported to have said that during
the war he had killed many without compunction, but
the instant that CHAMBERLAIN fell he expressed his
regret to his son, as he knew by his bearing that the
officer was a gallant fellow, and with this conviction
he remained with his victim until he died, and promised
to see that the letter—which then and there received
a postscript so terribly mournful—should be forwarded
to its direction. "The officer," continued HAGGERTY,
"said but little, yet enough to melt my heart and to
compel me involuntarily to ask his forgiveness which
was freely and nobly accorded."

No one who knew WARREN W. CHAMBERLAIN could
fail to recognize in the dying soldier the "gentle
gentleman" they had so often gladly met in happier
hours.

" Of those who fell on that disastrous day
Their præse is hymn'd on loftier harps than mine ;
Yet one I would select from that proud throng,

* * * * *

And partly that bright names will hallow song ;
And his was of the bravest, and when shower'd
The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd files along,
Even where the thickest of war's tempest lower'd,
They reach'd no nobler breast than thine, young, gallant
HOWARD."

The eleventh from this vicinity, JOHN DECKER, 20th
N. Y. S. M., or 80th N. Y. V., lost his life by a chance
shot, young in years and young in a soldier's trials.
His regiment had been detached in the direction of
Alexandria to meet an expected attack. This did not
occur. Returning homewards a careless soldier be-
longing to the 14th Brooklyn, encamped on their line
of march, discharged his piece at random, and the ball
passed through the bowels of unfortunate DECKER. He
lived a few days in great suffering, and then died 21st
March, 1862. His comrades from this neighborhood
contributed to pay the expenses of sending his body

home, and it now lies buried under the shadow (north) of the old Red Church by the side of his father and friends. To perish thus by a friendly bullet was sad, indeed, but his death was as honorable to him as though he had died in battle, for he fell in the service and in the uniform of his country.

When the patriot falls, must he fall in the battle,
Where the cannon's loud roar is his only death rattle?
There's a warfare where none but the morally brave
Stand nobly and firmly, their country to save.
'Tis the war of opinion, where few can be found,
On the mountain of principle, guarding the ground,
With vigilant eyes ever watching the foes,
Who are prowling around them, and aiming their blows."

To those who would regret or murmur that this young man died so early, and to so little purpose, let them remember blind old MILTON's consolation, that in the discharge of duty

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

Two others came home to die. Of these, one, EUGENE LIVINGSTON certainly deserves the highest credit if there is any degree in patriotism. Even with the first sound of alarm he hastened to enrol himself. A pupil of the Highland Military College, established at Newburgh, on West Point principles, he seemed to feel that even young as he was he might be of service. This brave lad abandoned everything which could make life attractive. He had not yet attained the age when his country could legally demand his services, and his feeble constitution would have exempted him from military duty under any circumstances. But, however frail the tabernacle, it enclosed an adventurous spirit. His great-grandfather had taken a prominent part in establishing and building up our country. A kindred patriotic ardor glowed in the bosom of our first Chancellor's great-grandchild, and inspired him to offer his feeble arm to save that which his ancestor had assisted to inaugurate. Ninety years ago ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON signed the Declaration of our Independence. Five years ago his youthful descendant consecrated his frail life to maintaining that free government which that declaration may be said to have called into being.

After a first enlistment, of whose particulars there is no record, he was mustered in the 95th N. Y. V., (WARREN Rifles). Placed on guard at *Camp Thomas*, near Washington, he died, eventually, after eight months suffering on the 31st December, 1862, a victim to one night's unaccustomed exposure, a martyr to what the world would call hereditary patriotism. The man and the youth both deserve equal remembrance from their countrymen. Success crowned the efforts of the one, and death the resolution of the other; but

in the judgment of the impartial, the crown is due to the brave youth whose name is inscribed upon the memorial we have contributed to raise and establish.

He was one of those who were born to feel

"Our Country first, their glory and their pride,
Land of their hopes, land where their fathers died,
When in the right, they'll keep thy honor bright,
When in the wrong, they'll die to set it right."

EUGENE LIVINGSTON, of thee, youth, patriot, martyr, may we truly say that

—While the tree
Of freedom's wither'd trunk puts forth a leaf,
Even for thy tomb a garland let it be

The second in this category was **CHRISTIAN GRUNTLER**, Senr., a German, who likewise may be said to have given his life for his adopted country, and that country owes a debt to his surviving family. Neither his age nor his physical strength justified his enrolment as a soldier, *but he was enroled*, and went forth and performed what duty he was able to perform. Discharged in consequence of ill health, he came home and died of disease, dropsy, engendered by the hardships to which he had been exposed, which he was incapable of supporting.

Three others of our brethren, **ALFRED LASHER**, **GEO. H. KELLY**, and **LEWIS REDDER**, all belonging Company B, 20th N. Y. S. M., or 80th N. Y. V., were struck down in the forefront of battle in Pope's disastrous combat, on the 30th August, 1862, on, the same field of Bull Run, second, or Manassas, upon which our Army had been discomfited on the 23d July, of the previous year, 1861. If coterminous history is to be believed, had McCLELLAN and his proteges done their duty at the time by their country, as these our fallen neighbors, these latter might have enjoyed the dying satisfaction of feeling that they fell on the theatre of triumph. In such a case the success of our arms might alleviate, in a measure, our sorrow at their loss.

Of the incidents attending their death, we have no account. They were standing up to their work like men when the victorious Rebel wave swept over them; our Army was forced from the field, and nameless graves received our Union dead.

A fourth member of this company, **CHRISTIAN GRUNTLER**, Junr., had his lower jaw shattered by a musket shot in this same battle. Although he lived for twenty-four hours, and survived his transport to the Alexandria hospital, the wound was fatal. He must have suffered the acutest agony since it was impossible for him to swallow, and he was thus incapable of taking either stimulants or nourishment or medicine.

On the 17th September following, RUFUS WARRINGER, of the same company and regiment, was shot through the bowels at *Sharpsburg* or *Antietam*, as it is variously styled—the battle which “our soldiers won and their general lost.” He died in the arms of a comrade, Sergeant CHARLES K. McNIFF, and that same comrade consigned him to his grave on the battle-field.

One year afterwards, but under a far different style of commander from McCLELLAN, fiery PHIL SHERIDAN, PETER WYER of Color Company C, 128th Regiment N. Y. V., an Irishman by birth, but an American in heart and action, fell shot through the heart, in the victorious conflict of the 19th September, 1864—a conflict whose result sent the discomfited Rebels whirling homewards up the Shenandoah Valley. In this battle variously known as *Winchester*, or *Bunker Hill*, or of the *Opeccan Creek*, the regiment to which WYER belonged greatly distinguished itself. According to his comrade, Sergeant HENRY BRUNDAGE, who stood behind him when he fell, PETER WYER was a neat and brave and efficient soldier, and so he died. Prompt, unflinching and reliable at all times, he died like a brave soldier, happily without a pang.

One month afterwards, 19th October, 1864, ALFRED DECKER, of the 6th N. Y. Cavalry, was killed at *Cedar Creek*, that remarkable double-battle, at once a disastrous defeat and a gloriously decisive victory. The early morning of that day witnessed a surprise and almost a disorganization of the Union Army. The genius, audacity and influence of one man converted that defeat and flight into an advance and victory, and a pursuit almost without example to the discomfited Rebels.

The last in order in this brief necrology is Captain AUGUSTUS BARKER.

“Brief, brave and glorious was his young career.”

At the age of 19 years he was commissioned Second Lieutenant, 4th December, 1861, in the 5th N. Y. V., Cavalry. Twice promoted for gallant and honorable service, he was shot by guerrillas at Hartwood Church, near Kelly's Ford, in Virginia, on the 17th September, 1863. On the ensuing day he died, a victim at the murderous hands of Rebels, who for every hundred killed in honest fight, have assassinated thousands either singly, as they killed BARKER, or wholesale as at *Fort Pillow*, or in thousands by slow torture in their loathsome prison-pens and hospitals.

And now these Rebels who have been slaying our brethren for five years, come and ask from us equality of rights for the future, and oblivion for the past. There are men, like an accidental President, would elevate them above the patriotic citizens who defied

them in the field, only to be betrayed for them in the cabinet.

In perfect contrast to this policy of ANDREW JOHNSON was the action of loyal fiery PHIL SHERIDAN.

Ah ! fair Shenandoah, thou nest of the robber,
How stands the count with thy people to-day ?
Where is the fire now,
Showing thy ire now,
Blazing, while gazing with fear and amazement,
As on it crept swiftly from door-post to casement,
Weeping with pale dismay,
Stood maidens and matrons gray ?
Has it not spread to the end of the valley ?
Did it not follow thee in thy grand rally,
SHERIDAN, SHERIDAN, cavalry SHERIDAN !

In requital of this murder of Captain BARKER and other similar atrocities, SHERIDAN laid waste the Rebel territory which harbored such assassins, and raised a wail whose warning voice doubtless saved many a Northern man from a similar fate to that of the unfortunate young officer.

" What though the mounds that mark'd each name,
Beneath the wings of Time,
Have worn away ?—Theirs is the fame
Immortal and sublime ;
For who can tread on Freedom's plain,
Nor wake her dead to life again ?"

In conclusion, let me remark that results are often determined by a concurrence of circumstances, the wisdom of whose co-operation those, who are most opposed to them at the time, afterwards see and understand. Such has been the case with the location of this monument. Divers sites were canvassed and the one selected was a compromise. Calm reflection must decide that it is the best. It stands in the midst not only of the present generation, but of those who are growing up to succeed them. As long as its material endures, be it a hundred, be it a thousand years, its inscription will preach a sermon of Republican-Democracy—that is Democracy in the true, and not in the perverted sense of the term—and of Patriotism. When the men of this generation have passed away, some child will ask one of those who are children now, " Father, what does it mean for men to lose their lives in suppressing a Slaveholders' Rebellion ? " Then the father will tell the enquiring child how 300,000 Free-men had to lay down their lives to put an end to a curse which had demoralized and almost incurably poisoned a large portion, even of our Northern free-men, so that they were willing their country should perish rather than a political party should fall. Then the kind parent will go on to explain to that little one belonging to a generation which will scarcely be able to comprehend such depravity, how 250,000 slave-holders or oligarchs were able to rule nearly

30,000,000 of people, through the wealth and power which they had acquired by trading in human beings, like cattle, and by buying, selling, and breeding men and women with souls whiter than their own;—slave-holders, or oligarchs, constituting the basis of a domineering tyranny, whose boast it was that it took the fresh moulded image of God from his hand and stamped upon it, in the hour of its birth, "*Goods and chattels personal.*"

Afterwards, doubtless the rest of the inscription will likewise demand an explanation. Very likely the question will be asked, "Where did they get those concluding words?" What must be the answer? Those emphatic words are from a speech admitted by critics, foreign and native critics of the highest order, to be the finest which ever fell from human lips.

This speech, it will have to be told, was made by a man who, from a Western rail-splitter or day-laborer, rose to be President of the United States, to live for ever in history as America's second WASHINGTON. This speech was made by a great and good man, who began by piloting a flat boat on the Mississippi, and ended by directing the helm of Government; who, after piloting this country through four years of the most fearful war which ever raged; and after having been re-elected to the Presidency by a satisfied and victorious people, was assassinated by the side of his wife, by an agent and exemplar of that very spirit which produced the Slaveholders' Rebellion, a treason which our brethren died to oppose and suppress. This speech was made by that wise but unpretending ABRAHAM LINCOLN, who enjoys the supreme honor, the blessed and glorious distinction, of having emancipated, at once and forever, 4,000,000 of human beings, hitherto as destitute of rights as the beasts of burthen, reasonless and soulless; chattels according to Southern legal language, classed with their mules and their cotton gins. This speech was made at the dedication of a National Cemetery to receive those who fell at Gettysburg, that battle won by our soldiers and not by our generals, which determined the fate of the war and of slavery.

I cannot finish my address to-day, fellow-citizens, better than by appropriating some of the language of that speech and adapting the rest to the change of locality and season.

Ninety years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new Nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. For over four years we were engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that Nation, or any Nation so conceived or dedicated, could long endure. We are met to set up a memorial of those who perished on the

battle-fields of that war. We are met to dedicate or inaugurate a monument to those who gave up their lives that that Nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow any ground dedicated to the memory of our patriot martyrs. The brave men, dead, whose names are inscribed upon this marble, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say or do here; but it can never forget what our dead soldiers did. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated to the unfinished work that they so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from the honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last, full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain—that the Nation, under God, shall have a new birth of Freedom, and that the Government of the People, by the People and for the People, shall not perish from the earth.

AMEN! SO BE IT!

N. B.—Remarks referring to pages 25-51. In these 27 pages there are many things in expression, style, and typography for which the author cannot hold himself responsible. Had the work been carried on as he had reason to expect it would have been, they would have been remedied. The remarks in regard to generals are not his own, but those of the parties who furnished the facts or reviewed the copy.

OMISSION.—APPENDIX to Note 11, Page 15.—ROBERT L. LIVINGSTON.—This officer accompanied the first Union advance to Manassas in 1862; was present at Big Bethel; at Yorktown; at Hanover Court-house, where he received his first promotion for bravery; at Mechanicsville, simply in support, however; at Gaines's Mills, where he behaved remarkably well. There, having reformed the 12th New York Volunteers, he led it forward, carrying the regimental flag, on horseback, until it was taken from him and borne by his General, BUTTERFIELD. At Mechanicsville he, likewise, rallied the 16th Michigan, which subsequently, behaved magnificently. In this effort he was finally assisted by the PRINCE DE JOINVILLE, who had ridden up to compliment him on his conduct. Lieutenant LIVINGSTON passed through all the terrible conflicts, in which he was present, without a scratch, except upon one occasion. This was at Turkey Bend, the day before Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862, where a shell burst under his horse, and threw over both animal and rider. Captain HOYT, Assistant Adjutant-General on Major-General BUTTERFIELD's staff, who was near the spot, thought Aide-de-Camp LIVINGSTON was killed. During this campaign Lieutenant LIVINGSTON carried orders, everywhere, under fire, not only for his own General, but for Generals GRIFFIN, F—— P——, and others. He resigned at Fredricksburg, on account of an accident received, according to the official report, in the line of his duty.

J. L.

SUPPLEMENT.

NOTE I. TO PAGES 3-4

HOW THE SOUTHERN MIND BECAME PERMEATED WITH DISUNION SENTIMENTS.

(INTENDED AS CHAPTER I. OF A CONTEMPLATED WORK, TO BE ENTITLED: "THE CAMPAIGNS OF THE GREAT AMERICAN WAR," TO SUPPRESS THE SLAVEHOLDERS' REBELLION, TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN CONJOINTLY BY BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL J. WATTS DE PEYSTER AND JOSEPH B. LYMAN, ESQ.)

The whirlwind of war that for four years has been careering over the face of the land has at last died away and sunk to peaceful silence on the far-off savannas of Texas. The streams that have divided great hosts of fighting men, and sometimes been dyed with the blood of the combatants, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, have ceased to be the objects of strategy, and are again devoted to the peaceful activities of commerce. The long rows of polished bayonets that bristled along a hundred hillsides are replaced by rows of maize, that grows all the richer for the human blood that has fertilized the soil. America turns her amazing energies that have been so conspicuously displayed in war to the blessed labors of reconstruction, the rearing again of the houses consumed by invaders, the organization of newer and fairer forms of life and power out of the charred timbers and dilapidated walls that mark the ruin of what is past.

There remains for us another great duty, that of studying this epoch of our history as we have studied no other in the tide of time, and deriving from it all the wisdom, all the instruction, all the valuable and salutary lessons for future guidance that can be learned in the broad field where philosophy teaches by example. Nor is our duty accomplished till fitting tribute is paid to the memory of the great multitude of the patriotic dead. Their dust is not to sleep in forgotten resting-places. The well-ordered and decorated burial place, the towering granite, the deep-set marble, the enduring bronze, will do all that mute things can do to perpetuate the memory of all who have fallen in the great war of freedom.

From the obedient soldier who marched to certain death in the cross fires of the fatal batteries at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, to the glorified dust of the Great Martyr whose assassination crowned and

completed the heroic work, closing the long sacrifices by the blood of the noblest victim, the deeds of the whole host of laborers and of martyrs need to be commemorated by the whole power of monumental and historic eloquence. *Forma mentis eterna.* And he will contribute most to the history of these times who shall show how, in the decrees of Providence it was ordered that Slavery should perish by the sword which, in an hour of political madness, she drew upon the august image of Constitutional Liberty, as seen in the Union of the American States: how it was permitted this institution to grow apace and rear her bronzed front in the eyes of the world a defiant relic of dead barbarisms, till her assurance became the seal of her destruction, and the haughtiness of her step was seen to be the pride that goeth before destruction.

In justice to human nature, and to historic probability, we should trace, as we can, the causes which led to this political upheaval. Foreign nations and future ages will hardly see in the mere fact of the election to the Presidency of a candidate distasteful to the Southern people, a sufficient reason for the prompt, united, deliberate and defiant revolt that ensued. Nobody contended that the Constitution had been violated in any important particular. The South had ever enjoyed an ample share of the executive patronage. Sons of her soil had filled the Presidential chair four-fifths of the time from the election of Washington to that of Lincoln. Free labor throughout the South was well rewarded. Their soil was fertile, their climate genial, their taxes moderate, their rights, their immunities, and even their whims and prejudices had been respected by every administration from 1787 to 1860 and yet, in the winter and spring of 1861, eleven States, in well-studied concert and with singular unanimity, and often by overwhelming majorities, passed ordinances separating them forever from all political connection with the government which had been the constant devotee of their interests, their pride, and the bulwark of their glory.

Madness and folly seem to be sometimes inherent in a particular family and may be expected in most of their acts, and human nature may be so exasperated by generations of despotism and abuse that, when once the crust of the earth above the heaving mass is broken, a deluge of lava may burst out and bury, in desolation and ashes, everything fair and lovely that grew above the volcanoes, as the world saw with amazement in the European earthquake seventy years ago.

But that an entire population should go crazy and commit acts that involved political suicide and the destruction of most of those blessings that make life

desirable, is so far an anomaly in human nature that some more rational hypothesis than madness is sought by any thoughtful student of this epoch. Besides, our modern Romes are not built in a day, any more than the crowned city of the seven hills was built in that space of time. Great results now, as they have ever been, are the culmination of forces that have been in operation for generations of men. Morally speaking, the metal of that historic first gun at Sumter was moulded in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and the powder was mixed before Washington was in his honored grave, and it was planted and sighted not by a gasconading Louisiana creole, but by the greatest master of metaphysics and political sophistry the world ever saw, but who had been quietly reposing in the soil of the Carolina, that so loved and honored him, for ten years previous to the 12th of April, 1861.

Immediately after the war of the Revolution there began to appear the germs of what we, of this generation, see in full growth and loaded with its noxious fruits. The essential tendency of the slave power and the slave influence is to personal isolation and political disintegration. It was so in Jewish and Greek and Roman slavery, and our American slavery furnishes no exception to the rule. He who commands the services of others by the simple right of might, is in a way to emancipate himself from all necessity to conciliate the good will of others or secure their social co-operation. In democratic communities, generally, every man is under the necessity of winning the kind feelings of his neighbors by reciprocal acts of kindness, and gaining by association the necessary strength to accomplish what he cannot do by his unaided labor or skill. The Pennsylvania farmer who needs the strength of twenty men to raise the heavy timbers of his barn, invites his neighbors to come and lift with him, and holds himself in readiness to respond at once to a similar invitation from any of them. But the Virginia planter needed no such gratuitous and reciprocal assistance. At the blast of his plantation horn, he could summon from the tobacco field twenty stout slaves, whose services were absolutely his by the law of the land. A group of settlers in Ohio when they are touched with the importance of furnishing good schools for their children, must meet, contribute their money or their labor to the erection of a school house and the payment of a teacher's salary. The Mississippi planter, when he wanted his children educated, could order his colored carpenter to build a suitable house, and employ some educated person as a family teacher, without once seeking or needing a word of advice or any act of co-operation from any

of the neighboring aristocrats. The unit of Southern society was the petty but independent despot, and the first combination, and in fact the only combination natural in such civilization, was in groups of petty despots, each supreme in his sphere, but independent of each other, under no necessity of mutual concession, mutual forbearance, or mutual aid. As a necessary consequence, associations of all kinds always languished and drifted toward dissolution under that exploded system. In that first representation of associated labor, the common road, this was painfully apparent, and the surprised traveler saw the first great incongruity in the narrow, neglected, and circuitous wagon-road that was the only means of communication between princely landed estates. Common schools never flourished south of the Potomac. Their colleges were the abodes of literary indolence or the haunts of youthful debauchery. Associations for the dissemination of useful knowledge were hardly known, and the voice of the lecturer was mute. The concert and the theatre were the only successful social institutions; for these are mainly supported by the crowd of pleasure-seekers who are above the useful necessity of pleasant exertion.

When the Constitution of 1787, the great charter of our liberties, that has come out bright with new glory from the baptism of blood, was first propounded to the States south of the Potomac, how was it received? South Carolina fought it with her whole vigor, and in the General Assembly of Virginia, that great and eloquent voice which, thirteen years before, had raised the heroic battle-shout of the war of Independence, was now, and for the last time on earth, raised in protest against Unionism.

"When I observe," said PATRICK HENRY, "that the war-making power and the money-making power are, by this Constitution, monopolized by the Federal Government, I see no foothold left for State sovereignty to rest upon, and I tremble for the liberty of Virginia." And JOHN RANDOLPH, who was then the young and ardent champion of the Constitution, and secured its ratification despite the powerful opposition of PATRICK HENRY, became, under the disintegrating effects of that society, so thoroughly a state-rights man that he ever placed his State above his nation, and esteemed it a greater honor to be a Virginian than to be an American. Was it strange, then, that the famous resolutions of Virginia and Kentucky of 1799, the Magna Charta of Secession, were adopted and given to the world as the first deliberate, formal and well-pronounced utterances of the disintegrating spirit.

Thus cotemporaneous with our Constitutional birth

as a nation, and advancing, *pari passu*, with American greatness, we find this conception of the nation as no more than a compact between independent, irresponsible and sovereign States; this advocacy of the right of a State to challenge, adjudicate upon, and deliberately disobey a Federal law which was deemed obnoxious to her local interests, was ever a Southern doctrine, emanating from the bosom of those disintegrating social tendencies that are inherent in the relation of master and slave.

From the death of WASHINGTON till the presidency of JACKSON, an interval of nearly thirty years, the ruinous dogma slept on the shelf where the almost forgotten Virginia resolutions were gathering dust. Meantime the commercial and manufacturing interests of the Northern communities were constantly on the increase, and with the far-sighted sagacity of a traffic that had whitened every ocean with our sails, the commercial cities were asking Congress for a species of legislation that would at once stimulate these vast activities to fresh enterprises and place them on a secure foundation in national law. Against this legislation the South, that had but her one interest of agriculture to foster, and that was now fast becoming jealous of the rapid increase of Northern power, took a position of firm and almost rebellious opposition. The community where this antagonism was most active was the Southern city that had for a time hoped to rival New York as an emporium of trade, and Charleston found a champion in national debate, the most subtle and powerful reasoner from given premises, right or wrong, that the Senate of the United States ever saw, in the person of JOHN C. CALHOUN.

The doctrine then invoked, for commercial reasons only, was vigorously discussed and its fallacy thoroughly exposed in those famous debates of 1831 in which selected champions of both constructions of the Constitution met in the Senate of the nation and the Southern combatant was thoroughly worsted and unhorsed. Four years later, in 1835, arose the first agitation on slavery, and then were coupled for the first time those famous dogmas of which the scenes of the past four years have been but the bloody acting out. They appear in the elaborate and able report drawn up by Mr. CALHOUN on the right of Congress to prevent by law the circulation of abolition prints or books through the Southern States. He there lays down these principles, which, from that time on, were the accepted principles of Southern politicians, which they steadily advocated and defended by all the power of words, and for which, twenty-six years after their enunciation, they drew the sword in deliberate revolt:

1. That American slavery needed no apology on moral grounds; that it is a relation right, just and admirable in itself, a source of great mutual benefit to both master and slave, and its abolition would be the greatest social disaster to both.

2. That when antagonism to this institution, on the part of those who felt themselves called upon to protest against and oppose it, reached a point where any material interest of slavery was endangered, the remedy of the South was to withdraw from the Union; and the defence of such withdrawal was found in the doctrine of State Rights, which leaves with the separate States the right of saying whether the Federal Union was any longer conducive to their best interests.

These doctrines, issued with audacity, clearness and ability, by Mr. CALHOUN, were the maxims of Southern logic and the rallying points of slavery from 1835 till 1861, when they became her battle-cry.

But simultaneously with this revival of the secession dogma of 1799 and the change of base on the part of Southern Congressmen and the Southern press as to the propriety of apologizing for their institution, another material circumstance needs to be borne in mind. During the first quarter of this century American slavery had advanced from being a source of doubtful pecuniary advantage to be regarded throughout the South as the easiest and surest road to wealth and all the aggrandizement that ever goes with ample fortune. Just as western emigration was opening the mellow and loamy uplands and the inexhaustible alluvions of the southwest to agriculture, the invention of the cotton-gin at once raised cotton-growing from the productions of a modicum for household consumption to the planting and gathering of a great exporting staple.

Until the development of the cotton interest, agriculture at the South was essentially *farming*; but after the staple assumed a position of control the system was changed, farming was abandoned and *planting* became the one business, which monopolized all the capital, subsidized all the science, and bounded all the worldly ambition of the Southerner. The production of cotton demands but little skill and but litt'e heavy or exhausting labor. But it requires a persistent and unremitting industry, from New Year's day until Christmas; an industry which is monotonous and uninteresting and requiring constant exposure to the burning of a semi-tropical sun.

For these reasons it soon grew to be a conviction on the part of the planter that the conditions essential for the production of cotton are compulsory labor on the supposition that free labor will never bend to the galling yoke of an industry so monotonous; that

such compulsory labor must be enforced upon a tropical race whose skin had been, by original creation or from centuries of equatorial life, fitted to resist the effects of great and continued heat.

In connection with these opinions and circumstances is to be mentioned the fact, that England had found in the great expansion of her manufacturing interest a safe investment for her surplus capital and safe occupation for her large surplus population, and was prepared to buy at handsome prices all the cotton, that enforced industry, on a virgin soil could produce. Thus will be seen the stilts upon which Southern pride was lifted up until this accidental, and, as it were, mechanical elevation was, by her, mistaken for colossal superiority.

The planter was inflated first by the possession of a large landed estate. From his veranda his eye could sweep over several hundred and often over several thousand acres to which his title was absolute and indefeasible; and one-half or two-thirds of the area, thus gratifying his love o' possession, was covered with a crop either growing or being gathered, the proceeds of which were certain to fill his pockets with glittering crown pieces from the vaults of the Bank of England. Those fields were tilled and all the offices of his household were performed by servants whom the law of his State made his property; whose services he could always compel; whose misdemeanors he had full power to punish, even to the extent of death, where the offence committed was against society as well as against plantation rules. He was under the necessity of performing no physical labor, and the care of his planting-estate gave him ample leisure for amusement, conversation, the rites of hospitality and the pleasures of the chase. Then, whenever his attention was arrested by the steady inroads that public opinion were making upon that form of society, and the fact that slavery had already disappeared in all civilized countries, he looked to the doctrine of State Sovereignty, as propounded by the great South Carolinian, for his remedy, and flattered himself that whenever slavery became unsafe and not fully protected and fortified by public law under the Constitution and in the Union, it could, at any time, be made absolutely secure and perpetual by going out from the Union and founding an oligarchy of the skin and of property in man, with chattel-slavery as its corner-stone and Leviticus for its New Testament.

Thus it was, and by the dogmas and circumstances above described that the minds of planters were molded and prepared for the events of 1861. A generation had been educated in the belief that it was

not only right but a duty to conserve their characteristic institution and that, when, by any means, slavery was at all endangered in the Union, the Southerner had a full right by the first principles of American republicanism to retire from all political connection with the non-slaveholding States and place slavery on a basis which could never be threatened by the constantly swelling majorities of free labor.

This sentiment, this conviction well instilled into the Southern mind and all that followed was easy. It only remained to convince the South that the election which took place in the Fall of 1860 was an act of hostility to slavery sufficient to justify the long-meditated revolt. It was not urged that the election of ABRAHAM LINCOLN was in any respect conducted in an unconstitutional manner, or that he was not fairly chosen by a decided electoral, though not a popular, majority. The principal upon which he went into the canvass and on which he was elected was only a political opinion, and eleven States declared that he should never be *their* President or President of the United States because of that political opinion.

He held that in the nature of things the system of compulsory labor and the law giving property in man are unjust in themselves and can have no sanction in the general principle of jurisprudence, but rest wholly on the provisions of special and local law; that in respect to the unsettled territories, the Constitution ought to be so construed as to consecrate them forever to free labor, and leave them open for the immigration of white laborers who should own the soil they tilled, rather than to immigrants who sought to make property of both soil and its tiller: that while the Constitution does not interfere with the local law that sustains slavery in certain States, it can declare whether territories shall or shall not be slaveholding, and that wherever a doubt exists, a construction should be given favorable to freedom and progress, rather than a concession to an unfortunate relic of despotism left in the constitution of a democratic republic. In the canvass of 1860, Mr. LINCOLN had, moreover, expressed his conviction that a natural and insurmountable antagonism exists between the two systems of free and slave labor; and that the nation would not long exist half slave and half free, but would at some time, not far distant, become all one thing or all the other.

The opinions of the candidate for whom most of the Southern votes were cast were understood to be that congressional discussions of the inherent right of slavery were unnecessary, ill-timed and impolitic; that, as the Constitution guarantees security to slavery in nearly one-half of the States it ought to be

so construed as not to prevent the slaveholder from migrating with his slaves to territories purchased by the treasure or won by the valor of citizens of all the States; that slavery ought to have an equal representation with free labor in the National Congress, and in order to secure such equality no check ought to be imposed on the formation of slave States.

The defeat of the candidate representing these ideas was understood by the South to be the exclusion of these principles from all future control in national councils. It was not said or believed that the successful candidate would, upon taking his oath of office, proceed at once to open a crusade upon slavery as existing in the States. All that was feared, and all that was urged as ground for protest even to revolution and blood against the recognition of Lincoln by the South was, that by the principles announced in his canvass, he was pledged to oppose and veto the admission of any more slaveholding States; that he would favor the action of Congress abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, and that in case of a vacancy occurring on the bench of the Supreme Court, a man would be appointed who would think with CURTISS and with McLEAN, rather than with CAMPBELL and with TANEY, on the vexed question of the status of the African by general American law. In other words, the South saw in the administration of LINCOLN the settlement of three important issues, each adverse to slavery and tending to its extinction: no more slave States; no more slavery on soil belonging to the National Government; and no more Dred Scott decisions.

One sentiment became almost universal in the slaveholding States as soon as the election of LINCOLN was assured: that the South owed it to herself and her principles to accept a magistrate, if he were accepted at all, under protest, and to show by proofs unmistakable that each of those points adverse to the South would be carried, if at all, only in the teeth of a fierce and unyielding opposition. It was, moreover, urged by the orators in all the slave States that no man would be worthy of the respect or confidence of his fellow-citizens who would accept any appointment, whatever, from the obnoxious magistrate, and that a LINCOLN collector of customs or a LINCOLN postmaster would be liable to mob violence and death itself. In South Carolina the teachings of their beloved and admired statesman were recalled and his doctrines followed with undiluting logic to the desperate extreme. With one accord the leading men of that State believed that the crisis predicted by their greatest citizen, when all the advantages of the Federal Union would be outweighed by the danger to

slavery from the Federal Government had come ; that, in their opinion, the great ends sought by the Union, so far as the South was concerned, could no longer be secured ; that Unionism had been tried and had been found insufficient to protect Southern institutions, and was, therefore, dangerous and obnoxious to the South ; that American polities had become wholly sectional, and the weaker section was now at the mercy of a bold, triumphant and increasing majority.

It must be remembered, too, that aside from, yet springing out of this radical difference on the subject of the agitation of slavery, there had been growing for generations a personal antipathy between the citizens of the Northern and Southern States. There were differences in the form of worship, differences in social ideas and habits, differences in personal manners that divided the Southern planter from the merchant or artisan at the North by an interval almost as wide as that which separates Americans from the English. In some States this antagonism was as ancient as the English revolution of 1644. Massachusetts even then, though but an infant colony, was in hearty sympathy with the Puritans and their valiant leader ; while Virginia, with her hereditary aristocracy, her large landed estates, and with the established Church of England for her religion, never lost her admiration for monarchy, nor ceased to sympathize with the sufferings of the dethroned and beheaded CHARLES. The social ideas in a country where lands are divided into tracts of a thousand acres each are necessarily different from the institutions and manners of communities where the average size of the farms is sixty acres. With her single and all-monopolizing interest of agriculture, hardly conceiving of a fortune that did not consist to a great extent in landed estate spending lavishly the ample returns of a virgin soil, and conscious of the ability to remove at any time from an exhausted to a fresh plantation, it was hardly to be expected that Virginia planters should admire or even respect the energy, the thrift, the rigid economy by which the Northern communities maintained themselves in comfort, notwithstanding the sterility of their soil and the severity of their climate. The Southern planter was naturally jealous of those commercial and manufacturing interests by which fortunes were accumulated beside which his possessions shrank to a mere competency, and cities were built which far outshone anything that he could boast upon his soil. While facts and figures convinced the planter that his section was numerically and in all the external signs of power the inferior of the free States, and while he admitted the intelligence and superior culture of the Yankee, he ever plumed himself on what he

considered his superior qualities. The habit of command which his institution had given him, and the slavish deference and obedience of the subject race, tended to exaggerate this idea of his personal importance; and the promptness with which he was educated to resent even a trivial affront convinced him that in point of high-breeding, gallantry and courage he was the superior of the Northern man. This, as can easily be seen, had a double effect, in embittering the reflection that he was politically overruled by the numerical superiority of those whom he regarded as singly his inferiors, and to make him look with complacency and personal confidence upon the likelihood of an armed collision with this same numerical and sectional majority. In brief, the most prominent feelings in the mind of the defeated champions of national slavery was that if the time had come when they could no longer contend with the North at the hustings there yet remained the wager of battle; and there was manifested a general wish to appeal from the contest by ballots to a contest with bullets.

There was but one division of opinion among the influential planters of the Gulf States after the election of Mr. LINCOLN, and that related not to the right or propriety of secession, but to the time and mode of taking the step.

South Carolina, and with her all the radical men of the South and all the disciples of CALHOUN, held that the fact of his election was enough for them to know; that no one act of his was likely to be so direct an attack on the Constitution as to form a basis for a bill of grievance that they could lay before the world in justification of revolt. They contended, also, that the mere fact of his election wholly by Northern voters and his representing ideas wholly sectional, and surrounding himself with men whose lives had been devoted to the business of abolishing slavery, was in itself an affront and an indignity to the South which a proper sense of honor summoned her to resent by taking the position of open defiance.

Others were calmer and, doubtless, a little wiser. They were for waiting awhile for some flagrant and decisive attack upon the South; for an *overt act* against which they could protest even to revolution; and there were those, also, with an American instinct, who believed in Union, even in secession, and that all the aggrieved States should combine and concert a harmonious separation, a united-disunion. These, by a significant political -olecism called themselves co-operation disunionists. But in the secession conventions that assembled in the several Cotton States in the Winter and Spring of 1861 the co-operationists were overruled by the more fiery and radical element

from South Carolina, and all the oratory and the combined influence of the press and the pulpit was directed to the rash and suicidal policy of immediate secession.

It is erroneous to suppose that secession was a trick practiced upon an ignorant and misguided populace by a clique of disappointed aspirants and ambitious demagogues. Doubtless the secession leaders acted in concert and seized upon the election of a sectional President as a fitting occasion to fire the Southern heart. But they found it an easy task. The preparatory steps had been taken long before. The material upon which the incendiary orators operated was in the highest degree inflammable, and little skill was required to apply the torch. CALHOUN in 1835 began the movement that was completed in 1861. For twenty-six years the poison of the arch-traitor had been working in the body politic, and though he had died in peace and was sleeping in a grave which the whole country honored, his doctrines have wrought a mischief which plunged the entire country into bloodshed and brought hopeless ruin upon the institutions to the support of which the whole of his long public life was dedicated.

He it was that resuscitated the dead corpse of Nullification, breathing upon her the breath of metaphysical sophistry, gave her the more captivating name of State Sovereignty, and recommended her as the guardian Genius of Slavery and the tutelary Goddess of the South.

The revolt of the South was the movement of an oligarchy embracing nearly all the education, all the popular talent, all the editorial ability in those States, and operating from above downward until nearly all the white population of the planting States and finally of the South generally were involved in the current and swept into the vortex. Secession was urged not merely as a right that might be expressed, but as a duty that ought to be discharged. On the 29th of November, 1860, it being a day of National Thanksgiving, the most eloquent and highly gifted orator South of the Potomac, and pastor of the leading church in the Southern metropolis, ascended his pulpit steps with a manuscript in his hand which did more than any one document, composed by any living man, to hurry the best classes of Southern society to snap the ties that had held them in the Union and plunge them into the cloudy abyss of civil war. The scrupulousness with which he had ever avoided the mingling of political discussions with theological orations or exhortations to personal virtue gave all the more weight and significance to this carefully elaborated address.

After an introduction in which he spoke of his previous silence upon all questions of politics; of the momentous nature of the questions then agitating the public mind, and of the fact that he spoke as the representative of that large class whose opinions in such a controversy are of cardinal importance; the class which seeks to ascertain its duty in the light simply of conscience and religion, and which turns to the moralist and the Christian for support and guidance, declared that one distinguishing characteristic of the South as a people was that unto it in the Providence of God had been committed the sacred trust of conserving and perpetuating the institution of slavery as then existing.

"Let us, my brethren," exclaimed the orator, "lift ourselves intelligently to the highest moral ground, and proclaim to all the world that we hold this trust from God, and in its occupancy we are prepared to stand or fall as God may appoint. Without determining the duty of future generations, I simply say that for us as now situated the duty is plain of conserving and transmitting the system of slavery with the freest scope for its natural development and extension. As the critical moment has arrived at which the great issue is joined, let us say that in the light of all perils we will stand by our trust, and God be with the right." Farther to enforce this duty he declared it bound upon the Southern communities as the constituted guardians of the slaves themselves. "That slavery was a blessing to the African, and their worst foes were those who intermeddled in their behalf; that freedom would be their doom, and their residence here in the presence of the vigorous Anglo-Saxon race would be but the signal for their rapid extermination before they would had time to waste away through listlessness, filth and vice."

Furthermore, he urged this duty as imposed upon them by the civilized world; that slavery, notwithstanding all the attacks upon it, had steadily increased for thirty years, and had enlisted the material interests of England in its support; that the enriching commerce which had reared the splendid cities and marble palaces of England as well as America, had been largely established upon the products of Southern soil; and the blooms upon their fields gathered by black hands had fed the spindles and looms of Manchester and Birmingham not less than of Lawrence and Lowell, and if a blow were to fall on this system of labor the world would totter at the stroke. And, finally, he declared that in the great struggle the South were the defenders of God and religion; that the abolition spirit was but Jacobinism in another form, and availing itself of the morbid and misdirected

sympathies of men, it had entrapped weak consciences in the meshes of its treachery, and now, at last, had seated a high priest upon the throne clad in the black garments of discord and seism so symbolic of its ends. What does this declare, what can it declare but that from henceforth this is to be a government of section over section; a government using constitutional forms only to embarrass and divide the section ruled, and as a fortress through whose embrasures the cannon of legislation is to be employed in demolishing the guaranteed institutions of the South. "I say it with solemnity and pain," continued the orator, "this Union of our forefathers is already gone. It existed but in mutual confidence, the bonds of which were ruptured in the late election. For myself I say, under the rule which threatens us, I throw off the yoke of this Union as readily as did our ancestors the yoke of King George III., and for causes immeasurably stronger than those pleaded in their celebrated declaration." After suggesting the various objections then urged for quiet submission to the President elect, and giving what seemed to his audience asatisfactory refutation, the oration concluded with the following paragraph: "We may for a generation enjoy comparative ease, gather up our feet in our beds and die in peace; but our children will go forth beggared from the homes of their fathers. Sherman will cast their nets where your proud commercial navy now rides at anchor, and dry them upon the shore now covered with your bales of merchandize. Sapped, circumvented, undermined, the institutions of your soil will be overthrown, and within five and twenty years the history of St. Domingo will be the record of Louisiana. If dead men's bones can tremble, ours will move under the muttered curse of sons and daughters denouncing the blindness and love of ease which have left them an inheritance of woe.

"I have done my duty under as deep a sense of responsibility to God and man as I have ever felt. Under a full conviction that the salvation of the whole country is depending upon the action of the South, I am impelled to deepen the sentiment of resistance in the Southern mind, and to strengthen the current now flowing toward a union of the South in defence of her chartered rights. It is a duty I shall not be called upon to repeat, for such awful junctures do not occur twice in a century. Before another political earthquake shall shake the continent I hope to be 'where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.'"

Probably no discourse of these times had so great an effect upon those who heard it, or on the thousands and tens of thousands who read it in the numerous

and large editions that were immediately issued. A majority of Dr. PALMER's congregation at once became secessionists. The papers and pamphlets in which his views were published were scattered all over the slaveholding States and were read, re-read and passed from hand to hand and from family to family till in many cases the paper was so worn as to be barely legible. It was read to groups of eager listeners in the obscure grocery in the depths of the pine forests; by the lordly planter amid the rich perfumes of his orange groves or of his sugar-house; in the temples dedicated to religion, in the halls of legislation, and may be taken as the most glowing, the most emphatic and generally popular setting forth of the sentiment of the most cultivated and moral people in the South, that any public man has made.

And Dr. PALMER was a disciple and admirer of CALHOUN, and his friend and co-laborer in South Carolina, Rev. Dr. THORNEWELL, took ground precisely similar and counselled prompt secession for the protection of slavery, even though it launched the South upon a sea of blood. As with these leaders in the Presbyterian Church, so in the Episcopal, Methodist and Baptist. The ministers of Christ were all clamorous for war. PETER did not draw his sword with more zeal to smite the captor of our Savior, than they counselled war, and in many cases, entered the military service to fight for the perpetuation of slavery; and the ground universally taken was that so clearly stated by Dr. PALMER, that the South was the Heaven-appointed guardian of slavery, and it was their sacred duty to see that the institution suffered no harm nor submitted to any threat of attack from the numerically superior North.

Thus will be seen the degree to which the virus of South Carolina doctrine had inoculated all the influential and cultivated class of Southerners. A generation had been educated into the conviction that the preservation of slavery was a matter of more importance than the preservation of the Union.

Loyalty and devotion to the Union had for a generation been growing less in the Southern heart, and could hardly be said to have existed in 1861. The planter was loyal to slavery and determined to preserve and extend it at all hazards, and this resolution was paramount to any sentiment of Unionism, any love of the whole country. With him the Union was an equivocal blessing, good, indeed, if it left him and would leave his children in full and perpetual enjoyment of slavery and the right of extending its area equally with the extending area of free labor, but when it failed of that, to be cast aside as a forgotten garment or left to be consumed in the fire of a general revolution.

In the chapter which succeeds, there are detailed the political manœuvres by which secession became an accomplished fact. But every attentive student of American history must see that the elements of the storm had long been in ferment, and an instrument far less potent than Prospero's wand would be able at any time to unchain the powers of the air and put the wild waters in a roar.

For more than a generation agencies had been quietly but actively at work which culminated in a violent and bloody civil war, raging, for four years, over thousands of square miles, destroying half a million of lives and thousands of millions of property : yet arising, apparently, from no circumstances more exasperating than the election by legal voters and through constitutional forms of a President distasteful to the States lying South of the Potomac.

The disintegrating and centrifugal tendency of Southern institutions ; the slow and reluctant adhesion of several of the Southern States to the Federal Union ; the doctrine of State Sovereignty first propounded by the States of Virginia and Kentucky, revived by South Carolina ; first to enforce the doctrine of local free trade in the teeth of a national tariff ; and again, as a refuge and remedy for anti-slavery agitation, and for that purpose recommended and enforced by the deepest thinkers and the most fiery orators of the South ; the ambition of Southern cities hoping to become independent of Northern ports of entry ; and the doctrine widely disseminated by the whole Southern pulpit that the perpetuation of slavery was a great moral trust committed by God to the slaveholding States, these were the facts, the doctrines, the influences by the action of which the Southern mind became ripe for revolt.

COLONEL CHARLES E. LIVINGSTON.

NOTE 2 TO PAGE 16. FOOT NOTE ¶. 7TH LINE

Having applied to parties who were supposed to be cognizant of the military service of Colonel CHARLES E. LIVINGSTON, without receiving the desired information, I am compelled to rely upon the reminiscences of one of his former associates in command. He is stated to have been a pupil of the United States West Point Military Academy, but was forced to relinquish his studies, there, in consequence of ill health. When Colonel W. P. W. assumed command of the Seventy-sixth New York Volunteers, Colonel C. E. L. was its Major. The latter acted for some time as commandant of the city of Fredericksburg, and is said

to be handsomely mentioned in Captain NOVES' "Bivouac and Battlefield." Subsequently he was attached to the staff of Major-General DOUBLEDAY. At the two battles of *Gainesville* and *Bull Run Second*, he was serving with his regiment and his colonel had occasion, each time, to speak of his courage and good conduct. At *Gainesville* he was of the greatest assistance in encouraging the men and maintaining the line under a very hot fire—a fire so severe that the Seventy-sixth lost one-third of its men in line. Upon this occasion his behavior could not have been better. At *Bull Run, Second*, he was also most efficient. Colonel L. was captured in this fight, as was reported, through his horse rearing and falling upon him. In several other battles he was on General DOUBLEDAY's staff, and until the time Colonel W. resigned the command of the Seventy-sixth, after *Chancellorsville* (in consequence of severe sickness incurred in service, from which he has not yet entirely recovered), excepting when Colonel W. was on sick leave from middle of September to beginning of November, 1862, during which period also, Colonel L commanded the Seventy-sixth N. Y. He was also in command before *Petersburg*. Colonel L. suffered a great deal from ill health, but on the battlefield his conduct was unexceptionable. Further particulars of the services of Colonel L. will appear in the "History of the Seventy-sixth N. Y. V.", by Captain A. P. SMITH, of Cortland Village, which ought to issue from the press in a short time.

NOTE 3 TO PARAGRAPH 2, PAGE 20, 29TH N. Y. V.

Lieutenant HENRY LIVINGSTON ROGERS, grandson of Hon. JOHN SWIFT LIVINGSTON, of Tivoli, was born in the city of New York, but brought up in his grandfather's house, and consequently may be claimed as another representative of Red Hook. He went out early in 1861, as Quartermaster of the Twenty-ninth New York Volunteers, and throughout his service proved himself a very efficient officer. When his Colonel, von STEINWEHR, became acting Brigadier-General, Lieutenant ROGERS continued with him and acted with equal energy as brigade quartermaster, proving himself under all circumstances, not only brave but energetic and reliable. His mother, Mrs. ROGERS, presented a beautiful silk, National (U. S.) flag to the Twenty-ninth New York Volunteers, before it left New York, which flag is now deposited in the Trophy Hall of the Bureau of Military Statistics at Albany.

NOTE 4 TO PAGE 22, ¶ 3d. 20 N. Y. S. M.

Immediately after the news of the firing upon Fort Sumter, and responsive to President LINCOLN's call for 75,000 Volunteers, this regiment offered its services. Although at once detailed, some delay occurred before it was accepted. From Kingston it proceeded to Annapolis, thence to Annapolis Junction, Baltimore, etc. It lay in camp, for the greater part of the time, to the right or the South and East of the Baltimore and Washington Railroad, guarding the same and coterminous districts. As representatives of this company district (formerly Twenty-second, now Twenty-first Regiment, Ninth Brigade, Third Division N. Y. S. M.) there were a number of men from the Upper District of Red Hook, of whom the following have been reported:

ANDREW DECKER.—He enlisted three consecutive times and served honestly and faithfully until killed under SHERIDAN at Cedar Creek, in the Shenandoah Valley, 19th October, 1864, either in the Sixth New York Cavalry, or, as some say, the Fifty-sixth New York Infantry or the First New York Chasseurs.

CHARLES DECKER.

MONTGOMERY MARSHALL.—Returned home broken down in health.

ADAM MOORE.

EDWARD SNYDER.—Afterwards deserted.

CHARLES STATLEY.—He enlisted three consecutive times and came home Orderly Sergeant.

W.M. H. STOCKING.—Served honestly and faithfully three enlistments; at Gettysburg he was shot through the leg above the ankle, so bad a wound he was offered his discharge, but refused it. He was in swimming at City Point when the famous explosion took place in June, 1864, and although 5 were killed and 17 were wounded in the detachment of his own regiment stationed there, and an immense destruction occurred, he escaped without the slightest injury.

In the Fall of 1861 the Ulster County Guard again took the field as a regular United States Volunteer Regiment, and was known as the Eightieth New York Volunteers.

For details of the services of this regiment see Appendix, page i. to liv.

There were twenty-five men from the Upper District of Red Hook in Company B. Their names were as follows:

1. **WANSBROUGH BLOXHAM.**—Shot through the arm in carrying the colors at Gettysburg.

2. **JOHN DECKER.**—Shot by accident at Upton Hill, opposite Washington, died 21st March, 1862, brought home and buried at the Old Red Church, northeast

of Madalin. See pages 68-69.

3. OSWALD DECKER.—Wounded with a buckshot in the breast at Manassas or Bull Run, Second, where Colonel PRATT was likewise mortally wounded by a buckshot which lodged in his spinal marrow, from which he died in a few days.

4. MORGAN DENEGR.

5. CHARLES GARRISON.

6. THEODORE GARRISON.—Shot through flesh of thigh at Manassas or Bull Run, Second.

7. CHRISTIAN GRUNTNER, Senior.—Discharged and died of dropsy, brought on by effects of severe service, after his return home. See page 70.

8. CHRISTIAN GRUNTNER, Jr.—Died of wounds received at Manassas or Bull Run, Second. See page 70.

9. JOHN HATTON. See page 55.

10. WM. H. HOFFMAN.

11. GEO W. KELLY.—Killed at Manassas or Bull Run Second.

12. ALFRED LASHER (son of Widow SARAH LASHER).—Killed at Manassas or Bull Run, Second.

13. PETER W. LASHER.

14. ROBERT McCARRICK.

15. CHARLES MACNIFF.—Twice wounded, slightly in the arm under BURNSIDE at Fredericksburg First, and above the forehead at Gettysburg. This brave soldier was finally appointed Sergeant and detailed for Ambulance service at headquarters.

16. JAMES OR JACOB MINKLER.

17. ADAM MOORE.—Twice severely wounded and then injured in a blow or tornado at Point Lookout.

18. FREDERIC OVERMIER (Sergeant).—Twice wounded slightly in the breast at Manassas or Second Bull Run, 30th August, 1862, the bullet lodging in a testament in his pocket, and in the foot at Gettysburg.

19. DAVID A. PAULMATIER.

20. LEWIS REDDER.—Killed at Manassas or Bull Run Second, 30th August, 1862.

HIRAM RISEDORF.—Died of typhus fever at Upton Hill, opposite Washington, and was buried at Falls Church, Va. See pages 61-62.

22. FREDERIC SIMMONS.

23. JOHN H. SWARTZ.

24. RUFUS WARRINGER.—Killed at Antietam, 17th September, 1862, by a Minie ball through the bowels.

25. DAVID WOOL (colored).

In Company A, which was entirely composed of Dutchess County men, there were several, perhaps quite a number, from the Lower District of Red Hook. Their names have never been furnished to the writer, nor has he any means of ascertaining them.

From the Upper District there were two brothers:

26. MARCELLUS STOCKING. See page 55

27. WM. H. STOCKING.

It is said there were no other Red Hook men in any other companies than A and B in this regiment.

After Gettysburg, this regiment, which went out about 1,000 strong—it brought home only 150 men—only 60 men could be brought into line of battle. In the three days fight it did magnificently and suffered severely, having 34 killed and 110 wounded. During this battle, at one time, Colonel GATES himself carried the colors while mounted and under fire. WM. H. STOCKING says that he counted the marks of 16 gunshot wounds in the colonel's horse, and yet the animal survived to come home.

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

NOTE 5 TO PAGE 25.—DERIVED FROM CORRESPONDENCE WITH MAJOR-GENERAL S. W. CRAWFORD.

THIRD DIVISION, FIFTH CORPS (CRAWFORD'S).

In the general march of the Army of the Potomac, northward, my division passed through Hanover on the night of the 1st of July. I marched *all night* and just before morning halted at a little town called *Brushtown* to rest. The men lay down in the road. It was not yet day when an aide of General SYKES, who commanded the Fifth Corps, came to me with orders to push on, at once, without letting the men have coffee. I moved as soon as we could distinguish the road, but was soon obliged to halt and give the road to GREGG's cavalry, who were going to the front. In my rear was SEDGWICK with the Sixth Corps. I pushed on after the cavalry to *Bonaugh-town*, sending my ammunition train to the left, at the edge of the town, with orders to strike the Baltimore turnpike. I marched on to the middle of the town, and striking a road, to the left, crossed to the turnpike, and after a short march crossed *Rock Creek*, turned in to the left, in rear of *Wolf's Hill*, and halted. It was not yet noon, and my men enjoyed several hours of much-needed rest.

Meantime a staff officer from General SYKES came to me to learn the situation of the division, and stated that a staff officer would report to me at 3 o'clock to conduct me to my position on the field.

About 3½ a staff officer from General SYKES (Lieutenant INGHAM) came to me with orders for me to march to the battlefield, following the Second Division of my corps. He had no orders to conduct me in person. The Second Division lay in my front among the rocks and ravines of *Wolf's Hill*. I had reconnoitered the position and had found a by-road leading around the *left* of Wolf's Hill. It led through the

woods and struck the road along which the Second Division was marching. When the head of my column struck the road I halted to allow the Second Division to pass. Before it could pass, it halted, faced about, and returned; its new route leading away from the field. I could get no information, but, dispatching a staff officer to General SYKES, I awaited his return.

About a mile in my front and to the southwest the battle was raging fiercely, and in a few moments, a staff officer, named Captain MOORE, came to me in a state of great excitement and begged me to go at once to "those hills," as the enemy had driven our men back and were trying to get the hills and if they did, the Army could not hold its position. He said he was an aide of General MEADE's, as I understood him, and that General SICKLES had directed him to get any assistance he could, and to order any command there he could find. The following colloquy then took place:

General CRAWFORD—"I am perfectly willing to go with you at once if you can give me the proper orders. I have heard the firing, and am anxious to get to the field. If you are an aide of General MEADE you can give me his order."

He then interrupted me—"I am not an aide of General MEADE but of General SICKLES, and he ordered me to take any command I found."

General C.—"I cannot take orders from General SICKLES. You must go to General SYKES, who has already ordered me to join him on the field—or if you can find any general officer commanding here who will give me orders, and I believe General SLOCUM is near, and will say to him that I think I should go at once to that point, I will accompany you."

Captain MOORE galloped down the road to General SLOCUM's headquarters at *Wolf Hill* on the right of our line, saw him, and returned with the order to me, and I moved at once across the fields and by cross roads toward the *Round Tops*. We pushed, on and in passing through a piece of woods not far from the Taneytown road I met a large company of officers and men coming back with a wounded general. As my march was impeded, I rode forward, and in directing them to turn off the road until my command passed, I asked why so large a number of men were going to the rear with one wounded officer. An officer replied it was General SICKLES, and that he had lost a leg. I asked if General S. had directed so large a party to accompany him, and was told he had. I passed on, crossed the Taneytown road, on a cross road leading into the Emmettsburg road, at a peach orchard.

This road led along the right of *Little Round Top* across a ravine, deep and wide, traversed by a marshy run and through a wheat field, gradually rising, skirted by a stone wall toward the ravine, and bounded on the right and left by open woods.

Shortly after crossing the Taneytown road, I rode forward, and turning into a field on the right met General SYKES, who complimented me for arriving so promptly on the field (I had arrived at the same time with the Second Division), and who directed me to mass my division in that field and await orders from him. I had not massed one brigade, when I received orders to cross the road, form in line of battle and be prepared to support the troops fighting in front, in case they were compelled to fall back. I made the movement at once, but it was not completed, and my rear brigade was marching into position, when I again received orders from General SYKES to send a brigade to the support of General BARNES (as the staff officer stated), who had been fighting on my immediate left, in the gorge between the *Round Tops*. This order was very unnecessary. VINCENT's brigade had already repulsed the attack and he had lost his life. General RICE was commanding. General BARNES who was temporarily commanding GRIFFIN's Division (First of Fifth Corps) was not on that part of the field. I sent Colonel FISHER, commanding my Third Brigade, to RICE's support. Before he could move out, the firing in front became more and more continuous and determined, as well as closer. The enemy were advancing rapidly. He had broken SICKLES at the *Peach Orchard*, and was advancing directly on the right flanks of the brigades to the right of the cross road above spoken of, and driving them in, with great loss. ZOOK, BROOKS, and finally AYRES, with his division of Regulars, all were retreating. The space in my front, the ravine and the woods were filled with fugitives. Seeing the condition of things I sent Captain Louis LIVINGSTON, one of my aides, to General SYKES, reporting that our men were all breaking, and asking him for orders. He brought me a message from General S. to the effect that "General CRAWFORD was on the ground, and must judge what to do for himself." My command was drawn up on the slope of *Little Round Top*, and was about half way between the cross road and the crest. WHEATON's Brigade (Sixth Corps) had come up, and was drawn up nearly in prolongation of my line, crossing the cross road to the right. Meantime AYRES had crossed my front in retreat, and the enemy had followed him, driving the troops in his front, down through the woods and wheat field to the stone wall,

Here the enemy re-arranged his line, crossed the stone wall, and was coming in line of battle across the ravine, toward the *Round Tops*. Riding in front of my line, I ordered a forward movement, directing Captain LIVINGSTON and Captain ARCHMUTY to assist me in leading on the men. The entire command moved at once. I found myself in the front line and beside the colors of the First Pennsylvania Reserves. Captain, now Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, LIVINGSTON, was on one side of me, and Captain, now Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, ARCHMUTY, my Acting Adjutant-General, on the other, both engaged in animating the men. The color sergeant of the First Regiment had been shot in the hand, and the colors were being carried by a corporal (SWORD). I leaned over, and seizing the flag, lifted it above and called "*Forward Reserves!*" and away we went down the slope, across the small branch and on toward the stone wall. Between the stone wall and the branch, we met the enemy's skirmishers, drove them back with a run on their line of battle, which we encountered just in rear. My whole line opened on it with great enthusiasm and shouting. Recrossing the stone wall, the enemy endeavored to resist our approach, but on we went, when the enemy hastily retreated, leaving a stand of colors and many prisoners in our hands. In crossing the stone wall Colonel TAYLOR of the Pennsylvania Rifles (*Buck-tails*) was killed at the head of his regiment, shot through the heart. We had crossed into the wheat field, when finding myself without support, and the enemy holding a ridge in my front as well as the woods on my left, I refused my left and established my entire command behind the stone wall, skirting the woods. General SYKES having declined to send me support, my left was thrown along *Houck's Hill*. My skirmishers were thrown forward into the wheat field, but a severe fire was kept up on their left flank, and in visiting the skirmish line at midnight, crawling carefully out to it with Captain ARCHMUTY, I found it within pistol shot of the enemy, who had established himself in front, on a ridge beyond, and who enfiladed my skirmish line from the left. Seeing this, I directed the brigade commander to draw his skirmishers closer and consolidate his command behind the stone wall. At daylight the enemy seeing my position opened with musketry, but failed to make any impression. BARTLETT's Brigade or Division of the Sixth Corps was now moved up to my right and rear toward *Trostle's house*.

When General MEADE had the disaster of SICKLES reported to him, he directed WILLIAMS' Division of Twelfth Corps (SLOCUM) from the extreme right, with

some troops from the First Corps (NEWTON, centre) to proceed at once to the *Round Tops*, which were reported *lost*, and to retake the ground. They were met with the report that we had already driven back the enemy, and they were ordered back to their own works, into which EARLY's troops had penetrated on *Culp's Hill*.

Meantime FISHER had moved with his brigade to the left, crossing the top of *Little Round Top* in rear of the batteries (WEED) and joining VINCENT's Brigade, now RICE's. The enemy under HOOD had endeavored to penetrate the gorge between *Round Top* and *Little Round Top*. HOOD's Division was on the extreme right of the Rebel line, and this attack was part of the general movement in following up the attack on SICKLES. HOOD was repulsed, and FISHER arrived with my Third Brigade just after the enemy had fallen back. We did not, at that moment, hold *Round Top proper*. The troops under FISHER and RICE faced toward it. About dusk an aide-de-camp from Colonel FISHER came to me with a report from the Colonel that the enemy were on *Round Top*, and asking permission to take it. I rode to the spot and met Colonel FISHER and gave him the order in person to take the hill. He and RICE moved up the hill in line of battle; the Twentieth Maine being deployed as skirmishers in their front. A few shots were fired, and a few stragglers of the enemy taken prisoners. Heavy breastworks were thrown up from the top of *Round Top*, down its slope and across the gorge toward *Little Round Top*.

Thus ended Thursday's fight on the left. The Sixth Corps, under SEDGWICK, had not participated, and were now massed in the rear of our left, now secure against attack.

OBSERVATIONS.

That the movement above described saved the *Round Tops* from seizure by the enemy, I have no doubt. That the enemy could and *would* have taken them is to me unquestionable, and because—

1. They were the key of our position, and it was his second attack upon them, and once in his possession our trains and depots at Westminster, were exposed to capture, and we would have been *obliged* to fall back.

2. Because our own troops, on and about the *Round Tops* (we had *none* on *Round Top proper*), were shaken by the repulse, and were not in a condition to resist unless the Sixth Corps could have been made available, and, even then, the enemy would have been in possession of the ridges before it could have been supported. The artillerists on *Little Round Top* had given

up hope of saving their guns, and were about moving their horses to the rear when my movement was made.

3. Night was so near that any repulse or disaster could not have been retrieved, and although we might have retaken the hill, it would have required daylight.

4. The question is not one of infinite probabilities, but *what force actually* repulsed the enemy. This has been shown above.

Friday, July 3.—After PICKETT's charge and attack and subsequent repulse, General MEADE, with WRIGHT, SEDGWICK and others, came to *Little Round Top*. Straggling Rebels were seen going toward their lines, which, on their extreme right, were still held by HOOD, whose troops held the woods on my left flank, as well as *Houck's Hill* in front of *Round Top*. His sharpshooters were so annoying, that no one could show themselves near any of the rocks on *Little Round Top*, without drawing their fire. Seeing my command in position near the stone wall, General MEADE asked whose it was. General SYKES replied that it was CRAWFORD's. General MEADE then directed that I should take my command and "clear those woods," pointing to the woods opposite to the Round Tops. Said he, "I do not know what force you may find there, but if you find they are too strong for you, you can come back." I joined the command and directed the movement. I moved the whole command to the right until it was parallel to the cross road skirting the wheat field. The moment the movement was begun, the enemy opened from a battery on the ridge, throwing grape and cannister. Fortunately the woods screened my command from view, and, under their cover, I detached a regiment to move cautiously toward the battery and throw forward skirmishers to control its fire, and if it should not be supported to charge upon it and take it. The regiment moved as directed, and after a few shots, the section, which was not supported, limbered up and fled. I then directed the brigade commander (Colonel McCANDLESS) to move forward in line of battle and clear the woods in his front. This order was sent by Captain LIVINGSTON, and in conveying it he had to pass over the most *exposed* part of the field. He conveyed it coolly amid the enemy's fire, and returned under the same fire to me. I did not expect he would escape. When McCANDLESS moved I directed General BARTLETT, who was ordered to support me, to advance two of his regiments to the stone wall, and to hold the position, while another regiment was sent toward *Trostle's House* to relieve the regiment previously sent to silence the battery on the crest. McCANDLESS moved into the woods, but inclined too much to his right, when I sent a staff

officer to change his direction. This was done, and changing front to rear, his men, with a loud shout, came upon the flank of a brigade of Hood's Division, who were entrenched in the woods on the left flank of my previous position and at *right angles* to it. After a short fight the enemy retreated, running over one of his own brigades, who were massed in the rear of the command, entrenched in the woods. They were in a deep hollow, perfectly protected and were supplying the sharpshooters at work on *Houck's Hill*, who were firing on the *Round Tops*. They ran without firing a shot, abandoning their arms, etc. Another brigade of Hood, under BENNING, who were further to the right, also hastily retreated. Hood's whole Division were by this movement surprised and driven from the field. The woods were cleared and the enemy retreated a mile distance, where he strongly entrenched himself.

Nearly 200 prisoners, 2 guns and 3 caissons, and over 7,000 stand of arms were recovered by this movement. Many of these arms belonged to our own men, and the Rebels had piled them in huge heaps, ready to burn them.

A question has arisen whether this was not the moment to move with a large force, from our left, upon LEE's shaken forces. The Sixth Corps were fresh and we could have sent a large body, and LEE's extended lines were very thin. (See HANCOCK's testimony before the "*Committee on the Conduct of the War*."

This closed my fighting at Gettysburg. On Sunday I went out with the skirmish line and found the enemy had retreated before day.

The conduct of Captain LIVINGSTON and of Captain AUCHMUTY was highly creditable to them. They were untiring in their efforts, and did very much to contribute to the success of my operations on both Thursday and Friday.

* * * * *

In an interview with the Rebel General J. B. Hood, of the late Confederate Army, and his Adjutant-General Colonel SELDEN, on December 2d 1866, Major-General S. W. CRAWFORD elicited the following facts in regard to the battle of Gettysburg.

Hood said he had early perceived the importance of the *Round Tops*, and had urged an attack upon the Union flank from the Rebel right; their forces to be massed in the plain, south of the *Round Tops*, on Thursday, July 2d, 1863. General LONGSTREET, however, his corps commander, would not assume the responsibility. This was early on Thursday. Again, after Hood was wounded in the general attack on SICKLES, Colonel SELDEN urged General LAW (who commanded Hood's Division, after Hood was wounded)

to push on to the Round Top, after McLaws' attack, but he, likewise, would not take the responsibility. He was afterwards reproved by LONGSTREET, who was entirely convinced of the importance of the movement. Colonel SELDEN was earnest in urging the occupancy of *Round Top*, on Thursday, and said that PICKETT's division would be up by night, and they would have plenty of men. It was ordered that McLaws should attack simultaneously with Hood. McLaws was slow, in fact he was an hour behind hand in coming to the field. McLaws' led LONGSTREET's Corps, and should have been on the right and in front. He was so slow in his movements that Hood was ordered to pass him, and thus was on the right of the whole Rebel Army. In the attack on SICKLES, McLAW did not attack until after Hood's repulse; in the latter's attempt to get between the *Round Tops*.

Hood's orders were for him to move up the *Emmettsburg Road* to cross it, and swing round, with right toward the *Round Tops*, and move towards *Gettysburg*. He, at once, explained the peril of so doing; that his right flank and rear would be very much exposed, if not positively endangered; but LONGSTREET insisted that this was the movement ordered by General LEE, and again directed it to be carried out. Hood then asked LONGSTREET to come in person and look at the position. He did so, and the order was then modified, so as to combine a direct attack upon the *Round Tops*. McLaws then drew back on Thursday evening, and retired beyond the Emmettsburg road.

On Friday, LAW, with part of his old brigade, JENNINGS' brigade, and ROBERTSON's brigade was in the woods, opposite to the *Round Tops*, beyond Houck's Hill. ANDERSON's brigade and the First Texas Regiment were down the *Emmettsburg Road* watching the Union cavalry, whither they were posted by Colonel SELDEN, the Adjutant-General of Hood's Division. There was no connection between this force and the main body in front of the *Round Tops*. The Union Cavalry came in on the left of the First Texas, and passed through their lines. RILEY now opened with his battery, which had no supports or force with it, and they were thrown into confusion.

Colonel SELDEN then detached the Second Georgia, which deployed and opened on the Union Cavalry; when they retreated.

Hood spoke of LEE, as saying, before *Gettysburg*, "The enemy (Union) are here and *if we do not whip him, he will whip us.*" Previous to this, his former confident assertion used to be "The enemy are here and *we must (or will) whip him.*" Hood spoke of the value of moving down the mountains to *Emmettsburg*,

as the movement the Rebels *should* have made, and was of opinion they should not have fought at *Gettysburg*. (The features of that battle-field prove that LEE, if he was the general, Rebels and sympathizers and panegyrists made him out to have been, was either not himself upon this occasion, or, as is most likely, one of the most over-estimated phantasms military annals describe.) Hoon's opinion as to moving on Emmettsburg, rather than fighting at Gettysburg, led to the remark of LEE, with which this paragraph opens. Never before had he shown such lack of confidence, or seemed to be so shaken in his conviction of what the result was to be. Hoon spoke of the Rebel attacks from EWELL's Corps on their right, along their whole line, as being like (the see-saw on the swing-tree, neither corps pulling together, or applying its force simultaneously) that of a *balky team*. (In this as in many other particulars, there is a great similarity to the French aggressive, &c., at Waterloo likewise in the respective attitudes of the Rebel and Union and the French and British armies). He said there was nothing done in unison. LONGSTREET, who did not wish to attack on Thursday until PICKETT came up, expressed exactly this want of military simultaneousness when he said, "He did not want to walk with one boot off?"

Captain RICHARD TYLDEN AUCHMUTY, mentioned in General CRAWFORD's narrative, was one of the most distinguished staff officers who emerged from civil life to discharge the duties of a soldier. In 1861-'2, particularly during McCLELLAN's "Campaign on the Peninsula," he served on the staff of Major-General MORRELL. At *Chancellorsville*, 1863, he was attached to the Staff of General GRIFFIN, but was among those at the Chancellorsville House, during the hottest fire, by which the Commanding General suffered so severely. At Gettysburg, and whenever and wherever he was on duty, in the field, his conduct was unexceptionable. Brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel United States Volunteers, for distinguished service, he only left the Army when the Rebellion was subdued. He is the grand-nephew of the famous Sir SAMUEL AUCHMUTY, who distinguished himself in the British Campaign against Buenos Ayres in 1806-'7, when he captured Monte Video, and by his ability redeemed the incapacity of his superior, General WHITELOCK. Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel AUCHMUTY's father was a Captain of Marines in the United States Naval service, and, among other cruises, was in the Mediterranean in 1816, when CHAUNCY dictated terms to the Dey of Algiers. As Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel RICHARD TYLDEN AUCHMUTY was born and brought up at

the country seat now owned by JOHNSTON LIVINGSTON, Esq., next south of Tivoli, he may be claimed as another one of those sons of Red Hook, who did honor to their birth-place by their patriotism and military conduct, and, as such, he is entitled to this notice in an Address dedicated to the soldiers of that town, whose exploits are the pride and property of its citizens, especially of the "immediate neighborhood" of TIVOLI and MADALIN.

NOTE 6 TO PAGE 25, 7TH LINE FROM BOTTOM, TEXT,
128TH N. N. V.

On the 12th of August, 1862, a War Meeting was held at the village of Madalin, which resulted in mustering in nineteen Volunteers, of a better class than those who generally respond, upon the spot, to an invitation to enlist.

Their names, worthy of commemoration, are as follows. They are set down in the order in which they offered themselves to their country:

1. BENJAMIN H. COOPER, 19, Tivoli, a highly intelligent and active youth (educated at General DE PEYSTER's Free School), whose acquirements soon led to his detail, although against the promptings of his spirit, to Bureau Service.

2. GEO. A. NORCUTT, 18, Tivoli, who evinced upon all occasions, a d especially before *Port Hudson*, a gallantry of the highest type. See pages 40-41.

3. JEWIS W. CASHDOLLAR, 19, Tivoli. He was with his regiment at Port Hudson, on the Red River, and in the Shenandoah Valley. In the charge of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth upon the Louisiana Tigers, in which the Rebel General YORK lost his right arm, he was hit at the upper edge of the middle third of the right leg. The ball penetrated six inches along the fibula bone, thence to the tibia, and descended to the ankle joint. A portion of the lead was found in his shoe, and the same shot knocked off the heel. He lay on the field until 7 p. m., and was six hours in the hands of the Rebels. They did nothing for him except to give him a drink of water. This was little enough, since they stole his canteen, pantaloons and shoes. Finally two dismounted United States cavalrymen came along and gave him their shelter tents, but left him. Afterwards he saw HUGH McGUIRE, One Hundred and Fifty-sixth N. Y. V., from Saugerties, just opposite Tivoli, with whom he was well acquainted. McGUIRE stopped three other soldiers and the four carried him a mile and a half from the battle-ground to the Sixth Corps Field Hospital. The surgeons, at this point, would have nothing to do with CASHDOLLAR, as he belonged to the Nineteenth Corps. McGUIRE and a Dr. McLAWRY, of the

One Hundred and Fifty-sixth, then put CASHDOLLAR in an ambulance, which transported him to the Sixth Corps Hospital, four miles further on. Here CASHDOLLAR refused to be taken out, as he wanted to get on to his own surgeon, Dr. ANDREWS, of Poughkeepsie. He lay in the ambulance from 8 to 11 p. m. He was then driven 3 miles to the Nineteenth Corps Hospital, which he reached about midnight. Next day, about 11 a. m., his leg was amputated below the knee; about 5 p. m. he came to, from the effects of chloroform; at 6 p. m. he was put in an ambulance and driven nine miles to Winchester. On the way thither secondary hemorrhage came on; the stump had to be cut open and the arteries again taken up. At Winchester the accommodations for the sick were very defective in the way of sinks. A soldier shot through the hips, fell, from want of attention on the part of his nurses, and in falling, to save himself, caught CASHDOLLAR's stump and burst the flap, so that the bone protruded three inches. The surgeons had to cut or rasp the edge of the bone off and allow the rest to slough. From Winchester, CASHDOLLAR was transferred to Martinsburgh; thence, in a *Cattle* car, to Baltimore; thence to Philadelphia; thence to Chester, Penn., to receive his discharge. This seems to be a wonderful case of endurance and recuperative power, and attests a constitution such as few possess.

4 JNO. H. HAGAR, 23, Madalin, mentioned at length in Address. See pages 16†, 26-9, 36, 43, &c.

5. GEO. F. SIMMONS, 24, Madalin, the subject of particular notice in Address. See pages 40-1, 49 &c.

6. SAMUEL SIMMONS, 25, Tivoli, rejected for constitutional defects.

7. LEWIS SIMMONS, 16, Madalin.

8. MONTGOMERY FINGER, 18, Madalin (a pupil of General DE PEYSTER's Free School), a bright youth, but a victim to inflammatory rheumatism, who, although incapable of much field service, was of great use as a clerk in the hospital.

9. HENRY A. BRUNDAGE, 27, Madalin, a coolly brave, solid soldier, and a worthy citizen. See page 71.

10 JAMES DOYLE, 23, Tivoli.

11. GEORGE WARRINGER, Madalin, rejected for constitutional defects.

12. ROBERT RECTOR, 28, Tivoli.

13. PETER MOORE, 18, Madalin.

14. GILBERT DEDERICK, 19, Upper Red Hook.

15. ALBERT COLE, 20, Tivoli.

16. DANIEL NEENAN, 35, Tivoli. His comrades do not endorse his record.

17. PETER WYER or DWYER, 26, Tivoli, killed at Winchester. See page 71.

18. AUGUSTUS GOEBEL, 21, Madalin.

19. JOHN VAN ETEN, 47, Upper Red Hook ; died at Savannah. See pages 61-62.

20. GEORGE W. MINKLER (nicknamed Lieutenant JUDGE), 18, Madalin, a cool, gallant fellow. See page 46.

21. WILLIAM HOVER, 23, Madalin, a gallant soldier, badly wounded in the left arm at Fisher's Hill, under SHERIDAN.

22. JOHN EMORY COLE, 23, Madalin.

23. ROBERT M. HARRIS, 21. The Volunteers from Tivoli and Madalin say he did not muster in with the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth ; must have been in some other regiment.

With the exception of No. 23, all these enlisted under Acting Company Commandant JOHNSTON LIVINGSTON DE PEYSTER, aged 15-16 (now Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel United States Volunteers and New York Volunteers), at this time a pupil of the Highland Military College, established on West Point principles and plan.

NOTE 6, TO FOOT NOTE * PAGE 25.

(*Lieutenant JOHN MCGILL, Sergeant T. B. PAULMIER, and Corporal PETER W. FUNK, 150th Regt., N. Y. Vols.*)

[These sketches are printed almost verbatim from the original manuscripts furnished by the individuals to whom they relate. The only material changes made were from the first to the third person.]

JOHN MCGILL, born in the town of Red Hook, in 1836 enlisted, aged 25, as private, Oct. 1st, 1862, in the 150th N. Y. V., and was assigned to Co. F., Capt. JOHN L. GREEN. The 150th, ordered off Oct. 11th, reached Baltimore, Oct. 13th, 1862. Here, Oct. 15th, MCGILL was appointed third Sergeant, Co. F. The 150th lay in camp in Baltimore, during the winter of 1862, and spring of 1863. January 1st, 1863, Mr. MCGILL, together with three Corporals and twelve privates, was detached from the Regiment, and stationed at Locust Point, Md., to guard the Government Warehouse and Railroad, where he remained two months. While there, he reported that no fault could be found with the behavior of the men, and that he had reason to be grateful for the strict performance of their duties, by corporals FUNK, PAULMIER and OSTRANDER of Red Hook, who did all in their power to discharge every duty assigned to them. Feb. 26th, 1863, this detachment was recalled. Lieut. BOWMAN, Co. F., acting Provost-Marshall; Sergeant MCGILL commanding Provost guard consisting of Corporal OSTRANDER and thirteen privates, next proceeded to Westminster, Md. There they found themselves in the midst of an "Order of the Knights of the Golden Circle," backed

by numerous Rebel sympathizers; likewise deserters. The men of the 150th, besides doing other duty, arrested many of the above and took them to Baltimore, for trial. With four men, MCGILL was then ordered back to Westminster, to take possession of a Palmetto flag at the house of one Dr. SHOWER. Placing two guards at each door, despite a crowd gathering around he entered the house of Dr. SHOWER, and searched for the flag, which he found, up stairs, hidden in a barrel. As the sympathizers swore the flag ought not to be carried off, MCGILL expected every minute an attack from the exasperated crowd. Nevertheless, after numerous adventures, he succeeded in getting back to his main post, with the captured flag. June 30th, this post was attacked by Genl. STEWART's forces, when that Rebel general made his raid into Maryland with 7,000 men. In the place (*Westminster?*) was Capt. CORBETT, commanding sixty of the First Delaware cavalry. Beside MCGILL's detachment, these constituted the whole garrison. CORBETT made a gallant charge on STEWART's advance cavalry, belonging to the First Virginia Horse. MCGILL attacked the Rebels from behind buildings and drove them twice; but, being surrounded by a large force, the loyal garrison was taken prisoner. Of the Federals two were killed and seven wounded. The Rebels lost one captain and two lieutenants killed, and had seventeen men wounded. The Rebels then marched their prisoners, through Pennsylvania, to Hanover, in that State. At this place, being attacked by the Union forces, the Rebels compelled their prisoners to form in line of battle to support one of their own batteries.

While apparently supporting the battery, they were shelled by KILPATRICK's guns. MCGILL said, "Boys we will not support that battery any longer." The Rebels then tried to compel them to serve against their own people, but the loyal prisoners would not, and required about fifty paces. Then KILPATRICK attacked the Rebels and drove them. The loyal prisoners were next marched 118 miles to Dover, Penna., without provisions or shoes; in fact the Rebels gave them neither victuals nor drink. After this they were paroled by General STEWART and sent to camp Paoli, Westminster, Penna. Here they remained ten days, when MCGILL was ordered to report back to Westminster, to perform Provost duty again. Promoted Second Sergeant, Co. F., he remained there until Aug. 27th, when he was ordered to join his regiment, 150th and did so about September 1st, at Kelly's Ford; marched thence to the Raccoon Ford; thence to Brandy Station; thence the regiment took transportation for Stevenson, Alabama. It lay there a short

time and then was sent back to Normandy, Tennessee, where it lay during the winter, doing garrison duty and suffering extremely from the cold.

From Normandy, McGILL was detailed to go North for recruits. Together with Capt. COGSWELL, he remained home seventeen days, and then was ordered back to his regiment, which he rejoined May 23d at Cassville, Georgia. The 150th marched May 24th and took part next day, 25th, in the battle of Dallas, in which the 150th suffered severely. The 150th also participated in the battles of Pine Knob, June 14th, Culp's Farm, June 22d., Marietta, July 4th, Chattahoochee River, July 7-17th.

Within two miles of Atlanta, a general engagement ensued which resulted in driving and confining the Rebels within their inner works. July 29th McGILL was promoted to Orderly Sergeant, vice RYAN, died of sickness. The 150th lay there under fire about six weeks, and then fell back again to the Chattahoochee Sept. 1st, Atlanta having capitulated to SHERMAN, the 150th was the second regiment to enter the city. After its rest at Atlanta the army started Nov. 13th-15th for Savannah. During the whole march, the 150th was engaged in only one skirmish, at *Sandersville* Ga., (Nov. 25th) with WHEELER's cavalry until the army reached Ten Mile Fort, near Savannah. The brigade to which the 150th belonged having formed in line of battle in a rice swamp to charge on the fort, the Rebels let the water in upon them, nearly drowning the Union soldiers. Corporal FUNK, being short of stature, had to swim for his life. The 150th then changed position by the left flank, charged the fort, drove the Rebels and captured all their guns and ammunition. While lying before Savannah, the 150th Regiment, together with the rest of the 2d Brigade, 1st Division, 20th Corps, was sent to Askill's Island to gather rice, the men being in a starving condition, since they had nothing but rice to eat. This they had themselves to pound out of the hulls, hardly getting enough to sustain life. During the whole time the 2d Brigade was on this island, it was subjected to a continued fire from the Rebel gun-boats. The 2d Brigade then crossed over to the Carolina shore and formed with both wings resting on the river, having the Rebel skirmishers in their front and gun-boats in their rear. The 2d Brigade held its position until Savannah was evacuated, when it was ordered to report to Corps Headquarters in that city. The 150th crossed and re-crossed, followed up by the Rebel skirmishers. It was on this occasion, while subjected to a flank fire from the Rebels, that Colonel KETCHAM, now Brevet Major-General and Member of Congress, was wounded, while riding along the line, giving

orders. Colonel KETCHAM continued to command until he had to be carried off the field. He was succeeded by Major (now Brevet-Brigadier-General) ALFRED B. SMITH. The 150th finally reached Savannah and continued there doing general guard duty until January 11th. After this it crossed the river into South Carolina, having a skirmish with the enemy at Robertsville. From that time up to the date of the battle of Averysboro, N. C. the 150th had no fighting, but plenty of privation and hard work. During its long and arduous march, it built miles of corduroy roads, swam or waded numbers of swamps and rivers, living upon the country. The boys subsisted by their own foraging and through the foraging of SHERMAN'S "Bummers;" some days getting lots of good things, and then again coming down to corn meal. At length after numerous adventures and accidents, with the help of God and through the management of General SHERMAN, the Union Army reached Averysboro, where the Rebels mustered courage enough to attack the Loyal forces.

They had just gone into camp and settled for the night, when orders came to fall in and march about eight miles to support KILPATRICK. Wading through mud up to the arm-pits—some of the boys going all under—the 150th reached KILPATRICK about midnight and went into action at daylight. The 150th fought all day in the rain and drove the enemy two miles. Thence the 150th proceeded to Bentonville, where it arrived March 19th, 1865. Here a general engagement ensued. The Rebels were routed in all quarters and finally driven from the field. Thence the march was resumed, and the 150th eventually arrived at Goldsboro, in a pitiful condition. The men were without shoes or hats, and the majority had nothing on but drawers, or one leg of a pair of pantaloons, without rations, tired out and hungry indeed. At Goldsboro the 150th was re-fed and re-clothed, and as the boys said, "they felt themselves again new men." Here McGILL was promoted for meritorious conduct to 2d Lieutenant.

Thence the army marched to Raleigh; near this, at Jones's Cross Roads, JOHNSTON surrendered much to the joy of the men and of the nation, for (as McGILL concluded the letter from which these facts are derived) "if he had kept on to Texas I might not have been spared to write you the above simple narrative of my share of duty assigned me, in the 150th N. Y., Vols.,—always from one promotion to another winning the esteem and approval of my superior officers, and endeavoring (conscientiously) to fill whatever capacity I was placed in."

Corporal PETER W. FUNK, born in Red Hook, enlisted in the One Hundred and Fiftieth N. Y. V. at the age of eighteen, was assigned August 28th 1862, to Company F.; joined it at Poughkeepsie, and was there appointed Corporal, Company F. The regiment left October 11th, arrived at Baltimore, October 13th, and went into *Camp Millington*, thence to *Camp Badger*, near *Birch Hill Park*, where they put up a new barracks during the winter of '62 and '63. It lay there until it was ordered to join the Army of the Potomac, on its march to *Gettysburg*, and joined it at *Monocacy Bridge*. The One Hundred and Fiftieth continued with the army until within two days' march of *Gettysburg*. There the men of the One Hundred and Fiftieth were ordered to leave their knapsacks by the side of the road and proceed on to *Gettysburg*, where they could already hear the roar of the artillery; reached the battle-field about noon, July 2d, and lay as reserve in a stubble field. They were finally ordered up, towards night, to retake two pieces of artillery. They did so and then fell back again, lying all night on their arms. The next day, July 3d, they were ordered into the engagement. They participated throughout the battle, and came out scot free, and began chasing *LEE*, and chased him to *Williamsport*, but did not catch him; thence to *Warrenton Junction*, and finally to *Kelly's Ford*, thence to *Raccoon Ford*, thence to *Brandy Station*. From this last place the One Hundred and Fiftieth proceeded by rail to *Stevenson, Ala.*; thence to *Nor-mandy, Tenn.*, doing garrison duty until the following April, 1864. Then the One Hundred and Fiftieth started on the Atlanta Campaign. FUNK participated in the engagement at *Resaca*. Here our "Boys in Blue" defeated the Rebels, as they did also at *Dallas*, *Culp's Farm*, *Pine Knob*, *Kennesaw Mountain*, *Peach Tree Creek*, and in the general engagements, around Atlanta, July 22d, giving them cause to always remember member *SHERMAN*, and his fighting men from the Army of the Potomac. They then resumed their march for *Savannah*, arrived before that city, and from that time forward participated in all the marches and battles and privations which are related in Lieutenant JOHN MCGILL's narrative, ever doing their whole duty; always thinking of home and loved ones there; often desponding, heart-sick, weary, worn-out, only kept alive by the prospects of a speedy termination of the war. Thus, ever hoping, ever watching, at last, the One Hundred and Fiftieth, with the others, received the reward in the final surrender of JOE JOHNSTON's forces, the closing of the war, the march homewards and arrival there. The reception of the One Hundred and Fiftieth by the people of *Duchess County* was a fitting one from a grateful people to its

brave sons, who had gone forth to battle for a nation's rights. All their hardships were now forgotten. With their armor and arms, the men of the One Hundred and Fiftieth lay aside all remembrances of their troubles and grievances.

In the narratives of Lieutenant MCGILL and Corporal FUNK, the language of their autographs was followed wherever it was sufficiently clear to need no change to make it so. In the account of Sergeant PAULMIER, it became necessary to re-model completely, since his remarks were too severe for this book. In fact, throughout, it is matter of regret that all strictures were not discarded and although they were not, with rare exception, those of the speaker and compiler, still it is to be regretted that they were not omitted, and, even softened as they have been, had the pages been printed otherwise than they were, disjointedly, and piece by piece, the strictures, referred to, would have been left out altogether.

J. W. de P.

THOMAS B. PAULMIER, a citizen of Red Hook, aged thirty-one, by occupation a painter, volunteered in the One Hundred and Fiftieth N. Y. V., Company F, commanded by Captain JOHN L. GREEN. August 26th, 1862, he was appointed Corporal; March 1863, Color-Corporal; June 27th, on the march to Gettysburg, Color-Sergeant BRANDT, having been taken sick or otherwise incapacitated. PAULMIER received and carried the State Color. In the battle, July 2d, p.m., when the One Hundred and Fiftieth and First Maryland were ordered to advance, re-take two pieces of artillery, and re-establish their lines, which they did, PAULMIER volunteered to carry the County (U. S.?) Colors (the bearer having given out), which, during the two days' fight, were torn in fourteen pieces by bullets. "The boys all behaved manfully, sustaining the good name with which they left home." While chasing LEE, PAULMIER was taken sick, but still clinging to his colors until they reached *Kelly's Ford*, when he was forced to give up and go into the hospital at Washington. Thence he was "sent home to vote for LINCOLN." After election he was transferred to David's Island, N. Y. Harbor, where he acted for one year as Ward-Master; thence to Bedloe's Island, where he acted for five months as Commissary's Clerk. In January, 1865, he re-joined his regiment, at Savannah; marched with it through the Carolinas, up to the date of JOHNSTON's surrender, and until it was mustered out at Poughkeepsie. Sergeant PAULMIER claims for himself (as a representative of Red Hook), the credit of having carried our County

(country, i.e. U. S ?) Colors into its first battle, *Gettysburg*, and bringing them out with honor, although Sergeant SMALLEY of Company G, received the name. Lieutenant MCGILL mentions him as a good, brave, and reliable soldier.

HISTORY OF THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH REGIMENT N. Y. VOL. INF.

NOTE 8. NOTE TO PAGE 31, LINE 10, 150TH N. Y.V.

The 150th was mustered into the service October 11th, 1862. It arrived in Baltimore, Md., on the 13th, and early in November was put on guard duty in that city, subject to all the temptations of a populous and busy seaport. It required the utmost vigilance to maintain discipline. In December, 1862 it was sent on an expedition to Adamstown, near Monocacy Junction, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. This movement, intended to check an expected Rebel raid, occupied about one week. The troops on their return to the city resumed their former guard duty.

On the 25th day of June, 1863, the regiment moved with the 1st Maryland-Potomac-Home-Brigade. General LOCKWOOD, U. S. A., in command, to join the Army of the Potomac. It reached Monocacy Bridge, near Frederick City on the 28th, and joined the 12th Corps forming a part of 3d Brigade 1st Division of that Corps, commanded by General ALPHEUS S. WILLIAMS. General ALFRED B. SMITH says, A. S. WILLIAMS commanded the 12th Corps; Brigadier-General THOMAS H. RUGER, the 1st Division; and General LOCKWOOD the 2d Brigade. This Corps reached Gettysburg, Pa., on the morning of the 2d July, and supported the 3d Corps during the day. When on the afternoon of that day the 3d Corps was pressed hard and forced back, the 1st Division, 12th Corps, drove the Rebels and the 150th captured two cannon, and participated with much credit in the general engagement of the next day the 3d. The 150th had 8 killed and 40 wounded in this action, and withstood, behind frail works, the furious attack which EWELL, the successor to STONEWALL JACKSON, made upon their left on that terrible day of conflict. Many of the men went into that fight bare-footed. The light boots, appropriate to guard duty in Baltimore, had given out, and Major SMITH testifies that he saw many a rock marked with the blood of lacerated feet. With scarcely an exception, men and officers did their duty well; all were eager for the fight. The long and tedious march after this battle is well known. The 12th had the reputation of being one of the most active corps in the army. It remained as rear guard one day near the scene of con-

flict, and then with marches of 30, 28, and 27 miles per day, reached the vicinity of Williamsport. Major SMITH of the 150th was on picket the night the Rebels crossed the river, and with his brigade picket made an advance on the Rebel lines, driving them half a mile, and was thus enabled to discover the retreat of the enemy. Upon that very report a general advance was ordered. The army marched down to Harper's Ferry, and crossed the Potomac there, pursuing LEE, and keeping him west of the mountains; thence marched to the Rappahannock river. There it lay a month with a sick list averaging from 100 to 250 per day. The disease was typho-malarial fever, but through the excellent care and experience of its noble surgeon, Dr. C. N. CAMPBELL, of Dutchess county, it lost but very few men. Two officers, Lieutenants MARSHALL and WELLING, both of the same Company, C, and both from the town of Pleasant Valley (where their fathers now reside, and where their bodies now lie buried), died of this disease. MARSHALL was sent to the hospital at Washington and died there. WELLING stuck to his post and went with the regiment to the far West, retaining the command of his company until the 150th reached the far-famed Tullahoma, one of the scenes of ROSECRANS's glory, the Thermopylæ (of BRAGG), of Tennessee. There, at length, worn out, he died, a true hero. None nobler ever fell on the battle-field!

The regiment reached the place of winter quarters, Normandy, Tennessee, about the 1st of November, after having twice marched over the Cumberland Mountains to take part in the advance on Chattanooga. Twice the Rebels cut the road behind them, and the 1st Division, General A. S. WILLIAMS was ordered back to protect the road. The winter passed most tediously in the discharge of guard duty, watching the railroad, and hunting Guerrillas. Once they were sent down into Lincoln County and collected \$35,000 out of the Rebel farmers and property holders. \$10,000 of this was paid to each of the families of three Western soldiers who had been cruelly murdered in that vicinity. On their return to Tullahoma the band of robbers who had been prowling around them killed M. E. ODELL, of Rhinebeck, Company F, 150th, and GEORGE LOVELACE, of Stanford, Company C, 150th. Through the efforts of Colonel KETCHAM the balance of the money (\$5,000), was procured and assigned for their families and, was sent home to be paid to them. While on the railroad the 150th could procure no sanitary supplies, as all trains ran through without stopping, and all were effected by the scurvy, badly. When spring opened, this terrible disease had a hold, to some extent, on

every man and officer in the regiment. On the 25th of April, 1864, the 150th commenced its march, for the last time, for the front. On the 1st of May it reached Chattanooga, and on the 5th, at Buzzard Roost and Tunnel Hill, 25 miles south of Chattanooga, the Du hess Boys first took part in that fighting which was going on either in the form of a skirmish or a battle, in front of our advancing army, until the 1st of September, when the army left Atlanta. The campaign was most vigorous, and with the exception of two days rest at Cassville, Ga., there was not an hour of the day or the night that did not ring with it, like the tick of the death watch, the sound of the bursting shell and the whistling bullet. The order was "advance" all day skirmishing and fighting, and "build a line of works," before resting at night; thus liberating the second line for flanking.

On the 15th of May, 1864, the battle of Resaca was fought. At first the 150th was advanced in the 2d line; but as soon as the intrenchments of the enemy were reached, and they opened upon the 150th, this regiment was ordered to a hill on the extreme left in the front line, to hold it and prevent a flank movement of the enemy. At the time it took up this position there was quite an interval between the 150th and the remainder of the line. The importance of the position was evident; so, with permission from the Brigade Commander, the 150th constructed a rude pile of rails and logs into a breastwork, and to this little precaution we owe the success of that day. No troops, unprotected, could have held the position under the terrible assault of a whole Rebel division which came upon them in a few moments. Never did a Rebel column advance in better order than did those eight regiments, in double column, closed in mass. They wheeled in the open field in front of the 15th, and then moved upon it. At 300 yards the 150th opened, and 40 Rebel dead immediately strewed the ground. The assailants retired a short distance and then opened a most vigorous fire, making a pepper-box of the house upon the hill, in which the 150th was posted; beautifully mowing down the weeds in the garden in front, and splintering the rails by which it was protected. In this battle the 150th had none killed, but 9 were wounded, all of whom but one, it is reported, died, for some special reason, of the injuries received.

On the 25th of May, 1864, at Dallas or New Hope Church, the 150th had another desperate fight. The Boys marched up to within 150 yards of the well-built works of the Rebels, put eight of their cannon in chancery, and held the position till midnight, when they were relieved. This was accomplished notwith-

standing a veteran regiment of our brigade, on the right, broke and went to the rear, early in the fight, leaving one flank entirely uncovered. This test satisfied the men of the 150th that they would obey orders and stand to the last extremity. In this action the "Boys in Blue" were without the least protection, and had 8 killed and 42 wounded. Every day from this time on, some one, two or three of the regiment were hit. The 22d day of June, 1864, was marked by another desperate encounter in which the 150th bore a most conspicuous part. This was called the battle of Culp's Farm, south of Kenesaw Mountains. Three regiments, assisted by the guns of three batteries, withstood the charge, in four lines, of the Rebel General STEPHENSON's whole division. Here, as at Resaca, the 150th had thrown down an old rail fence, zig-zag a moment previous, but quickly straightened by pulling in the corners and letting it fall in a windrow of rails. In single line, behind this, the 150th, without any support, expended 225 rounds of ammunition per man. Lieutenant HENRY GRIDLEY, of Wassaic, in the town of Amenia, fell in this fight, and 10 were wounded. GRIDLEY was one of the best officers in the service, and was beloved by all. It was remarked that it was doubtful if he had his superior in rectitude of character. On the 20th of July, 1864, at Peach Tree Creek, the 150th was in another severe fight. There the Rebel General Hood, newly assigned to command in place of JOE JOHNSTON, threw his whole army on the 20th Corps, and was repulsed. While in front of Atlanta, August, 1864, Lieutenant JOHN SWEET, of the town of Beekman, Company G, died of chronic diarrhoea, in the field hospital. After the fall of Atlanta the 150th worked busily at fortifying it until it was decided to start for the Sea. The command of the regiment then devolved upon Major, now Brevet Brigadier-General, ALFRED B. SMITH, of Poughkeepsie. This was on the 15th of October, and, from that time forward, he commanded it all the time except one day at Savannah, when General KETCHAM came back, and was almost immediately wounded, in South Carolina. The march of SHERMAN commenced at Atlanta, November 15th, 1864. The incidents of this march are too well known to need repetition here. On the 10th of December, 1864, SHERMAN captured and entered Savannah, which, in his emphatic language, he presented, with its enormous spoils, as a Christmas gift to the loyal nation.

Throughout this march strict discipline was observed in the 150th. Attendance to the hourly roll calls on the march was a capital measure and kept up the discipline. On the 17th of January, 1865, the Union

army left Savannah. No line of battle opposed the 150th in the once arrogant but now well-whipped Palmetto State. Moving on homeward the boys had made but a short journey in North Carolina when they met the enemy at Averysboro, N. C. They lost largely in this fight, among them our esteemed brother officer, Lieutenant DAVID B. SLAUGHT, of La Grange, killed leading his company in the last battle of the war. Goldsborough was reached on the 24th of March, and Raleigh on the 12th of April, 1864. On the 30th of April the 150th left the capital of North Carolina, and by the way of Richmond, on the 20th of May, 1865, defiled through Washington.

Thus has been presented a brief outline of the history of the 150th Regiment. Brief, indeed, but glorious, much more glorious, however, had time and space permitted full justice to a subject so worthy of attention. Incidents of personal heroism were abundant in the course of the regiment's varied career, but we shall relate but one. HENRY L. STONE of New-York City (originally belonging to the 145th N. Y. V., whence he was assigned to the 150th in January 1864), was struck with a piece of a shell while making breastworks in front of Pine Knob, Georgia. The ragged piece of the missile tore out his bowels. The lacerated fragments were gathered together, and his comrades laid him down a short distance to the rear to die. He said, "Major, will you call the Colonel?" Major SMITH did so. Said he, "Colonel, have I been a good soldier?" "Yes," was KETCHAM's reply, "Henry, you have done your duty." Poor, dying STONE answered, "I am glad to hear you say that, Colonel. My work is done. Tell my mother how I did my duty. Call around me my comrades of Company A." They came. "Boys," said the dying patriot, "My work is done. Stand by that old flag! I gave my life for it! I am glad to do it! Boys stand by that old flag!" He died shortly afterwards.

There were, as near as can be learned, about 135 deaths in the regiment from wounds and sickness. There were 1,200 on the rolls (all told, recruits and original members), and 501 came home with Major, now Brevet Brigadier-General SMITH. It has been said that there was not a better regiment in the service. It did its whole duty. No stain was attached to its character. It was never compelled to retire an inch before a foe. Its colors always advanced. Its commanders might well be proud to have been members of it. It was favored as a regiment, wrote Brevet Brigadier-General SMITH, in not being under drunken, inefficient, or reckless officers. The first care of Colonel KETCHAM was to save his men, and every

officer was on hand to do his whole duty. Twelve officers of the Regiment were absent detached from the Regiment on staff duty, at the time the war closed. It became the remark that the 150th had more officers detailed on staff duty than any other regiment in the brigade.

NOTE 9 TO PAGE 45, LINE 25—"NEGRO" (TROOPS.)

Brevet Major-General J. WATTS DE PEYSTER (S. N. Y.) thinks that he can show that he was the first to suggest the idea of raising Colored Regiments to assist in suppressing the "Slaveholders' Rebellion,"—at all events the first who published such a proposition in a newspaper. In an article "PHYSICAL STRENGTH (of the North and South) COMPARED"—one of a series on similar subjects—which appeared in the *Poughheepsie Eagle* and neighboring prints in the winter of 1859-1860, when different far-sighted men looked upon a contest as unavoidable and near-at-hand in consequence of the arrogant menace contained usurpations and unprincipled doctrines and action of the South the following paragraph occurs: "Again, in case that the South (Private MSS. Opinions, Records and Notices, Vol. 1, No. 25, page 45,) should undertake to compel the North into respecting the Federal compact as understood by her own men, enough (Free-soil) citizen soldiers could be mobilized and sent into the field—without the Free States feeling the drain—to meet at least one-half of her disposable force; all that the South could advance, as she would need the other half to meet the enemy (a terrible one) within her own borders. Moreover, the Southern climate is hardly more destructive to Northern visitants than it is to its own children. No regiment withered away under the effect of hardship and privations in the Mexican war so fast as did the truly gallant South Carolina contingent. Nor would it be foreign to this consideration to refer to the ease with which regiments of *acclimated mixed races* could be organized under Northern officers, in case that the industrial requirements of the North should indicate that her *white* males were more valuable as operatives in the ranks of peaceful productiveness than as combatants in the armies of destruction.

To sum up this portion of the subject, it would be well for the South to remember that three servile wars shook the Roman Republic, a republic of soldiers, to its foundation; and that St. Domingo swallowed up one of the finest and strongest armies which France ever sent from her shores, and acquired its independence despite the efforts of one of the most war-like empires and mighty warriors by which the world has ever been accursed.

Finally, Governor Wise's threat of pursuing with an army, invaders of the sacred soil of Virginia, into those neighboring Northern States, in which they might take refuge, and of invading the non-slaveholding States and even Canada, at the head of a hundred thousand of the chivalry of Virginia, for the extirpation of Abolitionists, calls to mind an anecdote related by an aged, but highly influential, Christian gentleman occupying a prominent position in one of our Northern cities, whom sickness compelled to visit the Virginia Springs. This was some years ago, when the South was not quite so violent as it is now, yet violent enough in all conscience. One day, while here, a young man, of good family, remarked that if the anti-slavery men of New-York did not take care, an army of twenty or thirty thousand high-spirited citizens of his State (Virginia) would pay them a visit some morning and punish them at home. To which the New-Yorker quietly replied that if such a number came to New York and behaved themselves peaceably, they would, no doubt, be kindly received and hospitably treated, but that if they came there riotously disposed, there were plenty of roughs in the streets who would doubtless give them a reception in every way appropriate to their high anticipations.

Subsequently, in an Annual Address, delivered October 20, 1863, before the VERMONT STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, in the Hall of Representatives, Capitol, Montpelier, entitled "*Secession in Switzerland and the United States Compared:*" General DE PEYSTER remarked (page 10, pamphlet) in connection with the comparative non-productiveness of the drafts:

"Through the ill-judged interference of rich communities or associations, the administration is not drawing the expected reinforcements from the draft just concluded. That so many citizens are unwilling to fight out, with their own arms, the great battle of freedom, but are willing to confide it to another race, and hireling hands, is unworthy of a free people, and teeming with mischief, if no remedy is at hand and applicable.

"I particularly allude to the organization of a disproportion te number of blacks. Their undue augmentation is pregnant with evil, if not restricted within reasonable limits. Not that I am opposed to negro regiments. Far from it, since *I believe I was the first, in print, to suggest their organization.* But I am opposed to a negro army outnumbering that composed of whites. *Carthage, Venice, Holland* relied upon mercenaries to maintain their policy within, extend their area without, and fight even for their independence. *Rome's mobilized militia* burned Car-

thage; the native armies of France seized Venice and handed her over to Austria as a prey; and Holland dictated to by Prussia and England—(the latter as false to the United Provinces as she has proved to the United States.) stooped her free neck to the yoke of royalty; stooped it to be abased a second time and plundered in 1830—1—despite their own solemn guarantees, by England and France just as England and France would like to dismember, plunder and humiliate us. The rough edge of the work may be taken off by our black auxiliaries, but the finishing touches must be put on by ourselves, by our white brethren.”

CAPTAIN AUGUSTUS BARKER.

NOTE 10 TO PAGE 71.

The incidents in connection with his death are as follows: On the 16th of September, 1863, his regiment the Fifth New York Volunteer Cavalry, had moved from Hartwood Church and crossed to the southern side of the Rappahannock. Captain Barker was left behind in charge of the troops, picketing the river, and on the 17th, while on the march to rejoin his regiment, as he was riding with a single man some distance in front of the column, he was fired upon by Guerrillas concealed in the adjoining wood. Two balls took effect, one in the right side, and the other in the left breast, each inflicting a mortal wound. He was immediately carried to the house of Mr. HARRIS FREEMAN, near Mount Holly Church, about one mile from Kelly's Ford. From this gentleman and his family the dying soldier received the most tender attentions. Everything in their power was done to alleviate his sufferings, but without avail; he survived his wounds only twelve hours, dying at half-past one on the morning of September 18th. Sergeant McMULLEN, of his company, remained with him until he expired, and then saw him buried just in the rear of FREEMAN's house. The grave was marked, and the body subsequently disinterred and brought back to New York.

The funeral of Captain AUGUSTUS BARKER took place from St. Peter's Church, Albany, at 3 p. m., Saturday afternoon, and was largely attended. The funeral cortège consisted of a detachment of the Twenty-fifth Regiment, the City Volunteers, Captain MARSHAL, preceded by SHREIBER's Band. The remains of the gallant officer were deposited in the Cemetery, October 10, 1863.

Captain AUGUSTUS BARKER was with Brigadier-General E. H. STROUGHTON when he was betrayed at

Fairfax by that modern Delilah, Miss ANTONIA J. FORD, Honorary (?) Aide-de-Camp to the famous Rebel cavalry general, J. E. B. STUART, into the hands of the famous guerrilla, Captain JOHN S. MOSBY. It would appear from contemporary accounts that young BARKER was the only one of the captured party who behaved with any energy upon this occasion. He made desperate efforts to escape, and only surrendered when it was no longer a question of escape, but of life or death.

Captain BARKER was born on the 24th of April, 1842, and was a student at Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., when he left to join the Army. His first commission as Second Lieutenant of the Fifth New York Volunteer Cavalry is dated Albany, October 31, 1861. On the 3d of May, 1862, he was promoted to a First Lieutenantcy, and on the 24th of October of the same year, he was commissioned Captain.

Captain BARKER was the youngest son of Wm. H. BARKER, Esq., of Tivoli, Red Hook, and a grandson of the late WILLIAM JAMES, of Albany, N. Y. He was beloved by his comrades, as by all who knew him, for the manliness of his character, and the generosity of his disposition. His promotion was the just reward of his good conduct and honorable service. His valor and patriotism had been tried in many battles and by the more dreadful horrors of Richmond prisons. He survived all this to perish in the flower of his youth, by the hands of Rebel assassins.

The following are specimens of the epistolary talent of this brave young officer, which evince so much ability that, considering the circumstances under which they were written, they are well worthy a place, in connection with his obituary notice, in this address:

IN BIVOUAC, FIFTH NEW YORK CAVALRY, }
Boonsboro, Md., July 7, 1863. }

Wm. H. Barker Esq., Tivoli:

MY DEAR FATHER:—An hour ago we arrived here, completely fatigued and worn out, having been in the saddle two weeks, and two days without food for men or horses, and with not more than 4 hours rest out of the 48. I am now sitting upon a bundle of wheat, writing upon my knee, in haste, as the mail leaves in an hour, and, after this day, the Lord only knows when and where we may halt again. No longer are we under General STAHL's command as he was relieved at the same time as HOOKER. But General KILPATRICK is our leader now, and we are as proud to be led on by him, as (he told us in an address after the battle of Gettysburg) he is "proud to command us." No longer does the cavalry roam about the country, a

small, timid, hesitating band, but it now comprises three Grand Division—Major-Generals GREGG, BUTFORD and KILPATRICK—so well organized and concentrated as to be irresistible when manœuvred as it has been since the Northern invasion. It would be utterly impossible for me here to give you any idea of our late doings, but as soon as the communications are established with the North, watch for KILPATRICK's reports and the correspondence from their command. Within three miles of Frederick City, General STAHL turned his command over, and after a grand review of 4,500 cavalry and 6 pieces of artillery by General PLEASONTON (our chief) we were sent off on our mission, which thus far has been a too laborious one to last much longer. Out of the last seven days we have been engaged six in desperate fighting, and that, too, against infantry, which, though we have accomplished our allotted task, we did it at the sacrifice of some of our noblest officers and men—our own regiment to-day (by report) mustering 150 fighting men, out of 350 who started out with us two weeks ago: 1 officer killed, 2 wounded and 6 missing—just think of it. It would seem silly to tell you of any hair-breadth escapes on my own part, but, father, I assure you, never since my enlistment in this war, before, have I sat calmly upon my horse and resolved to fight and die honorably; while others falling thick and fast by my side, only convinced me that life was of very little value. Yesterday we arrived at Hagerstown, and there awaited the Rebel Army in full retreat, anxious to save themselves by crossing the Potomac. A mighty duty it was, a cruel fate that imposed it upon us, for cavalry to oppose infantry, artillery and cavalry who were fighting for life itself. After holding them in check for three hours, we were compelled to yield gradually, the only time thus far, as their forces, coming up rapidly, outnumbered us 5 to 1, at the least. A sad and stubborn withdrawal was ours. Not to speak of other regiments which lost equally, ours lost that day 100 killed, wounded and missing. In my own company two sergeants had horses knocked from under them by shell—one wounded, and how many of the missing ones are wounded remains to be seen; but I only had *three men* after the fight—my own horse shot, and a bullet through my blanket, which was rolled behind my saddle, and a round shot striking so near me as to spatter the dirt upon me. I have to be thankful that I was spared when so many fell. At the battle of Gettysburg we fought *all day*, and, by keeping a whole division of the Rebels in check, decided the day in our favor; then swinging around to the extreme left we cut our way through the *enemy*, capturing his wagon train, 300 wagons and

1,500 prisoners of war, and gaining his rear, inflicted a paralyzing blow upon him, as to cause him to think again before his *third* attempt at invasion will be undertaken, etc., etc. I would write much more, but cannot.

Your affectionate son,

A. B

[Signed]

IN BIVOUAC, PURCELLVILLE, Va., }
July 18, 1863. }

MY DEAR FATHER:—Since the inauguration of the Pennsylvania and Maryland campaign, now four weeks ago, the cavalry have been so entirely engaged, and so constantly employed as to render letter writing next to an impossibility, though I have managed to write you once or twice. Did you ever receive any of them? Contrary to its usual custom thus far, this division has halted for a day, from actual necessity, to rest and feed both our horses and men. Either to-night or to-morrow morning we will probably start after the enemy, as we are already close upon his heels, annoying him, capturing his stragglers and wagon trains. STUART is very cautious how he meets us now. We have high hopes and feel proud of our commanders, though they are killing us off at a fearful rate. Our force of cavalry is well concentrated and works in perfect unison. What do you think of our recent victories? From what I have seen myself, I should judge LEE retires to Richmond, or perhaps more correctly, to his own soil, with, at the least estimate, 35,000 men less than when he invaded the North. I sincerely believe he is a badly whipped man, and a vigorous pursuit will go wonderfully to close the work so gallantly achieved by the Western forces. Our whole Army is in fine spirits, and MEADE is pushing on well. LEE gave us the slip at Hagerstown; but from all information and actual observation, we thought he was preparing for a last, desperate and final struggle; for, from the Observatory on the Cemetery Hill, at Hagerstown, I saw, myself, these rebels distinctly working, like beavers, on the intrenchments. I even saw plainly the headquarters of General LONGSTREET through the powerful glasses of the 'Signal Corps.' MEADE was about to attack, when the news came that LEE was hurriedly crossing; and on dashed PLEASONTON, coming up with the rear brigade at Falling Waters, capturing nearly the whole of it. It was a desperate thing for the cavalry, without infantry support, to charge infantry behind redoubts, yet the order was given; it was done, the charge was repulsed; it was repeated and successful, but then no one who witnessed that scene, even JOE HOOKER, could say they never saw a *dead* cavalryman, for their bodies strewed the ground. I could

write pages on the scenes, incidents and almost daily desperate fighting of the past four weeks; but it is useless now, as much more is to be accomplished. A man who would not fight in a country, where, in passing through the towns and villages, the females, youth and aged, assemble to greet your arrival with baskets of food, pitchers of water and wine, and shower all kinds of kindnesses upon you—is no man. Thus for the first time our men realized the difference between fighting on your own soil and that of the enemy, where everything is gall and bitterness before you. Here I must close, with best love to you and all. I would like to hear from you, as it is some time now since I have. In my last letter I spoke to you about sending me some money, as "pay day" was passed last day of June, and no "pay rolls" have gone in as yet, and cannot be sent in until we become settled in camp somewhere, where they can be made out. And when that time will come, no one now can fortell. It is impossible for an officer to live without some money, as "Uncle Sam" does not provide him with rations, and he must feed himself, besides the inconvenience. In the best of spirits and health, I remain,

Your affectionate son,

[Signed]

AUG. BARKER.

VALEDICTORY.

N. B. ~~Z~~ I had much more information collected, rather of interest, however, to individuals than to the public; but time did not permit for collation, and other reasons prevented its publication. There are many facts connected with the great civil war, which, while they are of vital interest to the proper comprehension of it, cannot, as yet, be given to the public without effecting individuals, as there are so many persons interested in deceiving the public and keeping them deceived. Several of the works on the Rebellion seem to have been artfully prepared with the view to prejudice public opinion; others again have been spiced, if not animated, by personal animosity; "envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness;" others again are mere "Words, words, words!" and pictures strung together. "Sooner or later all will be made manifest" and then the American nation will learn how much it owes to its *subordinate officers and private soldiers*, and how comparatively little to its generals and political leaders. The Southern *Leaders* brought on the Rebellion, the Northern *PEOLPE* crushed it, restored affairs and saved the country.

ANNUAL REPORT
OF THE
MOVEMENTS, SERVICE & DISCIPLINE
OF THE
"ULSTER GUARD,"

Twentieth Regiment New York State Militia,
(80th N. Y. Vol. Infantry.)

COMMANDED BY

COLONEL THEODORE B. GATES,

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1862.

[Company A recruited almost, if not altogether, in Dutchess County, New York. Company B comprised 25 volunteers from the First or Upper district of Red Hook, from the villages of Tivoli and Madalin and their vicinities. The names of these volunteers are designated by "T."]

January 1.—Regiment in camp at Upton's Hill, Va.

January 12.—Regiment on picket for forty-eight hours in front of Falls Church, Va. From this date until March 10 engaged in drill, forage, and picket duty.

March 10.—Regiment marched at 6 A. M., with General Wadsworth's Brigade, McDowell's Division, and bivouacked at 6 p. m., 16 miles from Upton Hill, and 2 miles east of Centreville.

March 14.—Two Hundred and Twenty-two men under Captain Tappen marched to and bivouacked on Bull Run battle field.

March 15.—This detachment marched from that bivouac, joined the regiment, and the entire command marched to "Three Mile Run," near Alexandria, in a terrible storm of rain, 17 miles. The detachment marched 25 miles.

March 16.—Regiment marched to Upton's Hill, 6 miles.

March 18.—Marched 2 miles below Bailey's Cross-Roads, and bivouacked with brigade.

April 4.—Regiment marched with General Patrick's Brigade, from camp near Bailey's Cross-Roads, at 3 p. m., and bivouacked at 7 p. m., 2 miles south of Annandale. Distance marched, 6 miles.

April 5.—Regiment resumed its march at 8 a. m., and marching through Fairfax Court-house and Centreville, crossed Bull Run, and bivouacked 1 mile south of Blackburn Ford. Distance marched, 15 miles.

April 6.—Regiment continued its March at 8 a. m., and passing Manassas Junction, crossed Broad Run, and encamped near Bristow Station, at 2 p. m. Distance marched, 17 miles.

April 7.—A terrible storm of rain, snow, and sleet, against which shelter-tents afford little protection, began to-day, and continued sixty hours, occasioning much suffering.

April 16.—Marched to Catlett Station. Distance, 7 miles.

April 18.—Regiment marched at 6 a. m.; obliged to leave forage, ammunition, and sundries on the ground for want of transportation, reaching a station 12 miles north of Falmouth, in a storm of rain. Distance marched 18 1-2 miles.

April 19.—Marched at 7 a. m., reaching the hill side directly opposite and in front of the City of Fredericksburg at 5 p. m., a distance of 14 miles. The enemy have retreated after a little skirmishing, across the Rappahannock, burning the three bridges and all their shipping, including the notorious steamer *S. S. Nicholas*, captured by the *French Lady*, Thomas.

April 28.—Moved camp half a mile further south.

May 5.—Three companies of this regiment, with two from the Twenty-third and one from the Thirty-fifth N. Y. Volunteers, all under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore B. Gates, crossed the river at 5 p. m., and occupied the City of Fredericksburg, Va.

May 10.—Regiment crossed the river at 8 o'clock, p. m., marching to a point 1 1-2 miles beyond the City of Fredericksburg on the Telegraph Road to Richmond, where encamped. Distance marched, 3 1-2 miles.

May 11.—At 3 p. m., the regiment was ordered, and moved some 2 miles down the Bowling Green Road, to repel a threatened attack of the enemy, under General Anderson, who was driving in a reconnoitring party, and advancing toward the city in considerable force. A few shots were fired, with a loss of one horse on our side, when the enemy withdrew.

May 14.—Companies B, C, H, and G, under Major Jacob B. Hardenbergh, on picket for twenty-four hours.

May 17.—Companies A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and K, relieved Thirty-fifth N. Y. Volunteers on picket for twenty-four hours.

May 20.—Companies A, B, C, D, E, I, and H, on picket for twenty-four hours. At 10 o'clock, p. m.

advanced our picket line 1 mile, driving in the enemy, and occupying the Toll Gate on the Plank Road.

May 23.—Companies B, C, D, E, F, G, and K, on picket for twenty-four hours. Enemy keeping up a brisk fire on our men at the Toll Gate. Regiment reviewed by President Lincoln.

May 26.—Regiment marched with brigade at 3 p. m., up the Telegraph Road to Massaponix Creek, and encamped at 7 p. m., on the ground occupied by the enemy (the day before) under General Anderson. Distance marched, 6 miles. Companies C and G, under Major Hardenbergh doing picket duty through the night.

May 29. Regiment marched at 12 m. to Hazel Run; joined brigade, and continued its March through Fredericksburg, crossing the Rappahannock, through Falmouth, to a point 6 miles beyond. Bivouacked at 9 p. m. Distance marched, 14 miles.

May 30.—Regiment marched with brigade at 8 a. m., and after a very fatiguing march of 20 miles crossed Elk Run, and bivouacked at 7 p. m. Frequent heavy rain storms.

May 31.—Regiment marched at 6 a. m., with brigade, crossed Cedar Run, and bivouacked at Catlett Station, on Orange and Alexandria Railroad, awaiting cars to transport it to Front Royal, Va. Wagon train sent to Thoroughfare Gap by road *via* Haymarket, accompanied by Co. H as escort. Heavy rain storms during the night.

June 2.—Regiment marched with brigade at 12 m., from Catlett Station, Va., and bivouacked in a violent storm at 6 p. m. on the bank of Kettle Run, on the road to Haymarket. Distance marched 8 miles.

June 3.—Regiment marched with brigade at 7 a. m., and crossing Broad Run reached Haymarket, a distance of 5 miles. Marched 1 mile south, and encamped near Bull Run.

June 6.—Regiment marched with brigade at 8 a. m., and crossing Broad Run and Cedar Run, passed through the villages of Buckland and New Baltimore, and encamped 1 1-2 miles north of Warrenton, Va. Distance marched, 12 miles.

June 8.—Regiment marched with brigade at 4 p. m., passed through Warrenton, and bivouacked at 7 p. m., 6 miles beyond and 2 miles north of Warrenton Junction. Distance marched, 6 miles.

June 9.—Regiment marched with brigade at 6 a. m., passed through Warrenton Junction, and encamped on the bank of Elk Run, at 11 a. m. Distance marched, 6 miles.

June 13.—Marched with brigade at 3 p. m., crossed Elk Run, and encamped 4 miles south of Catlett Station at 5 p. m. Distance, 3 miles.

June 21.—Marched with brigade at 2 p. m., crossed Power Run, and encamped at 6 p. m., 12 miles south of Fredericksburg, Va. Distance marched, 8 miles.

June 24.—Regiment marched with brigade at 6 a. m., passed through Hartwood and Falmouth, reaching old camp opposite Fredericksburg at 2 p. m. Distance marched, 13 miles.

June 27.—Moved camp 2 miles back from the river. Company C, Captain J. R. Tappen, ordered on special duty on the Railroad between Fredericksburg and Richmond.

July 7.—Company C rejoined the regiment.

July 28.—Regiment marched from Camp two miles back from the Rappahannock, to and across the river to Fredericksburg, where it divided, the four right companies, A, C, H, and K, under Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore B. Gates, marching to Mrs. Stanbury's house above Fredericksburg; the rest of the regiment to near Mrs. Fennihoe's house below Fredericksburg. The regiment enclosed the city with a cordon of sentinels, preventing all communication with the interior. Distance marched by right companies, five miles; by rest of regiment, three miles.

August 4. Right companies marched from Mrs. Stanbury's house and rejoined the regiment at 2 p. m.

August 6.—Companies A, E, K, I, and C, two companies of Twenty-third New York Volunteers, 1 section of artillery, the whole under command of Colonel George W. Pratt, marched on a reconnoissance toward Bowling Green at 6 p. m., in consequence of a report that the Rebels had taken possession of Hick's Hill, and returned at 3 a. m. August 7, having marched 17 miles without seeing the enemy.

August 7.—Regiment relieved from the duty of preventing communication between the city of Fredericksburg and the interior, by the One Hundredth regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers.

August 8.—Companies B and D, six companies of Twenty-third New York Volunteers, four companies Third Indiana cavalry, and a section of the First New Hampshire battery, under command of Colonel Pratt, marched on a reconnoitring and foraging expedition at 7 p. m., to Round Oak Church, while Lieutenant-Colonel Gates with four companies of the Twentieth marched up the Telegraph Road to Massaponix Creek, the bridge over which was found to be on fire, but the enemy had fallen back. This detachment then marched across the country to the Bowling Green Road and joined Colonel Pratt. The entire force returned at 3½ a. m., August 9, having marched 20 miles and captured two prisoners, 25 mules, 30 horses, and 50 head of cattle.

August 9.—Regiment marched with brigade at 5

p. m., to reinforce General Pope, then engaged in battle near Culpepper Court-house, and bivouacked at 10 p. m., on the Plank Road, 11 miles from Fredericksburg.

August 10.—Regiment marched with brigade at 5 a. m., crossed the Rappahannock River at Ely's Ford at 11 a. m., and bivouacked at 4 p. m. at a point 4 miles northwest of that river near the road from Burnett's Ford to the Rappahannock. Distance marched, 14 miles.

August 11.—Regiment marched with division at 5 a. m., and bivouacked in line of battle 3 miles from Culpepper Court-house near battle-field of Cedar Mountain, at 12 o'clock midnight. Distance marched, 22 miles.

August 13.—The enemy having retreated, the regiment marched with brigade 1 mile nearer Culpepper Court-house, where encamped.

August 16.—Regiment marched with division at 8½ a. m., to Cedar Mountain battle-field, and encamped at 1 p. m. Distance marched, 6 miles.

August 18.—Orders to prepare three days' rations, and to be in readiness to march at a moment's notice, were received at 2 p. m. The baggage of the regiment was loaded immediately and sent off.

August 19.—Regiment marched with division at 9 a. m., and bivouacked at 11 p. m., 3 miles west of Rappahannock Station. Distance marched, 17 miles.

August 20.—Regiment marched at 4 a. m., crossed the river at the Station at 5½ o'clock a. m.; encamped in the afternoon 2 miles north of the Station, 1 mile east of the river. Marched, 5 miles.

August 21.—Were ordered forward to near the river at 9 a. m., to support Captain Reynolds' Battery L, First New York artillery; and were there occupied during the day, the most of the time under a heavy fire from the enemy's batteries, and a part of the time from his sharpshooters also. At night companies D and G, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Gates, did picket duty along the river bank and at the crossing at Norman's Ford—the residue of the regiment, under Colonel Pratt, forming the reserve.

[J. WATTS DE PEYSTER, JR., of Tivoli, Dutchess County, N. Y., 1865, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel N. Y. Vols., was Junior Major of the First N. Y. Light Artillery.]

August 22.—Were relieved at 5 a. m., by Twenty-second Regiment New York Volunteers, and returned to camp, which proved to be in range of some of the enemy's guns. Our loss was Sergeant Dopp, G company, mortally wounded, and several others slightly.

August 23.—Marched with brigade at 10 a. m., and bivouacked at Warrenton, Va., at 8 p. m. Distance marched, 12 miles.

August 24.—Marched 2 miles beyond Warrenton toward White Sulphur Springs, and encamped.

August 26.—Regiment marched at 6 o'clock for the Springs. As we approached them the enemy opened fire upon us from two guns planted near a large yellow house on the opposite side of the river. Gaining the cover of the trees and buildings around the Springs, company C was deployed as skirmishers. Subsequently the regiment marched across an open plain, in full range of the enemy's battery, and took up a position on the hill east of the river, and about one mile from the Springs. The skirmishing continued all day, with a loss on our part of two men wounded. Distance marched, 5 miles.

August 27.—Regiment marched from the Springs at 12 m., and bivouacked at midnight 8 miles beyond Warrenton, on the road to Gainesville. Distance marched, 15 miles.

August 28.—Regiment marched at 6 a. m. and reached a point on the Centreville road 2 miles beyond GAINESVILLE, when halted, while the roads and woods in front were reconnoitred by General Hatch's brigade, which, with General Gibbons, were in advance. The enemy were found in considerable force, and a brisk engagement ensued. The regiment was ordered up to support the troops engaged, but darkness put an end to the battle before it reached the field. Picketed roads the rest of the night. Distance marched, 7 miles.

August 29.—Marched at 2 a. m. for Manassas Junction, which was reached about daylight. At 10 a. m. were ordered back to yesterday's battle-field, where the action had been renewed; some 3 miles from Manassas, were ordered back, and returning to within 1 mile of the latter place, filed to the left, and marching by the Sudley Ford road across a portion of the Bull Run battle-field, were posted in support of Reynolds' battery on the left of the road and about 1 mile from Chin's house. About dusk were moved forward toward GROVETON to support Hatch's brigade, which was engaged and likely to be turned on the right; were withdrawn about 10 p. m., and posting a portion of the regiment with Reynolds' and Campbell's batteries, the residue were detailed for picket on the front under command of Lieutenant-Colonel GATES.

MANASSAS OR BULL RUN SECOND.

August 30.—Action opened by Campbell's battery. Regiment moved some mile and a half to the right of Siegel, where it remained until 1 o'clock p. m., part of the time under fire; were then moved back to near Groveton, where the brigade was formed in two lines in the following order: First line, Twenty-first N. Y. Volunteers on the right, Thirty-fifth N. Y. Volunteers on the left. Second line, Twentieth N. Y.

State Militia on the right, Twenty-third N. Y. Volunteers on the left. In this order advanced across an open field separating the right of our army from the enemy's left and entered the woods, near to and on the right of Groveton. Here the Fourteenth N. Y. State Militia and Thirtieth N. Y. Volunteers were drawn up in one line; they formed on the right. The order was then given to advance, and the three lines moved slowly forward, receiving the enemy's musketry, grape and canister, which increased as we advanced. The regiment advanced to within a few yards of the railroad embankment, behind which the enemy were posted, when, a large proportion of officers and men being killed or wounded, the line fell back a few rods, closed up, advanced again with the same result, and so for the third time the effort was made to reach the enemy behind his cover, but the fire was too heavy and the men had now become too few to give a hope of success. At this juncture an ad-de-camp rode up and delivered an order from General Porter for all the troops to retire from the woods. This was obeyed in good order, the enemy following and firing in heavy volleys. Colonel Pratt was mortally wounded early in the action and borne from the field. In the course of the night the regiment marched to Cub Run, where bivouacked.

August 31.—Regiment marched at 4 a. m. to Centreville and joined brigade.

CHANTILLY—MAJOR-GENERAL KEARNY KILLED,
"REFUSING TO SURRENDER."

September 1.—Marched at 3 a. m. and proceeded to Fairfax Court-house; at 11 a. m. were ordered to return to Centreville; after marching some 2 miles, were counter-marched and proceeded out on the Brad-dock Road, and were posted in line of battle behind works erected by the enemy heretofore to defend the approach to Fairfax and Centreville by that route. At 3 p. m. were ordered to proceed up the Little River Turnpike some 2 miles, and take possession of, and hold at all hazards, a piece of woods on the left of that road. The regiment reached the further extremity of the woods as the enemy's skirmishers were rapidly approaching and within 150 yards of it. Firing was immediately commenced, and continued briskly for two hours. The enemy ran up within 200 yards of the woods a mountain howitzer, sup-ported by a considerable body of cavalry, and opened a fire of grape and canister. The sharpshooters of the regiment picked off several of the gunners, and the piece was withdrawn. Soon afterward the enemy opened with shot and shell from a gun posted by the roadside three fourths of a mile further up the

turnpike. About 5 p. m., having been unable to effect a lodgment in the woods, the enemy retired, and firing ceased here, while, nearly at the same time, to the left and in front, a severe engagement opened between the troops of Generals Stevens and KEARNY. At 10 p. m. the regiment was relieved by the Ninetieth Pennsylvania Volunteers. Our loss was two officers and twelve men wounded.

September 2.—Rejoined the brigade at 8 a. m., and marching with it at 2 p. m., passed through Fairfax Court-house and Annandale, and reached Upton's Hill at 10 p. m. Distance marched, 13 miles.

September 4.—Regiment marched to Falls Church to repel a demonstration of the enemy, who had planted some guns on Bassett's Hill and driven in our cavalry. Did picket duty that night. Distance marched, 2 miles.

September 5.—Regiment returned to camp on Upton Hill at 1 p. m. Distance marched, 2 miles.

September 6.—Marched at 2 a. m., crossing the Aqueduct Bridge at Georgetown, and marched through Washington, D. C. to Leesboro Md., and bivouacked at 5 p. m. Distance marched, 16 miles.

September 8.—Marched with brigade 4 miles and bivouacked.

September 9.—Marched with brigade to Mechanicsville. Distance, 9 miles.

September 10.—Marched from Mechanicsville with brigade to the farm of a Mr Davis, 6 miles distant.

September 11.—Marched with brigade through Lisbon to Newmarket, a distance of 15 miles.

September 12.—Marched with brigade to Monocacy Bridge and bivouacked. Distance marched, 12 miles.

SOUTH MOUNTAIN.

September 14.—Marched with brigade at 7 a. m. passing through Frederick City and Middletown, reaching Katocton Creek about 12 m. At about 2 p. m. were ordered forward, and passing a short distance beyond the creek on the Great Western Turnpike, turned to the right, following an obscure road along the foot of South Mountain for a mile and then turned to the left to support the Thirty-fifth N. Y. Volunteers, which was thrown forward and up the mountain side on the right of the turnpike as skirmishers. The regiment was then deployed and followed the movement of the line of skirmishers, who advanced over the ridge of the mountain at that point and descended nearly to the turnpike. The skirmishers were recalled, and the regiment was ordered to join the Twenty-first N. Y. Volunteers, which was on the mountain side and about midway between the two roads crossing the mountain in front

of Middletown. Foraging on the left of the Twenty-first, the two regiments advanced up the mountain side in line of battle, preceded by a line of skirmishers; arriving at the crest of the mountain, the skirmishers became engaged with the enemy. Soon afterward the two regiments pushed forward, and passing over the mountain crest at this point, this regiment passed the line of skirmishers and poured a volley into the enemy who were lying behind a fence and in a cornfield. The action continued until some time after dark, when the firing ceased.

September 15.—At daylight it was discovered that the enemy had retired, leaving his dead and wounded on the field. The regiment then rejoined the brigade, and soon after resumed its march toward Boonesboro, at which place it bivouacked 2 miles further south, near Antietam Creek, at 6 p. m. Distance, 10 miles.

ANTETAM OR SHARPSBURG.

September 16.—Regiment marched with brigade at 6 a. m., 3 miles toward Sharpsburg, Md., when the enemy opened fire upon us with his artillery from the heights above Sharpsburg, compelling the brigade to fall back about half a mile. During the morning it changed position several times, and at 3 p. m. forded Antietam Creek and marched toward a road leading from Keedysville to the Williamsport road. On reaching the road the enemy opened fire with his artillery, compelling the regiment to pass through a shower of shell, grape and canister to our position in a small piece of woods on the Williamsport road, which was reached at 8 p. m. Regiment slept on its arms to night. Distance marched, 9 miles.

September 17.—Regiment marched with brigade at 6 a. m. in line of battle, deployed across the fields and through the woods on the left of the road until it reached a narrow meadow lot between an orchard and a cornfield, in the latter of which the enemy were posted, keeping up a brisk fire of musketry. On the road leading to the right and a little to the front of this position, two sections of Battery B, Captain Campbell, were stationed between some stacks of straw and a barn and in range of the enemy sharpshooters. The brigade crossed the road and moved toward the right. After crossing the road the regiment was detached to support Battery B, which was said to be in great danger, and moved back at a double-quick, the right wing taking position near the Battery, and the left wing, under Major Jacob B. Hardenbergh, advanced along the road next to the cornfield. The infantry fire was very heavy during all the time, commencing near the cornfield and over a knoll in front of the battery. Major Hardenbergh pushed forward down the road, driving the enemy from the fences and the

edge of the cornfield, and in support of the Sixth Wisconsin Volunteers, which was on our left and in some disorder. For a time the enemy were completely driven from their cover, and in their flight abandoning their battle flag (the bearer being shot down by Private Isaac Thomas of G Company), which was brought off by Major Hardenbergh, as was also the regimental color of the Sixth Wisconsin, which they had been compelled to leave on the field. The Wisconsin regiment falling back and the enemy advancing strongly reënforced, Major Hardenbergh fell back with his small party to the right wing. The enemy advancing, apparently with the intention of taking the battery, and drove the gunners from their pieces for a time, but the steady fire of the regiment checked and drove them back until the other regiments of the brigade reached the field to the right and in front, when the enemy were driven to the left and his rear. The battery being no longer of service there, it was removed to the hill on the left of the road. After remaining in position some half an hour longer, and no enemy appearing, fell back to a piece of woods on the same side of the road and subsequently rejoined the brigade. Our loss was 49 killed and wounded. The regiment slept on its arms to-night.

September 18.—In line of battle all day, but the action was not renewed. Endeavored to remove some of our dead where we were engaged yesterday, but the enemy's sharpshooters have the range of the field.

September 19.—Regiment marched with brigade (the enemy have retreated) at 5½ A. M. to the Williamsport Road over the battle-field, and bivouacked in a wood half a mile northwest of the field. Distance marched, 2 miles.

September 20.—Information of the death of Colonel G. W. PRATT having reached the regiment, the following order was issued:

HEADQUARTERS, ULMSTER GUARD,
TWENTIETH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M., }
NEAR SHARPSBURG, Va., September 20, 1862. }

General Orders No. 47

It is with feelings of profound sorrow that the Lieutenant-Colonel commanding announces to the "Ulster Guard" the death of its late worthy and honored commander, Colonel GEORGE W. PRATT.

While gallantly encouraging his officers and men in the final hour of the fearful combat at Manassas, on the 30th of August last, he was shot down and borne from the field. Though conscious of the serious character of his wounds, he maintained his habitual serenity and cheerfulness and forgetting self, seemed only concerned for the safety of his command and the

issue of the battle in which he had borne so noble, and, as it proved, so costly a part.

He was removed to Washington, and from thence to Albany, N. Y., where, surrounded by his kindred and friends, death terminated his career of usefulness and promise on the 11th inst. Though cut down in the Spring of his manhood, he has not lived in vain. Born to wealth, and growing up in affluence, he spurned the ease and indolence which too often beguile fortune's favorites, and with an earnest energy and tireless industry, he sought to win for himself a name honorable in the highest walks of life. How well he succeeded, the general and deep sorrow for his early death attests. When the present unholy war broke out, he was foremost in tendering his services to the Government, and surrendering the comforts and enjoyments of a home unusually attractive, he became a patient, tireless and devoted laborer in behalf of the Union. Finally, he has given his life to the cause, and has died a soldier's honored death in the faithful discharge of his self imposed duties. We who have been so long associated with him in the camp and field; we who have shared with him the hardships, privations, fatigues and dangers of the soldier's life; we who have witnessed his self-denial, his dauntless courage, his ready obedience to the authority of his military superiors, and his mildness and moderation in the exercise of his own authority—we, next to those who are bereaved of husband, father, son, can best appreciate the loss sustained in the death of Colonel Pratt. Let us emulate his examples and be stimulated to increased diligence in duty, and a more entire devotion to our country and the struggle for its preservation, by the recollection of his virtues and his sacrifices. The Lieutenant-Colonel commanding avails himself of this opportunity to express his satisfaction with the conduct of the officers and men of the regiment who participated in the marches and battles which have rendered memorable the last forty days of this campaign. Within that time you have marched upward of 170 miles, without tents or blankets, and often without food, in the burning heat of mid-day and the cold dews of night, resting frequently but four hours in twenty-four, and then upon the bare ground. There has been no murmur or complaint, no relaxation of obedience or discipline. The battle-fields of Norman's Ford, Warrenton Springs, Groveton, Manassas, Chantilly, South Mountain and Antietam, bear witness to your prowess and courage. Your coolness and steady bearing under heavy fire of artillery and musketry were equal to veterans, and entitle you to the highest praise the soldier can earn. Let the future correspond with the past in diligence,

in discipline, in courage, and our friends will have no cause to blush for the reputation of the "Ulster Guard."

By order of THEODORE B. GATES,
Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding.
(Signed) A. S. SCHUTT,
First Lieutenant, Acting Adjutant.

September 29.—Marched with brigade at $2\frac{1}{2}$ p. m., to a point one mile northwest of Sharpsburg, near the Potomac River, where encamped. Distance marched, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

October 7—General Patrick having been assigned to duty at General McClellan's Headquarters, as Provost-Marshal-General of the Army of the Potomac, took leave of the brigade in the following order:

HEADQUARTERS, THIRD BRIGADE,
FIRST DIVISION, FIRST ARMY CORPS, }
CAMP BARNETT, October 7, 1862. }

General Orders No. 64.

The Brigadier-General commanding having been assigned to duty at the Headquarters of the Army of the Potomac by General Orders No. 161, of the 6th inst., hereby relinquishes to Colonel Rodgers, of the Twenty-first N. Y. Volunteers, the command of the brigade he received from him 7 months ago. Only 7 months ago he assumed command! yet the ties that bind those who, like ourselves, have shared each other's hardships and dangers, who have followed the same standard through so many battles, and gathered around it with their ranks thinned, but unbroken, when the combat was over—such ties *cannot* be broken by the order that relieves your General from the command.

That he must continue to take the liveliest interest in the welfare of a brigade that has never failed in the hour of peril, whether in daylight or darkness, to honor his every command, no one can doubt; and he trusts that both officers and men will touch lightly upon his faults, in the full conviction that, as their commander, he has endeavored to discharge his duties to them to his country and his God. He leaves you with fervent wishes for your prosperity, and the earnest hope that an honorable peace may soon be won, so that we may once more return to our own loved homes by the broad rivers and lakes of the Empire State.

By order of General PATRICK.
(Signed) J. P. KIMBALL,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

October 20.—Marched with brigade at 7 a. m. to Hagerstown Turnpike, up the pike about 2 miles, then taking a road to the left, passed through Bakerville,

and encamped about 1 mile beyond. Distance marched, 5 miles.

October 26.—Regiment marched at 8 p. m. through a drenching rain; but the darkness compelled it to bivouac. Marched 1½ miles.

October 27.—Regiment marched with brigade at 6 a. m., and passing through Keedysville, took the road leading to Crampton's Gap. Bivouacked at 4 p. m. Distance marched, 7 miles.

October 28.—Regiment marched with brigade at 5½ p. m., crossed South Mountain at Crampton's Gap, passed through Burketsville, and bivouacked at 3 p. m. 2 miles north of Berlin. Distance marched, 13 miles.

October 30.—Regiment marched with brigade at 6 p. m., crossed Potomac River on a pontoon bridge at Berlin at 8 p. m., and bivouacked on the Baltimore and Leesburg Turnpike 6 miles from Berlin at 11 p. m. Marched 8 miles.

October 31.—Marched with brigade at 3½ p. m. toward Leesburg and bivouacked at 5 p. m. Distance marched, 2 miles.

November 1.—Regiment marched with division at 8½ a. m., passing through Wheatlands, taking the Winchester and Leesburg Turnpike, and bivouacking near Purcellville at 3 p. m. Marched 8 miles.

November 3.—Regiment marched with division at 1 p. m. down the pike about 2 miles, turned to the left, passed through Union, and bivouacked at 8 p. m. Distance marched, 12 miles.

November 4.—Regiment marched with brigade at 1½ p. m., passed through Bloomfield, and bivouacked half a mile beyond at 4½ o'clock. Distance marched, 4½ miles.

November 5.—Marched with brigade at 8 a. m., and bivouacked 3 miles north of Salem at 8 p. m. Distance marched, 18 miles.

November 6.—Regiment marched with brigade at 6 a. m., passed through Salem (General McClellan's Headquarters), at 8 a. m., through Warrenton at 5 p. m., and encamped at 7 p. m. 1 mile below that place on the road leading to White Sulphur Springs.

November 11.—Marched with brigade at 1 p. m., and bivouacked near Fayetteville at 10½ p. m. Distance marched, 5 miles.

November 12.—Marched down the road leading to Nolan's Ford to do picket duty. Distance marched, 3 miles.

November 14.—Relieved from picket duty and returned to camp at 4 p. m. Distance marched 3 miles.

November 17.—Regiment marched with brigade at 11 a. m., and passing through Liberty, Bealtown and

Morrisville, bivouacked at 9 p. m. 2 miles south of the latter place. Distance marched, 18 miles.

November 18.—Marched with division at 8 a. m., reached Hartwood at 2 p. m., and taking the road leading to Stefford Court-house, bivouacked at 7 p. m. Distance marched, 10 miles.

November 19.—Marched with brigade at 8 a. m. (the roads in terrible condition), and bivouacked at 4 p. m. Distance marched, 4 miles.

November 20.—Marched at 8 a. m., half a mile and encamped.

November 22.—Marched at 3 p. m., and encamped at 5 p. m., near the Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac Railroad, 1 mile southwest of Brook's station. Distance marched, 4 miles.

December 9.—Marched at noon toward Fredericksburg, and bivouacked at 5 p. m. Distance marched 4 miles.

December 10.—Marched with division at 9 a. m.; bivouacked at 1 p. m. Distance marched, 3 miles.

December 11.—Marched with division at 8 a. m., 1 mile, halted, stacked arms, and finally bivouacked at 5 p. m.

December 12.—Marched with division at $7\frac{1}{2}$ a. m., to the Rappahannock River; crossed the river at 2 p. m., near the Arthur Bernard House, 2 miles below the city of Fredericksburg. Soon after crossing the river the enemy opened fire with his artillery. Marched out of range and bivouacked. Distance marched, 3 miles.

FREDERICKSBURG, FIRST.

December 13.—At daylight the brigade was formed in line of battle. This regiment and the Twenty-first New York Volunteers forming the first line, and advanced to the left and toward a wooded ravine occupied by the enemy. The enemy having been driven from this position the brigade changed direction to the right and marched under a heavy fire of the enemy's artillery to the Bowling Green Road, which was occupied by the first line. We remained in this position about an hour and until the advance had been checked on the right, the enemy meanwhile pouring a constant shower of shot and shell from their batteries, which were not more than five or six hundred yards in front, when we were ordered at a double quick toward the right. We had proceeded about half a mile in this direction when we were countermarched and took up a position in a ravine to the rear, and a little to the right of the position we had occupied in the Bowling Green Road, in support of several batteries, which drew on us a heavy fire of artillery. Soon after taking this position (the enemy having during our march to the right planted a section of artillery on the road leading from the Telegraph to the Bowling

Green Road, and thrown forward their skirmishers who severedly annoyed our cannoniers). Company F, Captain Corbin, Company K, Captain Baldwin, and Company A, Captain McEntee, were deployed as skirmishers. They advanced rapidly under a heavy fire from the enemy's skirmishers; drove them back, and took up a line in the Bowling Green Road where they soon silenced the section of artillery before mentioned, killing several of the gunners and three horses. These companies remained in this position until after dark, when they were relieved by the Twenty-third Regiment New York Volunteers. At dark the regiment took up a position one hundred yards to the right and rear, and remained there during the night, being treated in the early part of the evening to a copious discharge of grape and canister. At daylight the line advanced about fifty yards, and Company B, Captain Leslie, and Company E, Captain Cornelius, were thrown forward as skirmishers. They advanced, driving the enemy back, and took a line by order of General Doubleday, extending from a group of straw stacks to the Bowling Green Road. The firing along this line was brisk and uninterrupted during the whole day. The ammunition of the companies having become exhausted they were relieved about 4 p. m., by Company H, Captain A. S. Smith, and Company C, Captain Snyder. Captain Smith was severely wounded while in the discharge of his duty. These companies remained on duty during the night.

December 15.—Company G, Captain Cunningham, and Company I, Lieutenant Cook, relieved the above-named companies early in the morning, and in turn were relieved by Company K, Lieutenant Young. The picket duty along this line was very severe, as the line extended over an open plain and the men were constantly exposed to the fire of the enemy's sharpshooters, which was kept up during the entire day and very frequently during the night.

December 16.—Regiment recrossed the Rappahannock at 11½ p. m. and encamped on the heights beyond the pontoon bridge at 1 a. m., during a heavy storm of wind and rain. Distance marched, 5 miles.

December 17.—Regiment marched at 9 a. m., to a point opposite Fredericksburg, and a short distance southeast of the railroad station at Falmouth, where encamped. Distance marched, 3 miles.

December 20.—Marched at 9 a. m. Passed White Oak Church at 11 a. m., and encamped at 5 p. m., on the bank of Potomac River, three miles below Potowmack Run. Distance marched, 13 miles.

December 23.—Regiment marched at 8 a. m., and encamped near Hall's Landing, Va., at 1 p. m. Distance marched, 4 miles.

December 27.—Marched half a mile to a point north of Hall's Landing and occupied log huts erected by the enemy last Winter for troops stationed here to support a small redoubt, and a bastion fort, designed to command the mouth of Potomac Creek, and to obstruct navigation on the river. Furnished daily details for fatigue duty at Hall's Landing during the remainder of the year.

ANNUAL REPORT
OF THE
KILLED AND WOUNDED IN ACTION
OF THE
"ULSTER GUARD,"
Twentieth Regiment New York State Militia,
COMMANDED BY
COLONEL THEODORE B. GATES,
FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1862.

KILLED.

Georg W. Pratt, Colonel, August 30, Manassas.
Joseph Wells, Company G, Private, August 30, Manassas, Va.
J. P. Bloom, G, Private, August 30, Manassas,
Michael Oats, G, Private, August 30, Manassas.
Andrew J. Smith, I, Private, August 30, Manassas.
James McAdams, I, Private, August 30, Manassas.
Edwin Miles, F, Sergeant, September 17 Antietam, Md.
Thomas Price, K, Private, September 17, Antietam.
William H. Knowles, C, Private, August 30, Manassas, Va.
Wesley Shuttis, D, Private, August 30, Manassas.
Jeremiah Townes, D, Private, August 30, Manassas.
Stephen Van. Velsen, D, Private, August 30, Manassas.
Michael Coffee, D, Private, August 30, Manassas.
John H. Davis, D, Private, August 30 Manassas.
James P. Colligan, F, Corporal, August 30, Manassas.

- Hugh Wallace, F, Private, August 30, Manassas
 Bernard Garretty, F, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 Milton A. Smith, B, Sergeant, August 30, Manassas.
 (T) Alfred Lasher, B, Sergeant, August 30, Manassas.
 (T) Geo. H. Kelly, B, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 (T) Lewis Redder, B, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 (T) John Stewart, B, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 (T) Rufus Warringer, B, Private, August 30, Manassas. (Error—Antietam or Sharpsburg, 17th Sept.)
 Adam Bishop, E, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 Miles Anderson, E, Corporal, August 30, Manassas.
 H. Goldsmith, E, Corporal, August 30, Manassas.
 James M. Almy, H, First Sergeant, August 30, Manassas.
 H. J. Pollock, H, Private, September 17, Antietam, Md.
 Patrick Sweeny, K, Private, August 30, Manassas, Va.
 H. M. Judd, K, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 William R. Dopp, G, Sergeant, August 21, Norman's Ford.
 Samuel J. White, D, Private, December 17, Fredericksburg.
 John P. Post, F, Private, September 17, Antietam, Md.
 Peter P. Plass, I, Private, September 17, Antietam.
 M. H. Swarthout, H, Second Lieutenant, September 17, Antietam.
 John R. Horner, K, First Lieutenant, August 30, Manassas, Va.

WOUNDED.

- Pelatiah Ward, Captain, August 30, Manassas, Va.
 J. Rudolph Tappen, Captain, August 30, Manassas.
 Abram S. Smith, Captain, August 30, Manassas.
 A. N. Baldwin, Captain, September 17, Antietam, Md.
 Daniel McMahon, Captain, September 1, Chantilly, Va.
 Abram S. Smith, Captain, December 13, Fredericksburg.
 W. H. Cunningham, Captain, December 13, Fredericksburg.
 Philip Deits, Second Lieutenant, August 30, Manassas.
 Edward McMahon, First Lieutenant, August 30, Manassas.
 Henry Clarke, Second Lieutenant, August 30, Manassas.
 O. A. Campbell, Second Lieutenant, September 17, Antietam, Md.
 George North, jun., Second Lieutenant, September 1, Chantilly, Va.

- J. M. Van Valkenburg, Second Lieutenant, August 30, Manassas.
- J. D. France, Second Lieutenant, August 30, Manassas.
- Nicholas Hrynadt, First Lieutenant, August 30, Manassas.
- James Smith, Second Lieutenant, August 30, Manassas.
- G. H. Brankstone, First Lieutenant, December 13, Fredericksburg.
- Edward S. Bennett, Sergeant, August 21, Norman's Ford.
- Amos Travis, Corporal, September 17, Antietam, Md.
- Henry Williamson, Corporal, September 1, Chantilly, Va.
- Jacob Cook, Private, September 17, Antietam, Md.
- John M. Crapser, Private, August 30, Manassas, Va.
- James Dykensan, Private, September 1, Chantilly.
- Abram C. Halstead, Private, August 30, Manassas.
- Russel C. Harris, Private, August 30, Manassas.
- Michael Kilroy, Private, December 13, Fredericksburg.
- John R. Morgan, Private, December 13, Fredericksburg.
- Ona S. Payne, Private, September 1, Chantilly.
- Aaron Rhodes, Private, September 17, Antietam.
- Charles H. Williams, Private, August 30, Manassas.
- Henry Williamson, Sergeant, December 13, Fredericksburg.
- William A. Ingram, Sergeant, August 30, Manassas.
- John Stewart, Private, August 30, Manassas.
- Edward Babcock, Private, August 30, Manassas.
- Philip Deits, Sergeant, August 30, Manassas.
- (T) Frederick Obermier, Sergeant, August 30, Manassas.
- Michael Speedling, Corporal, August 30, Manassas.
- Andrew Yable, Corporal, August 30, Manassas.
- (T) Oswald Decker, Private, August 30, Manassas.
- Thomas W. Francisco, Private, August 30, Manassas.
- (T) Theodore Garrison, Private, August 30, Manassas.
- Howard Joy, Private, August 21, Norman's Ford.
- John Joy, Private, September 17, Antietam, Md.
- Lewis Lamoyard, Private, December 14, Fredericksburg, Va.
- Isaac Lawrence, Private, September 17, Antietam, Md.
- (T) Charles K. McNiff, Private, December 14, Fredericksburg, Va.
- (T) Adam Moore, Private, August 21, Norman's Ford.

Michael O'Donnell, Private, September 18, Antietam, Md.

Henry Plough, Private, August 30, Manassas, Va.

William Rosenberger, Private, August 30 Manassas.

Michael O'Donnell, Private, August 30, Manassas.

Cyrastus H. Betts, First Sergeant, August 30, Manassas.

William Bates, Corporal, August 30, Manassas.

John Knowles, Private, August 30, Manassas.

George Van Loan, Private, August 30, Manassas.

George G. Martin, Corporal, August 30, Manassas.

William Knapp, Private, August 30, Manassas.

Philip Dillon, Private, August 30, Manassas.

Spencer Dederick, Private, August 30, Manassas.

John Edleman, Private, August 30, Manassas.

Henry Rose, Private, September 17, Antietam, Md.

George H. Barnard, Private, September 17, Antietam.

Ten Eyck O. France, Private, December 13, Fredericksburg, Va.

Patrick Graney, Sergeant, September 17, Antietam, Md.

Halsey Davis, Corporal, August 30, Manassas, Va.

Isaac E. Rosa, Private, August 30, Manassas.

D. P. Whittaker, Corporal, August 30, Manassas.

Dubois Markle, Corporal, September 1, Chantilly.

George Brown, Corporal, August 30, Manassas.

John Connery, Corporal, September 17, Antietam, Md.

Richard Burger, Private, August 30, Manassas, Va.

David S. Bell, Private, August 30, Manassas.

Albert Collier, Private, August 30, Manassas.

Ebbie Higgins, Private, August 30, Manassas.

George Hinckley, Private, August 30, Manassas.

Lorenzo Kirby, Private, August 30, Manassas.

S. H. Lee, Private, September 1, Chantilly.

Jacob P. Lattimore, Private, August 30, Manassas.

George Moore, Private, August 26, Warrenton Springs.

J. M. Ostrander, Private, December 13, Fredericksburg.

Conrad Smith, Private, August 30, Manassas.

Watson A. Smith, Private, August 30, Manassas.

Peter Sparling, Private, August 30, Manassas.

Bealy Taylor, Private, August 30, Manassas.

William Van Scoit, Private, August 30, Manassas.

Stephen Van Velsan, Private, August 30, Manassas.

Michael Huger, Private, August 30, Manassas.

Hugh Donahugh, Private, August 30, Manassas.

George H. Brankstone, First Sergeant, December 14, Fredericksburg.

H. H. Terwelliger, Sergeant, August 30, Manassas.

Thomas Wallace, Sergeant, December 14, Fredericksburg.

William Freeman, Sergeant, August, 26, Warrenton Springs.

James W. Whelpley, Corporal, August 30, Manassas.
 David H. Welch, Corporal, August 30, Manassas.
 Miles Anderson, Corporal, August 30, Manassas.
 George G. Barlow, Corporal, August 30, Manassas.
 George P. Sanders, Corporal, December 15, Fredericksburg.

Ephraim Turner, Corporal, August 30, Manassas.
 Melvin Atkins, Private, September, 17, Antietam, Md.

James Beers, Private, September 17, Antietam, Va
 Andrew Carney, Private, September 17, Antietam, Md.

Nicholas Cooper, Private, August 30, Manassas, Va.
 Martin J. Deponia, Private, August 26, Warrenton Springs.

Alvin A. Hauschmidt, Private, August 30, Manassas, Virginia.

James Hausfaldt, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 Henry H. Legg, Private, September 17, Antietam, Md.

Samuel McCune, Private December 13, Fredericksburg, Va.

Lewis Payne, Private, September 17, Antietam, Md.

Russel Powell, Private, August 30, Manassas, Va.
 John Swhab, Sergeant, August 3, Fredericksburg.
 Calvin Sheely, Private, September 17, Antietam, Md.

Eugene F. Thorpe, Private, August 30, Manassas, Va.

Thomas J. Conlon, Sergeant, August 30, Manassas.
 James F. Colligan, Corporal, August 30, Manassas.
 Peter Foley, Corporal, August 30, Manassas.

James R. Burke, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 James Costello, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 Thomas Doyle, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 James Fitzgerald, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 Bernard Gerretty, Private, August, 30, Manassas.
 Martin Jones, Private, August 30, Manassas.

John Kelly, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 Valentine Lundy, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 John Luft, Private, August 30, Manassas.

John Masterson, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 William Mayer, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 Philip Post, Private, August 30, Manassas.

George Patterson, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 John Pratt, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 Andrew Sweeny, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 Cassandra W. Turner, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 Hugh Wallace, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 William J. Miller, Private, August 30, Manassas.

- Patrick Melia, Private, August 30, Manassas.
- John Theman Corporal, September 17, Antietam, Md.
- J. M. Countryman, Private, September 17, Antietam.
 - James Green, Private September 17, Antietam.
 - Thomas McAbey, Private, September 17, Antietam.
 - Patrick Nolan, Private, Sep ember 17, Antietam.
 - Edward Nolan, Private, September 17, Antietam.
 - John B. Barry, Private, September 17, Antietam.
 - James Smith, Fi st Sergeant, August 30, Manassas, Va.
 - R. H. Barrett, Sergeant, August 30, Manassas.
 - H. R. Dopp, Sergeant, August 21, Norman's Ford.
 - George Butler, Corporal, August 30, Manassas.
 - William F. Smith, Corporal, August 30, Manassas.
 - James Higgins, Corporal August 30, Manassas.
 - R. S. Hammond, Corporal, September 17, Antietam, Md.
 - John W. Tolland, Corporal, September 17, Antietam.
 - William C. Allen, Private, September, 17, Antietam.
 - P. S. Angle, Private, August 30, Manassas, Va.
 - Albiner Fiero, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 - Chauncey Hogeboom, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 - John Haynes, Private, September 17, Antietam, Md.
 - Stephen Knapp,Private, August 30, Manassas, Va.
 - James A. Lewis, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 - Joseph Bell, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 - William B. Rose, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 - P. H. Wagner, Private, September 17, Antietam, Md.
 - Edward Rogers, Private, August 30, Manassas, Va.
 - Isaac Cleaver, Private, September 17, Antietam, Md.
 - Wellington Butler, Private, August 30, Manassas, Virginia.
 - Altino West, Private, Augnst 30, Manassas.
 - George L. Hughson, Private, September 17, Antietam, Md.
 - Lewis H. Wilklow, Sergeant, August 30, Manassas, Virginia.
 - George B. Coyle, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 - John J. Conway, Corporal, August 30, Manassas.
 - Charles Bergher, Corporal, August 30, Manassas.
 - James H. Bunto, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 - Thomas C. France, Private August 30, Manassas.
 - John Haggerty, Private, September 17, Antietam, Md.
 - James Rafferty, Private, August 30, Manassas, Va.
 - William H. Reynolds, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 - William Rosa, Private, Augast 30, Manassas.

- John Sullivan, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 Frederick Toothill, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 James Van Elten, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 John Van Gaasbeck, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 Aaron Woolsey, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 Morris Hein, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 Edwin Bruce, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 Edward Higham, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 Apollos B. Fink, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 James Mulveyhill, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 M. J. C. Woodworth, First Sergeant, September 17,
Antietam, Md.
 Michael Farrell, Sergeant, December 14, Fredericksburg, Va.
 Francis Clark, Sergeant, August 30, Manassas.
 Henry M. Herring, Corporal, September 17, Antietam, Md.
 Joseph Leonard, Corporal, August 30, Manassas, Va.
 George Rossman, Corporal, August 30, Manassas.
 Jordan A. Sickler, Corporal, August 30, Manassas.
 Michael Caughlan, Corporal, August 30, Manassas.
 James Brady, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 Romeyn Beach, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 John Camaton, Private, August 26, Warrenton Springs.
 Hezekiah Carle, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 Myer Devall, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 Barney Fitch, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 William L. Hanson, Private, December 13, Fredericksburg.
 Patrick Moran, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 John McKain, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 Edward McAdams, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 John O. Brien, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 George W. Peet, Sergeant, December 13, Fredericksburg.
 Peter S. Carle, Corporal, August 30, Manassas.
 Henry J. Newell, Corporal, August 30, Manassas.
 Joseph Hill, Sergeant, September 1, Chantilly.
 John B. Brush, Private, September 17, Antietam, Md.
 John W. Bradt, Private, August, 30, Manassas, Va.
 Amos J. Carle, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 Benjamin W. Dutcher, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 Maynard Decker, Corporal, August 30, Manassas.
 Robert Drummond, Private, August 30, Manassas.
 Daniel Greenwood, Private, September 17, Antietam, Md.
 Constant C. Hanks, Private, August 30, Manassas, Va.
 James Hooks, Private, December 13, Fredericksburg.
 Charles Hansell, Private, September 1, Chantilly.

William Hapenward, Private, September 1, Chantilly.

Dennis Judd, Private, August 30, Manassas.

Henry M. Judd, Private, August 30, Manassas.

Horatio Lord Private, August 30, Manassas.

John H. Pierce, Private, September 1, Chantilly.

John Proper, Private, August 30, Manassas.

Edward L. Sealy, Private, September 14, South Mountain, Md.

Henry Schutt Private, August 30, Manassas, Va.

Hiram Travis, Private, August 21, Norman's Ford.

PRIVATE,

MISSING.

Andrew Dile, Company I, Sergeant, August 30,
Monocacy, Va.

Manassas, Va.
John Tamm, J. Brinley, August 20, Manassas

John Tracy, I, Private, August 30, Manassas.
Hugh Burns, H, Private, September 17, Antietam,
Md.

George Woolsey C. August 30 Manassas, Va.

George Woolsey, C. August 30, Manassas, Va.
and
TOMASINE B. GATES

**THEODORE B. GATES,
Colonel Commanding Regiment.**

(Signed) L. M. Slocum, Adj'tant

(Signed) J. M. SCHOONMAKER, Adjutant.
Headquarters Twentieth Regiment New York State
Militia, Aquia Creek, February 1, 1863.

**MOVEMENTS AND SERVICE
OF THE
“ULSTER GUARD,”**

Twentieth Regiment New York State Militia,

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1863

January 1.—In camp with Third Brigade, First Division, First Corps, at Hall's Landing, mouth of Potomac Creek, Va., doing fatigue duty.

January 7.—Transferred from the First corps and placed in a provisional brigade, under command of Brigadier-General M. R. Patrick, Provost-Marshal-General, by Special Orders No. 6, Headquarters Army of the Potomac.

January 10.—Embarked on steamboat *Rockland* at 8 a. m. and debarked at Aquia Creek, Va. at 10 a. m. and proceeded up the Potomac, Fredericksburg and Richmond Railroad, establishing guard posts to Potomac River Station. Headquarters of the regiment at Brook's Station.

January 21.—Marched to Aquia Creek Landing to do guard duty. Encamped near the Landing. Distance marched, 6 miles.

January 22.—One company placed on picket duty along the Potomac River from Aquia to Potomac Creek. A sergeant and ten men on duty at Liverpool Point, Md., opposite Aquia Creek. The residue of the regiment doing guard duty at the Landing.

February 10.—Moved camp to a hill nearer the river.

April 29.—Marched from Aquia Creek to Brook's Station, 6 miles; establishing guard posts along the river and garrisoning the field works at Accoac Creek, and *tête du pont* at Potomac Creek.

**CHANCELLORSVILLE, OR FREDERICKSBURG SECOND,
APRIL 30—MAY 6.**

May 9.—B Company proceeded from Brook's Station to Washington D. C., by rail and boat, to perform provost duty on Government wharf. Distance, 62 miles.

May 13.—B Company returned to Brook's Station from Washington by rail and boat. Distance, 62 miles.

May 15.—Headquarters moved from Brook's Station to Falmouth Station, 9 miles. Companies A, B, E and H moved to Falmouth Station. C Company stationed at Brook's Station; D Company at Potomac Creek Station; E, I, F and K Companies at Aquia Creek; G Company at Stoneman's switch—all performing provost duty.

May 16.—D Company moved from Potomac Creek to Headquarters Army of the Potomac, 3 miles.

May 17.—K and I Companies moved from Aquia Creek to Headquarters Army of the Potomac. Fifteen miles.

May 18.—E Company moved from Falmouth Station to Headquarters Army of the Potomac. Two miles.

May 30.—C, D, E, I and K Companies, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Hardenbergh, marched to Belle Plain, Va., to perform Provost duty. Seven miles.

June 14.—The different detachments of the regiment united at Aquia Creek—fifteen miles—at 12 M. and reported to Brigadier-General G. K. WARREN. At 3 P. M. moved by rail to Potomac Creek, to garrison field works perform picket duty and remove Government property. Nine miles.

June 15.—Marched at 7 A. M. to Brook's Station, where remained doing picket duty and protecting the removal of Government property until 12 M., when, all being removed, proceeded by rail to near Aquia Creek, and garrisoned Forts Nos. 1 and 2. Eight miles. At about 3 P. M. a detachment under command of Major W. A. Van Rensselaer, proceeded on a reconnaissance by rail to Potomac Creek Station, and returned at 5 P. M. Sixteen miles.

June 16.—Marched at 4 P. M. to Aquia Creek, and embarked on steamer *Hero*, and debarked at Alexandria, Va., on the 17th, at 6 A. M. the next morning, forty-five miles, and marched to Soldier's Rest, where breakfasted, when marched to the edge of the city, and bivouacked. Marched at 5 P. M. through Alexandria, across the Long Bridge through Washington, to the Soldier's Home, where remained during the night. Eight miles.

June 18.—Marched at 5 A. M. through Washington and Georgetown, over the Washington Aqueduct to near the Great Falls of the Potomac, where bivouacked at 7 P. M. Sixteen miles.

June 19.—Marched at 6 A. M. to Great Falls of Potomac, where embarked on Canal Boats on Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and debarked at Seneca, and marching through Poolesville bivouacked at 5 P. M., a short distance beyond; twenty-four miles.

June 20.—Marched at 8 A. M. to the mouth of the

Monocacy, where encamped. Six miles. Regiment engaged in performing picket duty along the Potomac River, and protecting Aqueduct of Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, over the Monocacy River.

June 22.—Marched at 3 p. m. to Edward's Ferry, where encamped at 9 p. m. Eleven miles. While here performed provost and guard duty.

June 27.—Relieved by the One Hundred and Tenth Regiment Penn. Volunteers, and ordered to join First Corps. Marched at 10 a. m. to the Monocacy, crossing that river over the Aqueduct, and bivouacked at 6 p. m. four miles beyond. Thirteen miles.

June 28.—Marched at 5 a. m., crossing the Katochton Mountains at Katochton's Pass, passed through Adamstown and Jefferson, and proceeded to near Middletown, where, learning that the First Corps had gone to Frederick, the regiment took a by road and recrossed the Katochton Mountains at New Pass, and bivouacked at 8 p. m. Sixteen miles.

June 29.—Marched at 6 a. m., and passing through Frederick and Lewistown bivouacked at 5 p. m. on Emmitsburg Pike. Sixteen miles.

June 30.—Marched at 4 a. m. and reached Emmitsburg at 12 m., where halted, and reported the arrival to Major-General REYNOLDS, commanding First Corps, where received orders to join Third Division under command of Major-General DOUBLEDAY. On joining the division, were assigned to the First Brigade then on picket. Eighteen miles.

GETTYSBURG.

July 1.—Marched at 8 a. m. with brigade toward Gettysburg, Pa., and reached a position near the enemy about a mile and a half west of Gettysburg, when the brigade was immediately formed in line of battle faced due north, this regiment holding the left. The brigade was soon afterward moved by the right flank some half a mile to the southeast, and a new line of battle formed, faced to the west. In this position it advanced through the open fields into a valley, and to the edge of a piece of woods, where for a time the fire of the enemy's artillery and musketry was quite heavy. Shortly afterward it was ordered to return over the crest of a hill, in the cleared field, where the men were somewhat protected. While in this position a company of this regiment (K) was ordered to advance, as skirmishers, to a brick house and stone barn opposite the left flank, and some eighth of a mile in front just across the valley before referred to. At about 1 p. m. the brigade moved by the left flank into the Gettysburg road, when this regiment and the One Hundred and Fifty-first Penn. Volunteers formed line of battle, faced to the north. During this change of front the artillery fire of the enemy was

severe. At 2 1-2 p. m. the line was advanced across the field, and front changed to the left, until it resumed the third position of the forenoon. This movement was made under a warm artillery fire. The enemy soon afterward, with two very strong lines of infantry, and driving in the skirmishers (which had some time before been reenforced by G company of this regiment), moved rapidly on our lines. Their lines extended the front of two regiments beyond our left flank, completely enfilading our line, and pouring a terrible fire into our front and left flank. The regiment held its position until the artillery was removed, and then fell back slowly behind a barricade of rails, some eighth of a mile in their rear, and in front of Gettysburg Seminary, the enemy following rapidly in great force. Here the men were rallied, and formed behind the barricade, and checked the enemy's advance, and finally compelled him to retire. He advanced again, however, and prolonging his line to our left again turned our flank and compelled the regiment to retire. They fell back through the town of Gettysburg to the high ground south of the cemetery. In retiring from the barricade, and until they had reached the interior of the city, they were under fire of the enemy's infantry upon their rear and both flanks.

July 2.—At 11 a. m. the regiment was relieved and passed to the rear for supplies and rest. In the afternoon were thrown forward again as part of the forces to check the enemy, who was causing our left to retire. When the fighting ceased, they were assigned to the front line, a little to the left of the centre of our line of battle. This regiment, with the One Hundred and Fifty-first Penn. Volunteers forming a demi-brigade under the command of Colonel Gates, were put in position behind a rail fence, which they converted into a barricade, that afterward afforded some security against the enemy's sharp-shooters, and proved of special benefit the next day during the artillery and musketry fire. [William Swinton's "Army of the Potomac"—see Text and Note, page 360.]

July 3—At 12½ p. m., the enemy opened from his right and centre batteries, and the position occupied by this regiment was swept by a tempest of shell and shot which continued nearly three hours, unsurpassed in rapidity of firing and in the number of guns employed by anything that has occurred during the war. As the cannonading subsided the enemy's infantry began to debouch from the orchard and woods on his right centre, and moved in line of battle across the open fields between their position and the highway from Gettysburg to Emmitsburg. His troops were formed in two lines; the second line, however, not covering the left battalion of the first. They advanced

rapidly, firing as they came, our skirmishers falling back before them. The regiment opened fire upon them when they reached the further end of the valley in front of them, and the first line immediately faced to the left and moved rapidly in the new direction; as the second line received the fire it began to oblique to the left, and finally closed its left upon the right of the first line when all faced to the right and moved forward in one line of battle, firing rapidly. It being perceived that the design was to break through our left centre and gain the heights and batteries, crowning them between the roads sweeping around the left of the Cemetery and the open fields between the enemy's line and ours; the demi-brigade was moved by the right flank toward our centre, corresponding with the enemy's movements, and pouring a continuous fire into their ranks as they advanced. The enemy moved forward with unusual determination, and, although his ranks were momentarily thinned, continued to advance until he reached the fence at the foot of the hill, immediately beneath our left centre batteries; this affording him considerable protection, he threw some of his force over the fence and into the slashing on the hill-side, made to clear the range for our guns. The contest for the possession of this hill side and fence was especially obstinate, and for a considerable time the chances of success appeared to favor first one side and then the other; each seemed to appreciate the fact that the possession of the heights was all important, and each fought with the utmost desperation. The men were within quarter pistol shot range, and the fence and fallen trees gave the enemy considerable cover. The demi-brigade then advanced and pushed briskly through the slashing to the fence, cheering as they went, when the enemy broke and hastily retreated in great disorder, while they poured into hi lines a heavy and continuous fire. This concluded the fighting at this point, and left us in undisputed possession of the contested ground. We took a large number of prisoners, and the ground in front was strewn with the dead and wounded of the enemy. During this almost hand-to-hand conflict the enemy's batteries played upon friend and foe alike, doing quite as much damage in their own ranks as in ours. It was ascertained from the prisoners that the troops with which the two regiments had been engaged were Pickett's Division of Longstreet's Corps, and more than six times outnumbered them. At 6 p.m., the regiment was relieved and passed to the rear; bivouacked on the battle-field. Major-General Doubleday issued the following order :

HEADQUARTERS, THIRD DIVISION,
FIRST CORPS, July 4, 1863.

General Orders.

The Major-General commanding the division desires to return his thanks to the Vermont Brigade, the One Hundred and Fifty-first Pennsylvania Volunteers, and the Twentieth New York State Militia, for their gallant conduct in resisting in the front line the main attack of the enemy upon this position, after sustaining a terrific fire from seventy-five to a hundred pieces of artillery. He congratulates them upon contributing so essentially to the glorious, and it is to be hoped, final victory yesterday.

By command of Major-General DOBBEDAY,

(Signed) EDWARD C. BAIRD,

Captain and A. A. G.,

July 6.—Marched at 7 a. m., with the first corps, and bivouacked near Emmitsburg, Md., at 7 p. m. Ten miles.

July 7.—Marched at 4½ a. m., and passing over the Katochton Mountains, back of Lewistown bivouacked beyond Hamburg on the northerly side of the mountain at about 7 p. m. Twenty-two miles.

July 8.—Marched at 5 a. m., through Belleville, Middletown, and crossing South Mountain at Turner's Gap, formed a line of battle on north side, where barricades were thrown up. Fourteen miles.

July 10.—Marched at 5½ a. m., through Boonsboro, to right of our lines, and then threw up barricades. Five miles.

July 11.—Moved to the extreme right under the mountain and threw up entrenchments, putting out pickets in front.

July 12.—Marched at 11 a. m., passing through Funkstown and crossing Antietam Creek took up a position on Funkstown Heights, one mile south of Hagerstown, and threw up entrenchments under fire of the enemy's pickets. Five miles.

July 13.—Laid in line of battle all day; skirmishers pretty active in front. Our line of battle in range of enemy's sharpshooters.

July 14.—Men aroused at 4½ a. m., and got under arms preparatory to an attack. Skirmishers advanced and found the enemy's works abandoned. Marched at 12 m., to near Williamsport, and bivouacked at 3 p. m. Five miles.

July 15.—Marched at 6 a. m., via Williamsport and Hagerstown Pike to Funkstown, and thence through Jones Corners, Keedysville and Bakerville to foot of South Mountain and bivouacked at 7 p. m., near Crampton's Gap. Eighteen miles.

July 16.—Marched at 9 a. m., and crossing South Mountain at Crampton's Gap bivouacked at 4 p. m.

near Berlin. Nine miles. At this place the regiment was detached from the First Corps and ordered to report to Brigadier General M. R. Patrick, Provost-Marshal General, for duty in his Department.

July 17.—Two lieutenants and thirty men being left at headquarters, Provost-Marshal General, the regiment took the cars for Washington as guard for 725 prisoners of war.

July 18.—Reached there at 6 a. m., next day.

July 20.—Returned to Berlin, and crossing the Potowmac, marched ten miles to Wheatland, Va., where bivouacked.

July 21.—Marched at 6 a. m., and joined army headquarters near Union, Va., at 1 p. m. Ten miles.

July 22.—Marched to Deany's Farm and camped. Five miles.

July 23.—Marched at 8 a. m., with General Headquarters and bivouacked near Markham at 6 p. m. Twenty-two miles.

July 24.—Marched at 12 m., and bivouacked at 7 p. m., at Salem. Fourteen miles.

July 25.—Marched at 6 a. m., and camped at 6 p. m., in Warrenton. Twelve miles. Regiment doing provost duty in this town.

July 27.—Relieved by the One Hundred and Thirtieth New York Volunteers.

July 29.—Companies C and G proceeded by rail to Warrenton Junction, Va., to do provost duty. Ten miles.

July 31.—K company ordered to guard Commissary Depot. Three miles.

August 11.—Broke camp at 6 a. m., and moved by rail to Warrenton Junction to do provost duty. Ten miles.

September 17.—Moved by rail to Culpepper Court-house to do provost duty in that town. Twenty-two miles.

October 10.—Marched at 4 a. m., and bivouacked at Rappahannock Station at 6 p. m.

October 11.—Marched at 6 a. m., to Bealton Station. Four miles.

October 12.—Marched to Catlett's Station, ten miles, where did picket duty at night.

October 13.—Marched at 6 a. m., for Fairfax Station. Twenty-one miles. General Headquarters train being attacked by guerrillas, the regiment marched out to protect it, and then returned to Station. Four miles.

October 14.—Proceeded by rail to Washington as guard for 382 prisoners of war. Twenty-four miles.

October 15.—Returned by rail to Fairfax Station. Twenty-four miles.

October 21.—Marched at 10 a. m., through Centre-

ville across Bull Run and Cub Run and bivouacked at 6 p. m., at Gainesville. Twenty-one miles.

October 22.—Marched at 7 a. m., and camped at Warrenton, Va., at 1 p. m. Twelve miles.

October 26.—B company ordered to Manassas to do provost duty. Twenty-four miles.

October 27.—Marched at 8 a. m., with General Headquarters to Auburn. Six miles.

October 30.—Marched at 10 a. m., to Three Mile Station. Six miles.

November 2.—Marched to Warrenton Junction Three miles.

November 9.—Moved by rail as guard to 1,886 prisoners of war to Alexandria. Thirty-two miles.

November 10.—Returned by rail to Warrenton Junction. Thirty-two miles.

November 19.—Moved by rail to Brandy Station. Sixteen miles.

November 26.—Marched at 12 m., and bivouacked at 8 p. m., near Germania Ford on the Rapidan River. Ten miles.

November 27.—Marched at 7 a. m. Crossed the Rapidan River at Germania Ford, and bivouacked at the Lacy House on Orange and Fredericksburg Pike at 7 p. m. Ten miles.

November 28.—Marched at 7 a. m., to near Roberson's Tavern, where encamped. Four miles.

December 1.—Marched at 3 p. m., recrossed the Rapidan River at Germania Ford and bivouacked at 8 p. m. Ten miles.

December 2.—Marched at 7 a. m., and encamped at Brandy Station at 2 p. m. Eight miles.

December 24.—B company moved by rail to Catlett's Station and Manassas, and A company to Rappahannock Station and Warrenton Junction, to do provost duty.

December 26.—E company moved by rail to Culpeper Court-house Station to do provost duty.

December 29.—Two commissioned officers and two non-commissioned officers and thirty men, detailed as permanent guard on passenger trains, running between Brandy Station and Washington, D. C.

December 31.—Headquarters of Regiment at Brandy Station, Va., doing duty as above stated.

LIST OF
KILLED AND WOUNDED
 OF THE
"ULSTER GUARD,"
Twentieth Regiment New York State Militia,
 FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1863.

KILLED.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Joseph F. Corbin, Company F, Captain, Gettysburg, Pa.

Ambrose N. Baldwin, K, Captain; Gettysburg.

George H. Brankstone, E, First Lieutenant, Gettysburg.

ENLISTED MEN.

Theodore Wheeler, Company A, Corporal, Gettysburg, Pa.

Duane S. Bush, A, Private, Gettysburg.

Henry Belcher, A, Private, Gettysburg.

Charles C. Babcock, A, Private, Gettysburg.

Francis J. Lee, A, Private, Gettysburg.

Dewitt C. Hamlin, A, Private, Gettysburg.

Ephraim Rosa, B, Private, Gettysburg.

James Craig, C, Sergeant, Gettysburg.

Constantine Van Steinburg, C, Private, Gettysburg.

Edward Coogan, C, Private, Gettysburg.

Walter S. Tyler, C, Corporal, Gettysburg.

Luther W. McClellan, D, Sergeant, Gettysburg.

Ebbin Higgins, D, Private, Gettysburg.

R. C. Van Leavin, D, Private, Gettysburg.

Amos C. Treat, D, Private, Gettysburg.

Albert Collier, D, Private, Gettysburg.

Alexander Tee, E, Private, Gettysburg.

Leonard Van Jorder, E, Private, Gettysburg.

John Luft, F, Private, Gettysburg.

Lucius H. Decker, G, Sergeant, Gettysburg.

James L. Hallock, H, Private, Gettysburg.

James E. Angevine, H, Corporal, Gettysburg.

Eli A. Degroff, H, Corporal, Gettysburg.

Ansot B. Pierce, H, Private, Gettysburg.
 Joseph Leonard, I, Corporal, Gettysburg.
 John Tracy, I, Private, Gettysburg.
 Thomas Hyatt, I, Private, Gettysburg.
 Minard Decker, K, Sergeant, Gettysburg.
 Nelson Southard, K, Private, Gettysburg.
 George H. Babcock, E, Private, Gettysburg.
 Squir. Flanders, I, Private, Gettysburg.

WOUNDED.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

W. A. Van Rensselaer, Major, Gettysburg.
 J. M. Schoonmaker, Adjutant, Gettysburg.
 John R. Leslie, Company B, Captain, Gettysburg.
 Andrew S. Schutt, C, First Lieutenant, Gettysburg.
 James Flemming, C, Second Lieutenant, Gettysburg.
 Daniel McMahon, D, Captain, Gettysburg.
 George B. Wolcott, D, Second Lieutenant, Gettysburg.
 Abm. Merritt, E, Second Lieutenant, Gettysburg.
 John Delacroy, F, Second Lieutenant, Gettysburg.
 William H. Cunningham, G, Captain, Gettysburg.
 George B. Mulks, G, First Lieutenant, Gettysburg.
 Thomas Alexander, H, Captain, Gettysburg.
 Alfred Tanner, H, Second Lieutenant, Gettysburg.
 J. D. S. Cook, I, Captain, Gettysburg.
 John M. Young, K, Second Lieutenant, Gettysburg.

ENLISTED MEN.

John Boyle, C, Private, Gettysburg.
 James Garmon, C, Private, Gettysburg.
 George A. Ackert, C, Private, Gettysburgh.
 John Edleman, C, Private, Gettysburg.
 Thomas Wells, C, Private, Gettysburg.
 George W. Pardee, C, Corporal, Gettysburg.
 Joseph Shelightner, C, Private, Gettysburg.
 John H. Dunn, C, Corporal, Gettysburg.
 Jeremiah Kerrigan, C, Private, Gettysburg.
 Jonathan Dubois, C, Private, G-ttysburg.
 Abm. K. Van Buskirk, C, Private, Gettysburg.
 William Baker, A, Private, Gettysburg.
 James E. Doxie, A, Private, Gettysburg.
 John Donnelly, A, Private, Gettysburg.
 John Ridings, Jr., A, Sergeant, Gettysburg.
 (T) William A. Sockings, A, Private, Gettysburg.
 (T) Wansborough Bloxam, B, Sergeant, Gettysburg.
 Frank Bowman, B, Private, Gettysburg.
 Isaac C. Buswell, B, First Sergeant, Gettysburg.
 (T) Morgan Deneger, B, Private, Gettysburg.

James Keegan, B, Private, Gettysburg.
(T) Charles K. McKniff, B, Corporal, Gettysburg.
(T) Adam More, B, Private, Gettysburg.
William Risenberger, Jr., B, Corporal, Gettysburg.
John H. Swart, B, Corporal, Gettysburg.
Jacob F. Teal, B, Private, Gettysburg.
H. C. Van Buren, B, Private, Gettysburg.
James Yaple, B, Sergeant, Gettysburg.
James A. Wescott, B, Private, Gettysburg.
Asa Bishop, D, Sergeant, Gettysburg.
John Cudney, D, Corporal, Gettysburg.
Charles Kniffin, D, Sergeant, Gettysburg.
Jacob P. Latimore, D, Private, Gettysburg.
Martin Jerseneous, D, Private, Gettysburg.
Dewitt Rose, D, Private, Gettysburg.
Watson A. Smith, D, Sergeant, Gettysburg.
Lewis E. Champaigne, E, Sergeant, Gettysburg.
Stephen L. Cudney, E, Sergeant, Gettysburg.
William Fetterman, E, Private, Gettysburg.
Lorenzo B. Healy, E, Private, Gettysburg.
James Housfall, E, Private, Gettysburg.
Henry O. Irwin, E, Private, Gettysburg.
John Johnson, E, Corporal, Gettysburg.
Lewis Snyder, E, Private, Gettysburg.
Enos B. Vail, E, Private, Gettysburg.
John H. Winise, G, Sergeant, Gettysburg.
James Higgins, G, Sergeant, Gettysburg.
John C. Parks, G, Private, Gettysburg.
Peter H. Van Wagoner, G, Private, Gettysburg.
John Ovendorf, H, Corporal, Gettysburg.
William L. Snyder, H, Private, Gettysburg.
Joseph Sickler, H, Private, Gettysburg.
Morris Hein, H, Private, Gettysburg.
William Fuller, I, Sergeant, Gettysburg.
William Henson, I, Private, Gettysburg.
James Larrie, I, Private, Gettysburg.
John W. Plimly, I, Private, Gettysburg.
Henry Tompkins, I, Private, Gettysburg.
Edward Wright, I, Private, Gettysburg.
Michael Farrell, I, Sergeant, Gettysburg.
Moses Whittaker, I, Sergeant, Gettysburg.
Barney Fitch, I, Corporal, Gettysburg.
George Rossman, I, Sergeant, Gettysburg.
Jehiel L. Judd, K, First Sergeant, Gettysburg.
John Chandler, K, Corporal, Gettysburg.
Addison S. Hayes, K, Private, Gettysburg.
George Hood, K, Private, Gettysburg.
Joseph Hill, K, Sergeant, Gettysburg.
Henry Schutt, K, Private, Gettysburg.
Bernard Halstead, G, Private, Gettysburg.
N. Van Valkenberg, G, Private, Gettysburg.
Charles C. Babcock, A, Private, Gettysburg.
James H. Beletier, A, Private, Gettysburg.

Samuel Norfolk, F, Private, Gettysburg.
William H. Parkinson, I, Private, Gettysburg.
David E. Post, I, Private, Gettysburg
Emerson Scott, I, Private, Gettysburg
Ira B. Tait, D, Private, Gettysburg.
Aaron Nichols, H, Private, Gettysburg.
A. Mullen, F, First Sergeant, Gettysburg.
E. Beckett, F, Sergeant, Gettysburg.
Ed. Ashley, F, Private, Gettysburg.
J. E. Pells, F, Private, Gettysburg.
T. Doyle, F, Private, Gettysburg.
L. Burns, F, Private, Gettysburg.
John Knighton, B, Private, Gettysburg.
Asa Jones, D, Sergeant, Gettysburg
Charles Keegan, A, Private, Gettysburg.
John Swart, I, Corporal, Gettysburg.
N. Rossman, I, Private, Gettysburg.
James Bonesteel, G, Sergeant, Gettysburg.
T. Croaks, F, Private, Gettysburg.
Stephen Strong, I, Private, Gettysburg.
William Schaffer, G, Private, Gettysburg.

**ANNUAL REPORT
OF THE
MOVEMENTS, SERVICE & DISCIPLINE
OF THE
Twentieth Regiment New York State Militia
“ULSTER GUARD,”
(80th N. Y. Vol. Infantry.)
COMMANDED BY
COLONEL THEODORE B. GATES,
FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1864.**

January 1.—Encamped at *Brandy Station*, Va., with officers and detachments at every Station along the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, from Alexandria to Culpepper Court-house (both inclusive), acting as Provost Marshals and Guards; and one company at Headquarters, Army of the Potomac, as guard for the Provost-Marshal-General. From this time to May 4th, the Regiment was engaged in doing provost and guard duty on and along the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, having charge of all mail, passenger and special trains run on that road; the granting of passes to all persons leaving the army; and to all civilians to pass from one part of the Army to another; the registering of all civilians coming to the Army; the examination and general superintendence of all goods coming into the Army; and the conveying of all prisoners from the Army to other places throughout the United States.

February 13.—Colonel THEODORE B. GATES, Surgeon R. LOUGHREN, Captains J. D. S. COOK, M. SNYDER, DAN'L McMAHON, Lieutenants D. J. FRANCE, M. J. C. WOODWORTH, J. DEITS, and 161 enlisted men left *Brandy Station*, Va., on 35 days' *Veteran Furlough*, and arrived at *Kingston*, N. Y., on the 15th, where they were publicly received by an immense concourse of citizens, and after addresses of welcome, the battalion sat down to a bounteous dinner provided by the ladies, whose presence graced the occasion.

February 17.—The officers visited the City of

Albany and were invited to seats on the floor of the Assembly Chamber. On taking seats they were addressed by Mr. SPEAKER ALYORD in patriotic and complimentary terms. He said the regiment was one of the old militia regiments of the State—from the good old county of Ulster. Thrice had they laid themselves upon the altar of their country. Their lamented comrades slept upon many a well-fought battle-field. Their former Colonel—GEO. W. PRATT—fell in the second battle of Bull Run. As for the third time they go forth, God grant to preserve their lives in safety and to return them once more to our State.

Colonel GATES replied as follows: "MR. SPEAKER and GENTLEMEN OF THE ASSEMBLY: I know not in what language to express to you the gratification we feel for the honor you have conferred upon the Twentieth Regiment N. Y. S. M. in inviting its officers to the privileges of the floor of this House. We came to Albany to day, sir, on business of solemn import. We came here to pay, in the first place, our respects to the Governor of the State, the Commander-in-Chief of the forces of the State of New York, and in the second place to tender to the widow of our deceased Colonel the compliment of a presentation of a stand of colors of our regiment to her infant son, —the son of our ever-lamented Colonel. Knowing that we should be detained here till evening, we determined to come to the Assembly Chamber to witness the proceedings that might take place, but we had no expectation that we should be honored with the compliment of seats upon the floor.

"In behalf of the officers here, sir—in behalf of the regiment I have the honor to command, I thank you, sir; and I thank the members of the Assembly for the honor they have conferred upon us. The Twentieth Regiment is a regiment of the Militia of the State of New York. On the breaking out of the rebellion they tendered their services to the Governor of the State of New York, and through him to the President of the United States, and were accepted. They marched from *Kingston*, in Ulster County, on the 20th April, 1861, for three months' service. At the expiration of that time they returned and were mustered out of service, but were mustered in again and marched in October, 1861, for the war.

"I feel it due that I should say to you, sir, and to the members of the Assembly, that the regiment has been faithful to the trust confided to it; that it has continued in the service up to the present time; that now we come back from the field of duty for a brief recreation only to return again to the defence of the Government, there to remain until the war shall close. The men I now have the honor to command in the place

of the former Colonel, GEO. W. PRATT, whose memory is sacred to us, and I believe to the people of the entire State—GEO. W. PRATT, who was one of the principal men in perfecting the militia organization of the State of New York; whose heart was in the work which he took in hand; whose patriotism was above party and above everything except the welfare of his country. On his death the regiment was assigned to me, and I have endeavored to be faithful to the trust confided in me. I endeavored to follow in the footsteps of my predecessor, and I only hope, sir, that when this war is terminated, if I shall live to see its conclusion, that I may bear as good a reputation for the faithful discharge of my duty as an officer in the service of my country, as Colonel PRATT himself had.

"The regiment having passed through its three months, having re-enlisted for three years, and having served two and a half years of that term, has now availed itself of the offer extended to it to re-enlist for three years more. The regiment feels that the great duty now devolving upon every man able to bear arms is to fight this war out to the end. They feel, sir, that nothing is paramount to the duty that love of country, of government, of human liberty, devolves upon them.

"Now, sir, in conclusion, I beg again to thank you and the members of this House, for the compliment you have paid us, and I hope and trust that you may never have cause to blush that you invited the officers of the Twentieth N. Y. S. M. to seats upon this floor."

February 22.—The battalion, accompanied by a large delegation of citizens of Ulster county, proceeded to Albany, to present to Master GEO. S. PRATT, son of the late Colonel GEO. W. PRATT, the old regimental flag carried by the regiment when Colonel PRATT was mortally wounded at Bull Run. Arriving at Albany the battalion was drawn up in front of Mrs. PRATT's residence, where His Excellency, Gov. SEYMOUR, attended by his staff in uniform, and a large number of citizens were assembled.

Colonel GATES, speaking in behalf of his regiment after alluding to the high-toned and unspotted character of the deceased, said that "seven years ago, the officers of the battalion induced him to accept the office of Colonel. At that time the militia of the State was in anything but a desirable condition, and the Twentieth was small in numbers; but it was not long after Colonel PRATT took command before it reached proportions that none had anticipated, and occupied a position second to but few in the State. He was among the first to tender his services and his regiment to the country when

she needed soldiers, and his gallantry, his uniform kindness and heroic example on all occasions, inspired his men with a lasting admiration for him. Our love for his memory—our respect for his family—bring us here to stay. We come from the battle-field, where we have left many a comrade, to tender to his son one of the tattered banners under which his noble father fell. When the Rebellion broke out, Colonel PRATT was one of the very first to tender his regiment. It seemed as though every missile hurled against Fort Sumter shook and thrilled his fragile frame, and, if possible, filled him with a deeper love for his country. It seemed as though he felt that he could make no sacrifices too great in aid of his country, against this unholy Rebellion. On the 26th of April, 1861, the regiment marched to the seat of war nearly one thousand strong. It had then enlisted for three months, and after serving that term faithfully, returned home, re-organized, and again enlisted, this time for three years and again under the lead of their favorite Colonel; and it was fated that our beloved and heroic commander should fall in the defence of his country. He received his fatal wound in the second Bull Run battle. Always kind, always generous, always good and noble, I cannot (said Colonel G.) depict the grief of the regiment on learning of their loss. He has gone to his long rest, and knowing him as well as I did, I cannot doubt but that his rest is both peaceful and happy. We feel that his life was closed all too soon. We know that it was not lived or lost in vain; and it should be, as it is, I believe, our study and hope to emulate his example, to the end that when peace is restored to country and the majesty of our law is again supreme, we may enjoy a portion of the general respect, which was so largely his share and which is now paid his memory. In behalf of the regiment (addressing the boy), officers and men, and the men not less than the officers, I present you this battle-flag. Its wounds were received when your father fell. When it was presented to the regiment, he pledged himself that it should ever be religiously defended. It has no marks of dishonor. All its scars are honorable, and we believe that it will be beloved and held sacred by you, as it has been and is by us, for the sake of the memory of your deceased father."

Master PRATT said, in reply: "I thank the Twentieth regiment for these colors. I thank them for remembering my father. I will try and be as good and brave a man as he was."

GOVERNOR SEYMOUR, responding for Master PRATT, said: "Soldiers of the Twentieth Militia, on behalf of a sorrowing and stricken father, on behalf of a mourning family—and speaking for the orphan chil-

dren—I thank you for this manifestation of love for the memory of one who distinguished himself as your leader. They will treasure up this sad memento as among their most precious gifts. We have watched the history and course of every regiment that has left our State, with anxiety as well as with pride, and none have challenged greater admiration than your regiment. How many of your comrades have lost their lives, your diminished numbers tell in language more eloquent than words can utter; and let me assure you that in the future there will be one household where you will ever be remembered with mournful interest; one family that will always feel the deepest interest in your career and welfare; one house where it will be felt that, between it and your organization, a new relation exists. This banner will be dearly cherished by him into whose hands you have placed it to-day. It will speak to him of the spotless character of his father—of his virtues, and of the love borne him for those virtues by his comrades in arms; and God grant that he may emulate the example thus set him."

"Once more I thank you for this evidence of devotion to the memory of your late commander—for the generous, manly, soldierly affection that has led you to manifest, in this delicate way, your continued regard for his memory, and the respect that you entertain for his family; and I again assure you that your invaluable gift will ever be most dearly prized—that there is one family where your happiness will be a source of solicitude—one family where everything that relates to your regiment will be of fireside interest."

Subsequently the officers were entertained at Mrs. PRATT's house, and the men, as the guests of Mrs. PRATT, sat down to a sumptuous dinner at the American Hotel. While there, Master ERASTUS CORNING, son of E. CORNING, Jr., and a nephew of the late Colonel PRATT, made his appearance among them, and presented each of the men with a tract, evidently to their great pleasure. Soon after 4 o'clock, the battalion took the cars for Kingston. Master PRATT, with numerous others, accompanied them across the river, and as the cars left they gave him rounds of cheers.

During the time the battalion was at home 140 recruits were added to the regiment.

March 18.—The battalion, with its recruits, was drawn up in line, preparatory to its departure for the Army, when Mrs. ALBERT KUGLER, through Hon. GEO. T. PIERCE, presented a beautiful silk color to the regiment.

Mr. PIERCE spoke as follows: "Colonel GATES, officers and men of the Twentieth: I am honored by

being made the instrument of your fellow-citizen, Mr. KUGLER and his good wife, in presenting you this beautiful stand of colors—the work of their hands. Mr. KUGLER was formerly a member of your regiment, who went out in the three months service, and returning would have gone again, but was advised by his commandant that perhaps duty to an invalid wife and to his family, demanded that he should remain at home. But chafing under his anxiety to serve his country, he determined to make due amends for his inability to go with you to the field. And his wife, desiring to make some slight compensation to the regiment for permitting her husband to remain at home, they have acted accordingly, and this magnificent flag, which I now present you, is the result. Would to God that every man and woman in the community would feel thus ill at ease with themselves, until they had done something half as noble for their country, in this trying crisis of its existence. But our German fellow-citizens have generally been loyal to the old flag, from the very commencement of our troubles—have kept the Star of the Republic steady in their eyes, and have not permitted party or personal considerations to divert their attention or detract from their devotion to one country—one Union—one destiny."

" You have just returned, Colonel, from visiting the shrine of your late commandant, Colonel PRATT, where you went to present to his widow and fatherless son, the remnant of the battle-flag which you carried with you for two years past. It was an offering well and worthily made. But it was this circumstance which suggested to Mr. KUGLER that you would now stand in need of another flag. You have it; and in view of the record which you have brought back from the war already, and of the deeds which you have performed on the field, and which are known of all men, it would be presumptuous in me to charge you to keep that emblem sacred, and never permit it to be desecrated or disgraced. When borne aloft at the head of your columns, let each man remember it is no mere ornament there, but that it represents the sovereignty of the nation, and the majesty of thirty millions of people. And as it proved a scourge and a terror to tyrants in the hands of your fathers, so may it prove a scourge and a terror to traitors in the hands of you, their sons."

" Men of the Twentieth: It was over two years ago, and yet it seems but a few days, that you left us before, amid the mingled tears and acclamations of ten thousand of your neighbors and friends, your fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, wives and children. You returned to be crowned with the blessings of 75,000 people, who waited with open arms to receive

you. You went out as men—you returned as heroes. And if you shall return again, having accomplished the object for which you go forth, and which every patriot has at heart, the restoration of the authority of the government over every inch of its soil, and of consequent peace and prosperity to the country, you will be received by thirty millions of people who will be ready to fall down and worship you as little less than gods."

"Colonel, you return again to the field, Heaven grant, that it may be to see no more of the clash of arms or of the conflict of battle—but to give the finishing stroke to the Rebellion and end the war. And the hideous shriek of terror and despair which emanates from Richmond would seem to indicate that you had already struck the monster a blow in his very vitals, and that he even now totters to his fall. Your friends who fight from the mountain tops of East Tennessee, above the clouds, think they can discern the beginning of the end. God grant that it may be so; and that it may be reserved to you to become the bearers of food and freedom to those of our brethren who are confined in Southern prison-houses—to plant the standard of the Republic on the turrets and temples of the Southern Confederacy, and speedily to return to us again, bringing the joyful tidings of the Union restored, the supremacy of the laws maintained, and the Rebellion crushed and overthrown."

"But whatever may be your fate in this respect—wherever your lot may be cast—whatever may befall you—it will be a consolation for you to know that the people of this country are a grateful people. You have had ample evidence of this at every step of your progress since your return. They hold in constant remembrance those of their kith and kin who have gone forth to the defense of the country, and are in the field as the protectors of their homes and of their firesides. The Twentieth, One Hundred and Twentieth, and the One Hundred and Fifty-sixth, are numbers indelibly impressed upon the memory of the people of Ulster, and which will hereafter be engraven upon the granite of her mountains. To those of you who survive the conflict and return to enjoy the fruits of your labors in a peaceful and undiscovered country, we pledge a heartfelt welcome and God's benison. To those who shall leave their bones to bleach on a Southern soil, we pledge a place upon the monumental marble upon an equality with and alongside of your fathers of 1776, which every returning year shall brighten with the halo of glory which the blessings of increasing millions shall shed upon it."

Colonel GATES responded in behalf of the regiment,

and after other addresses and an eloquent prayer, the battalion moved off amid a vast throng of people to *Rondout*, and embarked on board the steamer *Thomas Cornell* and proceeded to New York.

March 29.—Battalion transported to the ocean steamer *America* and sailed for Washington, D. C., proceeding from thence via Orange and Alexandria Railroad to *Brandy Station*, Va., where they rejoined the balance of the regiment.

May 4. All detachments, except the one at Army Headquarters, ordered to report at *Brandy Station* as soon as the public property at their several stations was removed. At different times during the day the various detachments reported at headquarters, and were placed on duty guarding the public property at the depot and picketing the country in the neighborhood. At 11 o'clock p. m., all public property having been removed or burned and the station destroyed, the pickets were recalled and the regiment took up its line of march to rejoin the Army, then one day's march ahead. Marched to *Stephensburg*, a distance of 5 miles, and bivouacked.

May 5.—Resumed march at 6 a. m., crossed the *Rapidian* at *Gold Mine Ford*, and reached Headquarters, Army of the Potomac, at *Wilderness Tavern*, in "The Wilderness," at 7 p. m., having marched 18 miles.

From this time until May 8th engaged in guarding prisoners of war.

May 8.—Marched at 1½ a. m. in charge of prisoners of war, passed the ugly *Chancellorsville* and encamped at 7 p. m. near *Piney Branch Church*; distance marched 20 miles.

May 9.—Marched about 6 miles and encamped on north side of Fredericksburg and Orange Plank Road.

May 12.—Marched to near *New Salem Church*, on Plank Road, 6 miles from last camp.

May 13.—Marched at 6 a. m. in charge of 7,000 prisoners of war (JOHNSON'S Division, EWELL'S Corps) through Fredericksburg, across the Rappahannock River to *Belle Plain* on the Potomac River, being assisted by a detachment of dismounted cavalry and a battery of artillery, the whole under the command of Colonel GATES of this regiment. Distance marched 17 miles.

May 14.—At daybreak Colonel GATES ordered the cavalry to return, and at 2 p. m., having delivered the prisoners to the Veteran Reserve Corps, the regiment and battery took up their line of march, and at sunset, having reached the Rappahannock River, opposite the City of Fredericksburg, bivouacked, having marched 16 miles, part of the distance through a furious storm of wind and rain, which flooded the small

streams, forcing the regiment to build bridges to allow the artillery to cross.

May 15.—Marched at 8 A. M., crossed the Rappahannock River, passed through and encamped in rear of Fredericksburg. Distance marched 2 miles.

May 21.—Colonel GATES ordered the battery of artillery to report to Chief of Artillery. G and I Companies marched to *Belle Plain* in charge of prisoners of war. Remainder of regiment marched at 7 P. M. to and through *Fredericksburg*, down the Bowling Green Road, and bivouacked at 12 P. M. near the Massaponix River, having marched 4 miles.

May 22.—Marched at 5 A. M., following the Bowling Green Road, and halted for the night near *Welven*. Distance marched, 10 miles.

May 23.—Companies G and I rejoined the regiment, having marched 44 miles. Marched at 7 A. M., and encamped at *Milford* on the Mattapony River, having marched 9 miles.

May 24.—Marched at 3 P. M., crossing the Mattapony River at Milford and encamped near *Wright's Tavern*. Distance marched, 4 miles.

May 27.—Marched at 7 A. M., recrossing the Mattapony at Milford and encamped a mile west of the Mattaceoy, having marched 15 miles.

May 28.—Marched at 7 A. M., and passing through *Newtown*, encamped near the Mattapony, opposite *Dunkirk*. Distance marched, 12 miles.

May 29.—Marched at 7 A. M. and encamped 2 miles north of the Pamunkey, opposite *Newcastle*. Distance marched, 10 miles.

May 30.—Crossed the Pamunkey on a pontoon bridge, and encamped 2 miles from bridge, on the Hanover Court-house road;—A and K Companies guarding bridge.

May 31.—Moved back one mile nearer bridge. During this month the regiment was engaged in guarding prisoners of war and bridges, protecting wagon trains, doing picket duty, acting as rear-guard to the Army, and performing the general provost duty of the Army of the Potomac. The total number of Rebel prisoners received by the regiment during the month was 10,315.

June 1.—Marched at 11 A. M. towards *White House*, Va., and bivouacked near *Old Church*. Distance marched 9 miles.

June 2.—Marching at 8 A. M., and passing *Old Church*, encamped at *Pursley's Corners*, near *Anderson's Mills*, 3 miles east of *Coal Harbor* and 5 miles from last camp.

June 11.—Marched at 3 P. M., and bivouacked at $7\frac{1}{2}$ P. M. at *Tnustoll's Station*. Distance marched, 8 miles.

June 12.—Marched at 6 p. m. to near *White House* and bivouacked. Distance marched 4 miles.

June 13.—Marched at 6 a. m., and taking the River Road passed *Cumberland Landing* and *Slatersville* and bivouacked at 6 p. m. at *Roper's Church*, having marched 20 miles.

June 14.—Marched at 5½ a. m. 3 miles and encamped.

June 15.—Marched at 3 p. m., crossing the Chickahominy at 6 p. m. on a pontoon bridge and bivouacked at 12 p. m. Distance marched, 15 miles.

June 16.—Marched at 5 a. m. to the James River, opposite *Fort Pocahontas*, crossed the river at 3 p. m. on a pontoon bridge and bivouacked 1 mile beyond.

June 17.—Marched at 6 a. m., passed *Merchants' Hope Church* and bivouacked at *Knox's Cross Roads* at 4 p. m. Distance marched, 18 miles.

June 18.—Marched at 3 p. m. to *City Point* and encamped. Distance marched, 3 miles. Colonel GATES appointed Military Commandant of City Point.

June 23.—Lieutenant-Colonel HARDENBERGH, with a detachment, consisting of Adjutant J. M. SCHOONMAKER, Captain WM. H. CUNNINGHAM, Lieutenant SMITH and Assistant Surgeon WM. H. TAYLOR and 80 men, embarked on steamer Guide to proceed to *Point Lookout* and *Fort Delaware* as guard for 700 prisoners of war.

June 25.—Regiment pursuant to orders from Lieutenant-General GRANT, embarked on transport and proceeded to *Wilcox Landing*, where it disembarked and marched towards Charles City Court-house to report to Major-General SHERIDAN. After marching 5 miles, was ordered to occupy earth-works 2 miles nearer the landing, under command of General GETTY, where remained about 3 hours, when returned to the landing and bivouacked.

June 26.—By order of General SHERIDAN embarked on steamer and returned to City Point.

June 29.—Lieutenant-Colonel HARDENBERGH and detachment rejoined the regiment.

During this month and July the regiment was engaged in doing the general provost duty for the "Armies operating against Richmond," having charge of all trains running on the City Point and Petersburg Railroad, all mail steamers running to and from Bermuda Hundred City Point and points north, and the charge of the secret service boat, a detachment of the regiment being in that service and a large number of the officers on staff and special duty.

August 9.—A vessel loaded with ordnance stores lying in the harbor at City Point blew up at 11 a. m., causing great destruction of property and killing and wounding a large number of men. The loss of the

regiment by this accident was 5 killed and 17 wounded. From this time till November the regiment continued doing the same kind of duty, nothing worthy of note occurring, except a march of the regiment a few miles and back in attempting to intercept WADE HAMPTON's Cavalry, who had stolen a large herd of cattle, and the presenting to Brigadier-General M. R. PATRICK, Provost Marshal-General, "Armies operating against Richmond" (under whose command they had been for a long time), by the enlisted men of the regiment (whose term of service was about to expire) of a magnificent sword, belt, sash and spurs.

During the month of November, Colonel T. B. GATES, who had commanded the regiment from the time that Colonel G. W. PRATT was wounded, was mustered out on account of the expiration of his term of service, and Lieutenant Colonel J. B. HARDENBERGH assumed his place as Colonel of the regiment, and as Military Commandant of the Post and Defences of City Point.

Address of the officers and men of the Twentieth Regiment N. Y. S. M. to Colonel THEODORE B. GATES, on the occasion of his taking leave of them at the expiration of his term of service.

Colonel GATES: The officers and men of your command approach you with feelings of deep regret on this occasion. We are well aware that it is no unusual occurrence for an officer who has faithfully done his duty to retire from his command, leaving behind him some of his old companions, and almost always bearing with him the regard and esteem, as also the affection of his men, but it has yet to be learned that *any* officer has ever left behind him in the field a body of men who more sincerely and deeply feel the loss they are sustaining than do the officers and men of the Twentieth Regiment N. Y. S. M.

Having been so long together—having fought side by side—having endured hardships together—now, that you leave us, you carry with you the most profound esteem—the sincerest regard—and, above all, the deep affection of your fellow-soldiers.

It is, beyond all question, a matter which concerns us deeply; for we feel that, in losing *you* we lose one whose sympathies have ever been with us—whose voice has always cheered us—whose smile has ever encouraged us, and where *we* have failed in our duty, we know that *you* have never failed in yours.

We make no allusion to your career as a gallant soldier—that is recorded in the HEARTS of your men, and will be read in the annals of this warfare. Trifling as may seem to you this small tribute of our esteem and affection, be assured that it is dictated by warm and loving hearts towards one whose life and

career among us has proved him to be a true patriot, a brave soldier, and an earnest minded, Christian gentleman.

It may not be inappropriate to say that this tumult of warm affection toward you which your proposed departure has aroused among us, is *not* the spontaneous impulse of the moment, but it is the welling forth from the very depths of the fountains of our hearts of *that* feeling which can no longer be restrained within bounds.

It may perhaps be some slight satisfaction to you to know that it is to your example we are indebted for much that is good in us. We feel it and *know* it. It may be a greater satisfaction to you to be assured that that example shall always stand before us as a bright and guiding star, the lustre of whose splendor shall not be dimmed by any fault of ours, in an earnest endeavor to sustain the enviable reputation which you have conferred on our regiment.

Now that you are returning to your home and the duties of civil life, you bear with you our heartfelt and earnest wishes for the future prosperity and happiness of yourself, Mrs. GATES, and your family, and, since the storm of battle for *you* has passed, may the future which lies before you be as bright and glorious in its result, as the past has been distinguished by your nobleness and valor.

That He who has thus far preserved you may keep you, with those who are dear to you, safe unto the end, is the earnest prayer of the officers and men of the Twentieth Regiment New York State Militia.

During the months of November and December the regiment continued the performance of the same and similar duties as they had done since their arrival at City Point, nothing of particular interest occurring except turning out twice during the night time and marching to the defences to repulse threatened attacks of the enemy.

ANNUAL REPORT
OF THE
MOVEMENTS, SERVICE & DISCIPLINE
OF THE
Twentieth Regiment New York State Militia,
“**ULSTER GUARD,**”
COMMANDED BY
COLONEL J. B. HARDENBERGH,
FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1865.

January 1.—Encamped at *City Point*, Va., doing guard duty and the provost duty for the “Armies operating against Richmond.”

February 15.—Colonel HARDENBERGH relieved from command of post of City Point by Brevet Brigadier-General C. H. T. COLLIS, and assumed command of the regiment—General COLLIS’s regiment having been ordered to duty there.

February 16.—Major J. R. LESLIE was assigned to the temporary command of the Eighth Regiment Delaware Volunteers, lying at City Point.

During the balance of this month and the month of March the regiment continued performing the same kind of duties as heretofore mentioned; turning out once and marching to repulse the enemy, who had broken through our lines at *Fort Steedman*, but the enemy retiring, the regiment returned to camp.

April 2.—Received orders about 4 a. m. for the regiment to march with brigade to occupy the works which had recently been thrown up on the heights above City Point, to act as a reserve and support to an attack which had been ordered by General GRANT to be made at daylight along the whole front of the lines investing Petersburg and Richmond. The regiment marched as ordered and reached the position assigned it, just south of the City Point and Petersburg Railroad, at dawn. A portion of the enemy’s works (including Fort MAHONE, known more familiarly as “Fort Damnation”) having been carried by assault by the Ninth Corps, and the enemy having made several attempts to recover them, which had been repulsed, and it being feared, that as they were the key-point of that line, the enemy would again endeavor to retake them at all hazards, the brigade to which the regiment was attached

was ordered, at 7 a. m., to move to their support. With the utmost expedition they moved accordingly—most of the way at a double quick—to Fort Sedgwick (generally known as "Fort Hell"). Upon their arrival they were immediately formed in line of battle and ordered to move forward and occupy Fort Mahone; the enemy still occupied the line to the left of Fort Mahone, and were thus enabled to keep up an enfilading fire over the ground the regiment was compelled to pass in moving from Fort Sedgwick to Fort Mahone. This fire was very severe during the time the regiment was taking up its position, occasioning considerable loss to it. Just after the position was attained, the enemy having concentrated their forces, made a desperate charge, in hopes of recapturing the fort, but were repulsed with heavy loss to them. They then retreated to their inner line of works, and opened a brisk musketry fire, which was kept up until about 10 p. m. During the night the brigade moved forward and captured a lunette work in front of Fort Mahone mounting two casemate howitzers, which enfiladed the works to the right of the fort. Shortly afterwards fires were seen at several points along the line, and in the direction of Petersburg and Richmond, and several heavy explosions were heard, showing conclusively that the enemy were evacuating those places.

April 3.—About 3 a. m. the brigade was ordered forward. They advanced rapidly on Petersburg, found the enemy's inner line of works abandoned and reached the city just at daylight. The color sergeant and color guard proceeded to a conspicuous house nearby and hoisted the Stars and Stripes over it. This was the first United States flag that waved in this city limits after the passage of the Ordinance of Secession by the State of Virginia. The regiment remained in Petersburg until the afternoon, when they marched back to City Point and occupied their old quarters.

April 7.—The following order was promulgated:

HEADQUARTERS, POST, CITY POINT, Va. {

April 7, 1865. }

General Orders No. 12.

In the recent operations which resulted in the capture of Petersburg and Richmond the troops of this command have borne a conspicuous part and their gallantry is the theme of universal praise. They were called upon to repulse a desperate enemy, flushed with a temporary success, which threatened to deprive us of ground which had already cost our troops dearly; and they moved forward to the work with such enthusiasm and determination that the enemy was driven from his stronghold in confusion. The skirmishers of this command were the first to enter the besieged city, and it is believed our colors were the first to

float over it. We have lost many valuable officers and men who cannot be replaced, but it is a comfort to those who survive to feel that each of his fallen comrades was at his post nobly doing his duty.

By command of

Brevet Brigadier-General C. H. T. COLLIS.

J. M. SCHOONMAKER,

Captain Twentieth N. Y. S. M. and A. A. A. G.

April 14.—Pursuant to orders from Lieutenant-General GRANT, the regiment was relieved from duty at the post of City Point, and ordered to report to Brigadier-General M. R. PATRICK, Provost-Marshal-General. On reporting to General PATRICK they were ordered to proceed to Richmond—embarked the same day and proceeded to the city of Richmond, where disembarked, marched through the city to Howard's Grove, where occupied barracks formerly used by the rebels as a hospital.

April 22.—Pursuant to Special Orders No. 1, Headquarters, Military Commander, City of Richmond, this regiment and the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers were constituted the provost guard of that city, “under the direction of the Provost-Marshal-General.”

From this time until November, the regiment was engaged in the performance of provost duty in the city of Richmond, and the administering of the government of the same. To show the extent of their duties and how multifarious they were, a list of the officers detached for special duty in the month of June is hereto annexed:

Colonel J. B. HARDENBERGH, President of a General Court Martial.

Lieutenant-Colonel J. McENTEE, Provost Judge—duties same as Mayor of the city.

Major J. R. LESLIE, Provost-Marshal Fourth District, City of Richmond.

Surgeon R. LOUGHREN, Medical Director, District of Henrico

Assistant Surgeon C. L. HUMPHREY, in charge of Alms House, County of Henrico.

Captain E. M. MISNER, Company A, President of the Relief Committee.

Captain ISAAC BUSWELL, Company B, member of General Court Martial.

Brevet Major, Captain MARTIN SNYDER, Company C, Commanding Provost Guard, Fourth District.

Captain J. M. SCHOONMAKER, Company D, Aide-de-Camp to Brevet Major-General TURNER and Commanding Military Prisons, viz.: Libby Prison, Castle Thunder, City Jail, State Penitentiary, and Depot of Distribution.

Captain W. W. BECKWITH, Company E, Aide-de-

Camp to General TURNER, and Assistant Provost-Marshal-General District of Henrico.

Captain N. HOYSRADE, Company F, Assistant Provost Judge, City of Richmond.

Captain M. J. C. WOODWORTH, Company G, officer Provost Guard, Fourth District.

Captain G. B. MILKS, Company H, officer Provost Guard, Second District.

Captain CHAS. S. PARKER, Company I, officer Provost Guard, Fourth District.

Captain D. L. FRANCE, Company K, Commanding Provost Guard, Second District.

Lieutenant JOHN L. SMITH, Company A, in Command of Alms House.

Lieutenant TIMOTHY MURRAY, Company B, officer of the Provost Guard, Fourth District.

Lieutenant JACOB H. WINFIELD, Company C, Aide-de-Camp to Brevet Major-General TURNER, Commanding District of Henrico.

Lieutenant JOHN H. DUNN, Company C, officer Provost Guard, Fourth District.

Lieutenant JAS. HATCH, Company D, Street Commissioner, City of Richmond.

Lieutenant LYMAN HOYSRADT, Company F, Commanding Guard at State Penitentiary.

Lieutenant ISAAC THOMAS, Company G, officer Provost Guard, Fourth District.

Lieutenant E. B. TOWNSEND, Company G, Aide-de-Camp to General TURNER.

Lieutenant EUGEN SIBIT, Company H, officer Provost Guard, Second District.

Lieutenant REMSEN VARICK, Company I, Commanding Provost Guard at Rockett's (steamboat landing).

Lieutenant S. F. B. GILLESPIE, Company I, Assistant to Provost-Marshal-General Department of Virginia.

Lieutenant RICHARD E. HOUGHTALING, Company K, officer Provost Guard, Second District.

November 27.—Regiment embarked at Rockett's on steamers under orders to report at Norfolk to Brevet Major-General A. F. A. TORBERT, Commanding District of Southeastern Virginia, leaving the following named officers at Richmond, performing the duties heretofore named, viz.: Lieutenant-Colonel J. McEXTEE, Captain N. HOYSRADT, Surgeon R. LOUGHREN, Captain J. M. SCHOONMAKER, Captain E. M. MISNER, Captain W. W. BECKWITH, Lieutenant J. H. WINFIELD, Lieutenant L. HOYSRADT and Lieutenant S. F. B. GILLESPIE. During the balance of this month the regiment was engaged in performing provost and guard duty at Norfolk, Portsmouth, Navy-Yard and hard labor prison.

December 18.—Pursuant to Special Orders No. 71,

Headquarters District of Southeaster Virginia, Breve t
Brigadier General J. B. HARDENBERGH assumed com-
mand of that district, with headquarters at Norfolk.
The duties of the regiment during this month were
similar to those performed during Novemb r.

1866.

The regiment continued in the performance of the same duties until January 29th, when it was mustered out and returned home after halting at New York City to be paid off.

Previous to the dismissal of the regiment they were addressed by Colonel HARDENBERGH, as follows:

Officers and Soldiers of the Twentieth: The time has at last arrived—which you have so long and so anxiously looked forward to—when you are to be honorably discharged the service and permitted to return to your homes. We are now about to separate—many of us forever.

What recollections come crowding upon our memory of common dangers and sufferings, joys and sorrows—of the monotonous camp, the weary march and the terrible conflict. What silent prayers go up from joyful hearts that we are spared to return to our friends and homes.

I could not trust myself, if I could find words to express to you all that I feel on this occasion. I have been so long and so intimately connected with the "Old Twentieth," that I feel as if I were about to part with a dear old friend, whose familiar face I should see no more forever. I cannot, however, permit the occasion to pass without returning to you, briefly, my sincere thanks for the uniform respect, cheerful obedience and strict attention to duty you have ever evinced in your different relations to the regiment. Whatever my shortcomings may have been (and I know they have not been a few), I have the satisfaction to know that "I have endeavored to do my duty."

The name and reputation of the Twentieth have ever been most dear to me, and during my connection with it I have endeavored to keep constantly in view its interest and honor.

I exceedingly regret that the regiment could not have gone home as an organization and been finally discharged at its original rendezvous. There is nothing I more greatly desired, or that would have afforded me greater pleasure, and I am sure this is the feeling of a very large majority of the regiment. But on the account of the want of proper accommodations there for the men at this season, during the time they would necessarily have to be detained before

receiving their final pay and discharges, the matter was deemed unadvisable and impracticable. It was supposed that at this place, which had been used so long as one of the regularly established depots for recruits and regiments to be mustered out, we would find everything which the season and climate rendered necessary, under the circumstances, for your health and comfort. But I regret to say that we have been most sadly disappointed. If I could have foreseen the shameful and disgraceful state of things here, I certainly would have used every effort in my power to have had the regiment ordered to Kingston, for however we might have fared there, we certainly could not have fared worse than we have here.

I regret the more that we could not have gone home as a regiment, because I know it would have afforded the friends of the regiment great pleasure to have extended to it a most cordial welcome. They have had in course of preparation for some time a new color, which it was intended to have presented to the regiment upon its arrival in New York. Colonel GATES came down for that purpose last Tuesday, but upon his arrival here he found that it was not finished, and so the presentation had to be deferred to some future time. It is now proposed by the citizens of Kingston, as a testimonial of the honor and esteem with which they have ever regarded the "Old Twentieth," to give an entertainment to the members of the regiment on the 22d of February next, and at that time to present the color, and I am requested to give a cordial invitation to every member of the regiment to be present on that occasion. I hope that all who can possibly do so will be present in their proper uniform.

One word more and I am done. You are now about to quit the military service and return once more to the quiet walks of civil life. You belong to a regiment which has achieved a name and reputation which will go down through all coming time and which you and those who may come after you will hereafter contemplate with pride and satisfaction. As you have been good and faithful soldiers, so I know you will be good and exemplary citizens, ever remembering that your duties as citizens are no less important to your country than those as soldiers.

"Peace hath her victories,
No less renowned than war."

I hope you may long live to enjoy, through uninterrupted peace and prosperity, the rewards you have so richly earned, and that the choicest blessings of Heaven may ever abide with you and yours.

And now, comrades, it only remains for me to pronounce the parting word—Farewell.

February 22.—Pursuant to previous notice the regiment assembled to receive the flag which had been obtained for them by the citizens of Kingston; the following extract from one of the village newspapers narrates the circumstances incident thereto:

"On the 22d inst. the ceremonies attendant upon the presentation of a regimental flag to the Twentieth N. Y. S. M. took place at the armory in this village. A large number of citizens and soldiers were present. Major von BECK of Rondout, was called to the chair. That veteran vocalist, Mr. BERNARD COVERT, was then introduced and sang an appropriate patriotic song. The presentation speech was made by H. H. REYNOLDS, Esq. of this village, and the response by Colonel T. B. GATES. We have no room for their speeches, and can only say of them that they were in the highest degree appropriate and eloquent.

"The color is of blue silk, with the State arms beautifully embroidered in the centre. Over these, and likewise embroidered, are the words, 'Ulster Guard,' Twentieth N. Y. S. M., and worked upon the colors in different positions is the following regimental record: 'Washington, April, 1861; Beverly Ford, August 21, 1862; Warrenton Springs, August 27, 1862; Gainesville, August 28, 1862; Groveton, August 29, 1862; Second Bull Run, August 30, 1862; Chantilly, September 1, 1862; South Mountain, September 14, 1862; Antietam, September 17, 1862; Fredericksburg, December 12 to 15, 1862; Gettysburg, July 1 to 4, 1863; Petersburg, April 1 to 3, 1865; Richmond, April, 1865.'

"After the services were concluded, the soldiers were invited to the upper room of the armory, where a most bounteous collation was spread, and the tables were attended by fair women who gave our brave boys a cordial welcome and a luxuriant repast. The entire affair was a most gratifying success.

"On the evening of the same day the officers of the regiment held a meeting at Brown's Hotel in the village of Kingston, at which it was unanimously resolved that the regiment should be immediately reorganized under the National Guard law of this State, and designating (on motion of Colonel HARDENBERGH) as their choice for commandant, Colonel T. B. GATES. It was further resolved that Colonel J. B. HARDENBERGH, Major W. A. VAN RENNSLAER, Captain J. M. SCHOOONMAKER and Lieutenant GEO. NORTH, Jr., be appointed a committee to assist Colonel GATES in reorganizing the regiment.

"Since that time the work of reorganization has been going on and is now nearly finished, and it is expected that next August the regiment will resume its annual encampments."

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 AUGUSTUS DE PEYSTER, who commanded the Clipper,
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 and honorable service, is now Superintendent of the
 Sailors’ Snug Harbor on Staten Island. In the ad-
 vance to Washington, Williamston, Hamilton, &c., N.
 C., in November, 1862, young DE PEYSTER, acting
 strictly as a *Volunteer private* in Col. LEE’s 44th Mass.
 Vols., Stephenson’s 3d Brig., behaved so admirably
 that he is never spoken of, in print or conversation,
 without the highest praise. One of his Regiment,
 writing home from Newbern, N. C., Nov. 13th, 1862
 (See BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT, Saturday, Nov.
 22d, 1862), mentions him as follows :

“But two of our men were wounded in actual
 fight [the skirmish at Tranter’s (?), Creek between
 Washington, Nov. 3d, and a point ten miles from
 Tarboro, Nov. 6th]; but the most unfortunate thing
 was the wounding of DE PEYSTER, who was searching
 for the same wounded man (whom the Captain was
 trying to rescue out of the creek, since he had been
 shot in the water). You will remember him (DE
 PEYSTER) as one of whom I spoke, never grumbling,
 always ready, and in every way a *model* soldier. He
 was wounded through both parts of the arm, shatter-
 ing both bones. His arm (the left) was amputated
 just above the elbow. He is cheerful now, but will
 probably feel the loss of his arm, more and more, day
 by day.”

He did suffer, for, in the clumsy operation, the nerves
 were taken up with the arteries, and he has continued
 ever since to suffer, often agony. He was bent over

in such a position when wounded that the same bullet which shattered his arm, first passed, lengthwise, diagonally, through the fleshy part of the left thigh, entering above the knee. The amputation was near the shoulder.

HEADLY in his "Massachusetts in the Rebellion," at page 416, says :

"This regiment presents, as do so many others, noteworthy instances of the patriotic devotion of Massachusetts men." (This is a mistake. DE PEYSTER was a New Yorker by birth, the seventh generation born in that city. His enlistment in Boston was the result of accident or rather grew out of his rejection elsewhere on account of his extreme short-sightedness.) "RICHARD V. DE PEYSTER gave up a good salary and came from New York to Boston to enlist in the Forty-fourth Regiment. He was rejected by the surgeon for near-sightedness, as he had been before by the surgeon of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts; but, not daunted by this rejection, he made a bargain with Capt. SMITH, of Company H, to go as volunteer private, without bounty, without pay, even paying all his personal expenses. In selecting a few of the most trustworthy men to act as stretcher-bearers, Col. LEE included DE PEYSTER; and, in the discharge of his duty, at the fight near Williamston, he lost his arm."

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CALLENDAR HOUSE, TIVOLI, NOV. 22, 1866.

Brevet Major-General (S. N. Y.) J. WATTS DE PEYSTER,
Tivoli:

MY DEAR GENERAL:

At a Meeting of the Committee appointed at the last Meeting of the Subscribers to the "Soldiers Monument Association" to make the arrangements for the inauguration of the monument erected to the memory of the soldiers, who fell in their country's cause, from this neighborhood—held this day at the village of MADALIN, it was unanimously Resolved that General J. WATTS DE PEYSTER be requested to deliver the Address upon the occasion.

It was further Resolved that the 28th day of November (Wednesday), at 1½ p. m., Fellers Hall, Madalin, be fixed as the time and place for the delivery of the same.

I am requested in behalf of the committee and the subscribers to inform you of their action, and hope you will accept the invitation to deliver the Address on this occasion, we all feeling that the subject could not be entrusted to any one of our community who can do it the justice that you can. It will, we are aware, impose upon you some labor, but this is a fitting cause for your labors. You were foremost in the efforts of all true lovers of their country in urging and pointing out the necessity of the people, one and all, to shoulder the musket and go forth at their "country's call." We ask you now to deliver the address in honor of the soldiers of this neighborhood who fell.

Tusting you will not decline this honor, I remain,
yours truly, JOHNSTON LIVINGSTON,
Chairman of the Inauguration Committee.

After the delivery of the Address of General J. WATTS DE PEYSTER at the Inauguration of the Soldiers' Monument in Madalin, Dutchess Co., N. Y., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting be extended to General DE PEYSTER for the interesting and eloquent Address to which we have just listened.

Resolved, That General DE PEYSTER be requested to furnish a copy of his Address for publication.

JAS. STARR CLARK, Pres.

GILES COOKE, Secy.

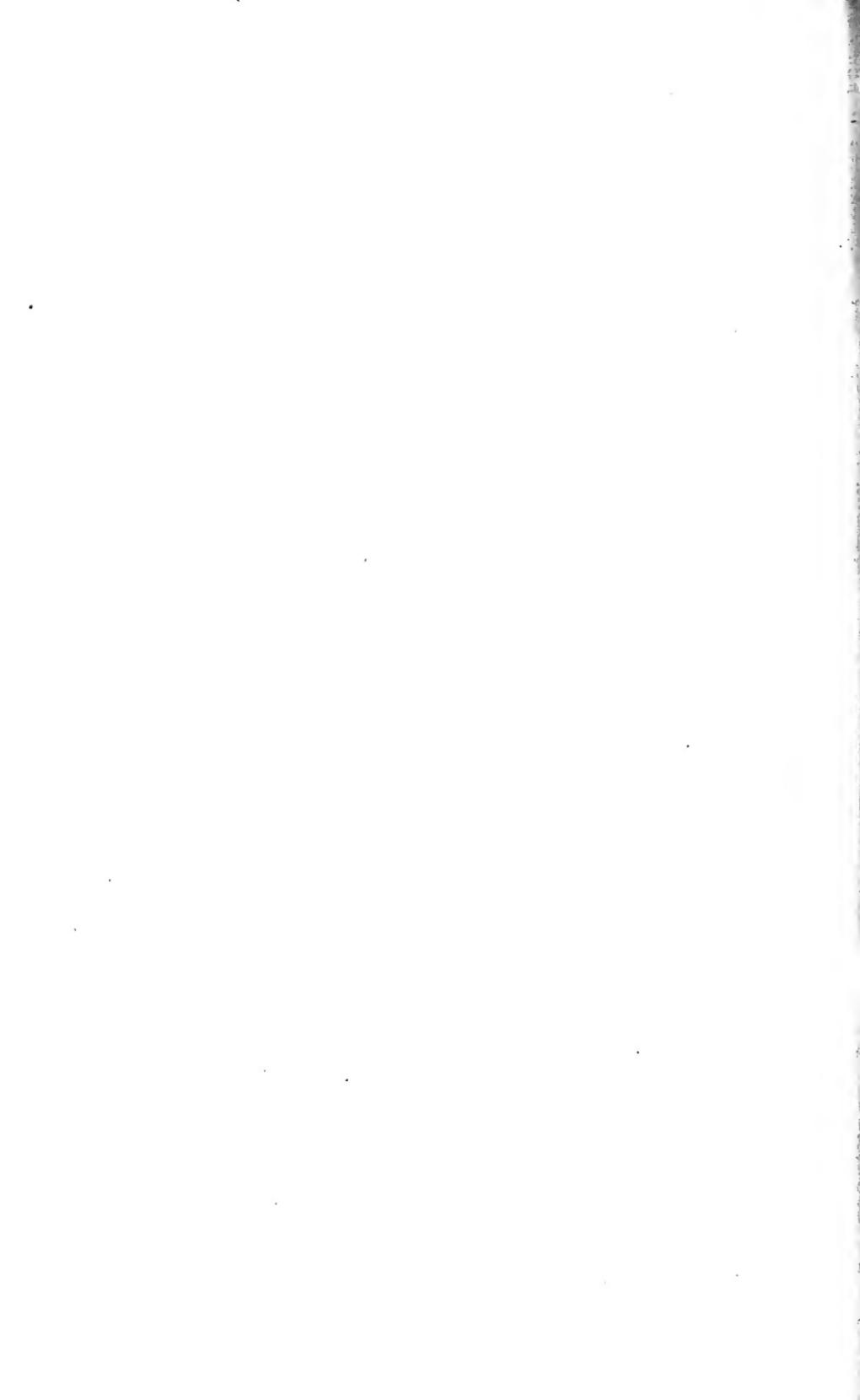
MADALIN 28th November, 1866.

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